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at the contest of the Altimy's principal Secretary of State his the Home Magazinette By Jointa Chad-

Page 408, line 3 from bottom, for uncle read brother.

" 426, note, omit Madame de St. Aignan, who was certainly saved.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. The Crown or the Tiara? Considerations on the Present Condition of the Waldenses; addressed to the Statesmen of Civilized Europe. London. 1842.

Statement of the Grievances of the Waldenses. London. 1843.
 Report of the London Committee for the Relief of the Vaudois.

1849

 Extract from Waldensian Researches. By W. S. Gilly, D.D. London. 1831.

THE Vaudois have at various times occupied prominently the attention of other and distant nations; and, again, have disappeared from observation like the revolving lights which alternately shine and retire from the top of a lighthouse. Forty years ago few even of the educated men in England knew of their existence: the sonnet of Milton was, indeed, imperishable; but while it was living poetry, it was at that time history a hundred and fifty years old, and called no man's attention to the actual successors of 'the saints of the Lord' whose persecution Milton had immortalised. It is true that we might see in booksellers' catalogues, unread and unbought, a folio volume by Morland on the whole subject; and some happy bibliomaniac might rejoice in the possession of a copy of Henri Arnaud's 'Glorieuse Rentrée;' but, practically, the interest which at different intervals had been powerfully felt in different parts of Europe, and especially in England, in favour of the Vaudois-notably in the time of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, and of William the Third-had been almost extinguished; and a century had well-nigh passed since any public manifestation of sympathy in their fate and fortunes had been exhibited in our own or any other country.

The same alternate light and darkness may be traced in reference to the history of our interest in other not wholly dissimilar matters. The case of the native Christians in India is one. When the Portuguese first discovered them, the fact excited the greatest interest in Europe; and is prominently brought forward in all the accounts in the 'Novus Orbis' of Simon Grynæus and other early narrators or compilers. At the close of the VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLV.

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sixteenth century, a large number of them was reduced to the obedience of the Church of Rome; and a community which in many respects resembled the Vaudois-in having preserved for ages, unsustained by intercourse or sympathy with their fellow-Christians in the West, and checked or persecuted by their nearer neighbours, the pure faith of their ancestors-were compelled to surrender the independence of their church, and to admit the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. The acts and decrees of the Synod of Diamper form one of the most curious monuments of the active and uncompromising and persecuting zeal of the papists of that age. For another century nothing is heard of the native Christians in India, till Michael Geddes translated a copy of the work of Meneses, and prefixed a large and valuable introduction. Notwithstanding the work in question, and that of La Croze 'On the Christianity of the Indies' (1724)-i. e. on the existence of a small body of native Christians in the peninsula of India-none, we think, of the writers on India, from the date of La Croze* to the close of the last century, allude to them; and when the late Claudius Buchanan published his 'Researches,' and sketched the history and the state of the native Christians in the south of India, the world in England received the whole as a discovery. Yet, only a year before, another chaplain of the East India Company, the Rev. R. H. Kerr, had printed a letter about them; and the Asiatic Society had sent forth, two years before, the Baron von Wrede's personal narrative of his visit to them. But the zeal, the piety, the enthusiasm of Buchanan, and the graphic pages in which these qualities were embodied-while the earlier works were forgotten, and the newer works were unread-brought the church of the Syrian Christians in India to the imagination and the affections of their fellow-Christians in Europe, almost as if it were the discovery and the restoration of a brother never known. In like

^{**}We are accustomed to smile at the cool ignorance with which an otherwise well-educated Prenchman perverts the names and titles of English authors and books, from the 'Messrs. B. White et Horace Head, Fleet Street,' downwards: but we curselves are not always guiltless in respect to other languages. There is before us at this moment a volume on the Vaudois, in which 'La Hays,' where this work of La Croze was printed, is converted into an individual and independent authority. 'Gibbon informs us on the authority of Assemannus, Geddes, La Croze, and La Hays,' &c.:—Gibbon's reference being (4to. edit. vol. iv. p. 601) to 'La Croze in two vols. 12mo., La Haye, a learned and agreeable work:—and we could name, if naming would not needlessly pain, a not inconsiderable Greek scholar, who, finding certain apt passages from the German quoted seriatim from a certain author, for whose name, after the first citation, Ditto or Ebend. (the usual contraction for Ebendasche, 'even the same') is given—transforms Ditto into a distinct and different person, and a person of celebrity too, and wishes his readers to believe not only that he bas read Ditto's works, but that they also ought to take their judgment from Ditto: 'Thus it is well observed by a celebrated German writer (Ebend) that man errs first by taking theories for experiences, &c. &c. 'Let him and his ingenious brethren lay to heart an admirable remark of Ebend's &c.

manner, the visit of Dr. Gilly to the valleys of Piedmont did not so much revive our recollections, as convey new and undreamed-of knowledge to the greater part of his countrymen at home. The sensation which that publication excited—though, at the cold distance from it at which we now stand, no man will admit it to have been electrical—was certainly unparalleled by any effect arising from analogous causes in our own times, excepting that which had been produced twenty years before by the revival of our knowledge of the Indian churches. It is singular, indeed, that within the preceding eight years a valuable English clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Sims, had visited, and in a short pamphlet had described the Vaudois valleys; but his publication excited less attention than it deserved; and the subject was forgotten when

Dr. Gilly first wrote.

In some of the highest and most secluded valleys of the Italian Alps live, and, excepting for a few years of memorable exile terminated by a still more memorable return, have lived for many ages, we might almost say from time immemorial, the Protestants, without and before the name of Protestants, the Vaudois of Piedmont. Into this country, which the eye of the traveller at Turin had often overlooked when gazing on the pure and perfect cone of Monte Viso at the head of these valleys, no traveller, nevertheless,-we mean no writer of 'travels,'-had entered, till in the year 1823 Mr. Gilly, with his three pupils, making the ordinary tour of Europe, diverged from the beaten line, and took up his quarters at La Tour, the capital of the Waldenses. The narrative of his own rambles among their mountains—the account of the physical privations to which, like other inhabitants of Alpine regions, they are exposed—the statement of the persecutions to which they, and they only in the present generation of the inhabitants of those Alpine regions, are still subjected—the beautiful traits of domestic life which he brought forward—the primitive poverty and primitive piety of their Moderator, as sketched by him -and the statement of the Catholic doctrines of their church, untainted by the apostacies of Rome, which he found, or believed himself to have found, in their creed and ritual-interested every class of readers in England; and for a time we might have indulged the hope that the sympathy thus excited in behalf of the Vaudois would have been permanent. But the subject, like every other, had its day; the wedge was driven out of sight by another wedge; and the state and prospects of the inhabitants of the Vaudois valleys of Piedmont were withdrawn from our observation by the interposition of nearer and more obtrusive questions.

It must be owned, too,—we say it with unfeigned respect to Dr. Gilly,—that he had proved, or rather had attempted to prove, too

much. He had coloured his landscape too highly. Every tourist in the Alps knows the effect of the sunset of a brilliant day on the summit of the Jungfrau, or Mont Blanc; there is a roseate hue on the mountain-top, which, for a few minutes, invests the snow with an unreal character. In the same way, Dr. Gilly saw on the surface of the Vaudois church couleur de rose instead of snow, episcopacy instead of presbyterianism, a bishop instead of a moderator. We do not mean literally that he represented the form of church government other than it was; his common sense, as well as his principles, of both of which we think most highly, would alike have prevented him from committing a crime so gratuitous and so easily detected; but his parental interest in a people to whom he was in a manner giving a new life in the world of European literature, made him anxious to find in them every feature of resemblance which he thought might prove their original; and every fault he touched with the tenderness of a father-

'Appellat Pætum pater.'

The consequence was in some degree a re-action; and when other inquirers ascertained not only, as they might have discovered even from Dr. Gilly's first work (1824), though more fully and explicitly in his 'Waldensian Researches' (1831), that there was no real episcopacy amongst the Vaudois, but that some of the actual generation of pastors, and consequently of the people, were largely tainted by neological errors, arising from the Swiss education of their ministers—a feeling of indifference, if not more, succeeded to the first burst of admiration and delight.

Dr. Gilly took a juster view of the case and of his own duty. He had honestly told the world his own impressions of the church and people; he had been young and enthusiastic; and those impressions were more favourable than a reconsideration and a second visit could sustain. His part was taken; he had bound up his fate and his fame with the Vaudois; and if they were not all that his early hope had painted them to be, he would labour to give

them the means of becoming so.

With this view, on his return from his second journey, in 1829, he, in concert with 'the Vaudois Committee,' which had been formed in London at his suggestion in 1825, took measures for the establishment of a superior order of schools in the Valleys. The most grievous of the wants of the Vaudois was the want of the means of education within their own frontiers, or even within the kingdom to which, by the treaties of Vienna, they were again annexed. The young men intended for the ministry among them were sent forth at the most critical age, not merely beyond the control of their own friends, but beyond the supervision of their own countrymen, to

receive

receive such an education as Geneva or Lausanne might give them. Whatever may be the possible value of that education, conducted by the Swiss for the Swiss with all the restraints of country, if not of home, around them, it is clear that such possible value is reduced almost beyond calculation when the recipient is a young stranger, who, for the first time in his life, finds himself alone and uncontrolled in a city fifty times larger than any town in his own mountains; and the evil of such a system becomes still greater when it is considered that the youth so sent forth was to be sent back to minister in a church which had not the safeguards of a liturgy to guide or support him. These considerations induced Dr. Gilly to propose the establishment of a college at La Tour for the education of those Vaudois more especially, who were destined for the pastoral office among their countrymen: and his endeavours were nobly aided by an anonymous benefactor, as stated in the reports of the London committee; and, above all, in purse and person, by Colonel Beckwith, a name well known for distinguished gallantry in war, and since still better known by the active sympathy, and self-denying zeal, with which, almost continually on the spot, he has identified himself with the Vaudois. The college of the Holy Trinity has thus arisen.

Here, under the eyes of their own families, will henceforth be educated the rising ministers of the Vaudois people; but, if the benefit thus implied were the only benefit, which that people had derived from the stimulus providentially imparted to them by the Christian sympathy of those, who were themselves conscious of their own higher privileges, and of the duty of communicating them wherever it might be possible, the church of the Vaudois would have been left in a state still more than it is below the level of that happier community which had interposed in its behalf. But the Vaudois pastors have now adopted a ritual of their own, called the Waldensian Liturgy; and they have also adopted a confession of faith, to which they require subscription, thus defining and guarding the doctrines of their church, and at least pointing the way to consistent views of ecclesiastical government and unity. The happy result of these improvements is that none of the Waldensian clergy are, as we are assured, any longer under the suspicion of entertaining either Socinian or neological errors.

The claim of the Vaudois, however, to the sympathy and succour of the people of England, does not depend on the proof of the approximation of their system in doctrine and in discipline to that of the Church of England. We cordially wish that there could be found a nearer approach than, we confess it reluctantly, we can find on the part of these our brethren to the duties and the privileges of our own establishment. But we can never

forget that their real claim to our sympathy at all times, and to our succour when required, arises, first, from their Protestantism; and secondly, from the Treaties to which England is a party in support of them, on the ground, eo nomine, of such their Protestantism. Of that word and of that 'thing' we are not ashamed. We have heard of a zealous friend of the Vaudois being warned when he was glorying in his Protestantism, not to glory in a negative. We are aware of the philological accuracy on which that warning rests; and that, abstractedly, Protestantism is the renunciation of error, not the assertion of truth: but practically and apart from a play of words, Protestantism, in the sense in which it is used by the great body of the people of England, represents the doctrines of the Bible as distinct from the doctrines of men.

The foundation of Protestantism is the affirmation that Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary for salvation: and while, as in the case of our own Church, Protestantism quotes with respect councils and fathers as witnesses to facts, or as depositories of opinion, it denies that anything either in councils or in fathers has either strength or authority unless the same be sustained by Holy Scripture. The time for these declarations has arrived. When others avow their settled purpose to 'unprotestantize' the English Church, and when they mourn over the Reformation as a woe, and over the Revolution as a rebellion and a sin, those on the other hand who regard the Reformation as the chief of the blessings which Gop has entrusted to England, and who look back with gratitude to the Revolution as the human means by which Providence continued to this Church and Nation that great blessing of the Reformation, must not shrink, in silent passiveness, from the duty of proclaiming their juster sense of the duties and the privileges of their condition. The Protestantism which is enshrined in the United Church of England and Ireland as established in these realms is our Protestantism: but while we humbly and gratefully acknowledge our own distinguishing blessing, we must not refuse sympathy with those who, under less favourable circumstances, have at any time renounced the bondage of our common foe.

Such is the church of the Vaudois: it has lost in the escape its episcopal character, and its share in the ancient Liturgies of the Church; we deplore these losses most deeply:—but it has regained (we will not call it the right, but) the duty of private judgment, from the discharge of which duty the tyranny of Rome compulsorily withholds its slaves; and it has regained the free use of the Scriptures, which ought to be to the soul of every one of us like the light and air of animal life.

In these elements of Protestantism the Vaudois are as we are: in the enjoyment of these blessings we are bound to desire to protect every one already in possession of them, and to desire to extend that possession to every one not as yet so favoured: on these grounds a Vaudois might appeal to us; but it is not on an indefinite generality only that he is entitled to rest. He can refer to Treaties made specifically for his protection, and by which

England is the guarantee of his religious freedom.

It is true that, more than a century before the earliest of those Treaties, Queen Elizabeth was not ashamed to act on the doctrine that such a community of Christian principle as consisted in a renunciation of Popery, was itself a sufficient ground not merely for her sympathy, but for her succour. It is true that she made herself the defence of the Protestantism of Europe. It is true that Cromwell, half a century before the time when those Treaties gave to England a specific right of intervention, claimed that right on the ground that it was Protestantism which was persecuted in Piedmont: and he told the Pope that the cannon of England should be heard in the Vatican, if those who, like England, had renounced the errors of Rome, were persecuted for having so renounced them. We would not shrink from this language now. If Russia be permitted to claim the right of protecting every insulated peasant of the Greek Church in the heart of Turkey; if France be permitted to claim a similar right of protecting the Church of Rome, not merely in the Levant, where Louis XIV. had exercised it, but in every island in the Pacific, in which by force or fraud that Church may hereafter be planted-as M. Guizot is understood to have assumed the right—we may well feel that England would do no more than Gop in His Providence has called and enabled her to do, if she in like manner undertook the protection of all who with her have either thrown off or never suffered the bondage of Rome :-

'If a foreign influence be exerted to urge independent Roman Catholic princes to invade the civil and religious liberties of their Protestant subjects, it is only reasonable that a league should be formed, and that counter-influence should be exercised by states professing the Reformed religion, for the protection of their brethren in the faith. The Pontifical state interferes, to the detriment of the Waldenses, with the internal affairs of Piedmont—for the enlargement of the Roman Church. While this is done, what law of non-intervention is to prevent a Protestant state from interposing to secure toleration at least for a Protestant community in the same dominions?—The Crown, or the Tiara? p. 13.

But the right of the Vaudois to appeal to us, and our duty to meet that appeal, rest on specific Treaties. The two great Pro-

testant Powers of Europe in 1690, England and Holland, then united under one head, in a secret article of their Treaty with the Duke of Savoy, signed on the 20th of October of that year, provided for the security of the Vaudois in the exercise of their religion and in the enjoyment of their property. In this article the Duke of Savoy recited that he had already restored to his good graces and reinstated under his royal protection his subjects, Vaudois by religion, and that he was daily receiving from them proofs of their fidelity and attachment to his service; and that he thereby, accordingly, replaced them, their children, and their posterity-and confirmed them-in the possession of all and of each of their ancient rights, edicts, usages, and privileges; and also promised to include in a formal edict to be registered in the Senate of Turin, &c., all others of the same faith who might choose to establish themselves in the said valleys. And having thus affirmed the principle of the rights of the Vaudois, and of any who might adhere to them, in the free exercise of their religion, the Duke of Savoy proceeded, in respect to the details, to give to England and to Holland the right of further and distinct interference-even in his own territory-in order to the perfect security of the Vaudois, whom these stranger Powers had taken under their protection. The words are remarkable: 'And finally, the ministers of his Britannic Majesty and of their High Mightinesses shall be instructed and authorised to regulate, according to the ancient edicts, rights, and concessions, with the ministers of his Royal Highness the particulars of things, and whatever may have been left out and omitted-ce qui pourroit rester et estre obmis-in order to provide for the security of the said Vaudois under this article, as also for the execution of the same in respect of matters concerning their religion, and relative to their property, rights, and all other objects."

Much as this is, it is not all: for not only is this Secret Article of the Treaty of the Hague (1690) recited word for word in the Treaty of Turin (1704)—and solemnly renewed and confirmed; but another document, an Edict† in relation to the Vaudois, is also still more remarkably incorporated in that last Treaty.

We believe that it is almost an unique instance of a municipal proclamation of one of the contracting parties, relating to his own

^{*} Parliamentary Paper, No. 446 of 1832, pp. 4, 5.
† Burnet gives the following account of the Edict:—The Duke 'had indeed granted a very full Edict in favour of the Vaudois, restoring their former liberties and privileges to them, which the Lord Gallway took care to have put in the most emphatical words, and past with all formalities of law to make it as effectual as law and promises can be, yet every step that was taken in that affair went against the grain; and was extorted from him by the intercession of the King and the States, and by Lord Gallway's zeal.—Burnet's Own Times, vol. ii. pp. 176-7.

subjects exclusively, being confirmed by him as a stipulation in a Treaty which he was contracting with a foreign power-yet it is so. By the 4th Article of the Treaty of Turin, 'Sa dite Altesse Royale s'oblige aussy de confirmer, comme elle confirme par le present article, l'Article Secret du vingtieme Octobre mille six cents quatre-vingt-dix (qui est inseré cy apres), conjointement avec l'Edit du vingt-troisième May mille six cents quattre-vingts quattorse, concernants le rétablissement des Vaudois : lequel Edit aura toute la même force et vigueur que le dit Article Secret, comme s'il estoit pareillement icy inseré de mot à mot.' To this municipal edict, then, the guarantee of a stranger power is given, as solemnly as to the public Treaty itself or to its Secret Article; and the construction of that edict in favour of the Protestants may be best and most fittingly collected from the counter-edict of the Pope of that day* on hearing of it. Innocent XII., on the 19th of August, 1694, in a congregation of the Inquisition held in the Quirinal, recited that, having had reason to fear that Victor Amadeus, impelled by the importunate instances of heretic princes, might yield his otherwise religious mind to the repeal of the laws which he himself had enacted against his own heretic subjects, he had oftentimes addressed that prince, both through his Highness's Resident in The City, and through the Nuntio and the Inquisitor at Turin, paternally admonishing the Duke that, mindful of his hereditary faith and of his own reputation, he should take care to remove all suspicion of himself-from the Church and the faithful—in so grave a concern; but, as his Holiness proceeded to state, the heretic sovereigns having pressed 'iniquâ turpitudine' their applications in behalf of the Vaudois, he himself took further and stronger measures-'omnem lapidem movit'-to engage the Duke of Savoy to disavow and repudiate any concessions, which he might have made in a matter which threatened the subversion of the neighbouring States, nay, of all Italy: and to induce his Highness to renounce all negociations, and even treaties, if perhaps ever made with heretics: 'ut omnes tractatus et forsitan pacta hereticis semper inita omnino ex animo et mente suâ, ut rectum erat, abjiceret."

Notwithstanding all this, such was the influence of Protestant England and Protestant Holland, and such was the consideration

A copy of this most important document is printed in the Grievances, Appendix No. VI., pp. 21-24. It was transmitted by Lord Gallway to his own Government at home in a despatch, now in the State Paper Office, dated 7th September, 1684, for which the following is an extract:—'J'ay envoyé à vostre office, monsieur, le décret de pape avec la dessence du Sénat de Turin de le publier. Je croyois que ceste affaire auroit de grandes suites; mais le pape a laissé tomber cette affaire; et il n'en sera plus question.' He adds the significant words: 'Je crois que notre flotte dans la Méditerranée a beuncoup contribué à ceste résolution.'

paid and secured to the Duke of Savoy, as will presently appear, for his protection of Protestantism, that his Highness issued the municipal edict in question; some parts of which the Pope said he could not read without tears—particularly that provision by which the children rescued from their heretic fathers—in other words, kidnapped by Papists for the purpose of being brought up as fellow slaves in Popery—should be torn from the Church, and with evident damnation to their souls, be restored to their Protestant parents—'cum evidenti animarum damnatione parentibus hæreticis restituerentur.'

The Pope summed up all by saying that the Duke of Savoy, by this edict (the provisions of which are incorporated, be it ever remembered, in a formal treaty with England), not only abolished all the laws against his heretic subjects ('non modo leges omnes contra ejus subditos hæreticos, abrogavit'), but also granted to all other heretics who might enter the valleys in question from other parts of the world, and who might desire to remain there, that they should in no way be molested in the exercise of their religion:—'ne ulla auctoritate in damnatæ religionis exercitio

impedirentur.'

Moved by these enormities, present and in prospect, the Pope declared that the edict which the Duke of Savoy had thus promulgated in his own diminions, in favour of his own subjects and of their co-religionists who might come to dwell among them in his territories, was null and void. He called upon the Faithful in those territories and elsewhere to act as if this edict had never been issued by the Duke of Savoy; and upon the bishops and the inquisitors to proceed against all heretics in the country, without any regard to the provisions of this edict:—'nullo prorsus habito respectu ad præfatum edictum, aut ad quodeunque privilegium, indultum, seu gratiam; quæ omnia nulliter concessa et vigore præsentis decreti abrogata fore et esse declarantur.'

Now our object is not to show how the Pope, having vainly attempted to induce the Duke of Savoy to keep no faith with heretics ('pacta forsitan hæreticis semper inita abjicere'), proceeded to act on the other great maxim of the Papal see, and to interfere with the free government of the refractory prince, and to annul and invalidate his municipal acts. These conclusions, though obvious, are incidental. Our object is rather to show that the Pope (the party at the time most interested in scrutinising the language and the intentions of the Duke of Savoy in this edict, which now makes a substantial part of the treaty with England in 1704) construed the edict as abrogating all the pre-existing laws against the Protestant religion in the valleys of Piedmont.

It is true that, totidem verbis, the edict in question repeals no more

more than the edicts of the 31st January and 9th April, 1686; but those were the last edicts issued on the condition of the Vaudois. They were issued by the absolute authority of the same sovereign; and, considering under whose importunities they were promulgated ('reiterate instanze de prepotenza straniera'), they were intended to consolidate and confirm the pre-existing provisions against the Vaudois: or, rather, to extirpate the religion and the people together. When, therefore, the same Duke of Savoy who published the hostile edicts of 1686, revoked them in 1694, and declared that his Vaudois subjects should enjoy their ancient rights and privileges ('loro antichi dritti e privvileggi'), and when his antagonist, the Pope, construed this revocation and declaration as equivalent to an abrogation of every disability to which Protestantism had been subject in Piedmont, it is clear that all the edicts against the Vaudois were in substance revoked by the one in their favour in 1694; and that the ancient rights and privileges, at that time guaranteed to the Vaudois by their sovereign, must have reference to a state of entire freedom, to their condition in the valleys before their persecutions began, and to their exemption from any other restraints than those to which their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects were exposed, their territorial limits alone excepted.

If this be so, though out of those territorial limits the Vaudois may have no rights—(as their king was lately pleased to observe in his own Court, that 'they were not in a constitutional, but in a paternal state;' and, as he added with inimitable naïveté, that therein there was no question of right, but of grace')—yet, within those limits, they have rights; those rights were solemnly guaranteed to them by their sovereign in a formal edict; and this edict—contrary, it may be, to all analogy and precedent—was nevertheless itself referred to in a treaty between that sovereign and other powers, and was guaranteed to his people by the Queen

of Great Britain.

The inherent force of that tolerating Edict may be stated in the simplest alternative. Could, or could not, Victor Amadeus—on the day after the ratification of the Treaty of 1704, and in the face of that Edict, incorporated in that Treaty—have revived the persecuting decrees against the Vaudois? If he could, what was the value, what was even the possible meaning, of the toleration which he had professed to grant by that Edict? What had he yielded by it—what had Queen Anne gained by it—in respect to Protestantism? If, on the other hand, he could not have renewed those persecuting decrees on the day after the ratification of the Treaty in question, he could no more have done it in the following year, or in any later period of his reign; and, unless Treaties

be like I. O. U.'s, they bind the heirs and successors of the princes who sign them as much as those princes themselves: and, therefore, no king of Sardinia is at liberty in the nineteenth century, without a formal breach of treaty with England, to violate the toleration which his predecessor granted to the Vaudois in 1694, and which was pledged to them in the Treaty of 1704, not less by their own sovereign than by the protecting power of the other contracting party.

We have already said that this guarantee was anomalous, and it may be added that it seems to compromise the independent action of the Government of Sardinia in its own states; and we have been asked how England would have liked, in 1829, a similar intervention on the part of Austria in behalf of the Roman Catholics of Ireland? The answer, in 1829, would have been obvious: - Let Prince Metternich produce a treaty with England analogous to that which Lord Aberdeen can produce to the Sardinian minister; and we will confess his equal right to interfere in the internal concerns of this empire: THEN, BUT NOT TILL THEN.

But the truth is that the Duke of Savoy (besides 'the advances of money that were promised him from England and Holland.' till the receipt of which he 'would not own that he was in any negociation')* received, and his successor the King of Sardinia retains, the price of the protection thus guaranteed to the Vaudois of Piedmont; and the Sovereign of England, at the head of the Protestantism of Europe, bought their liberties by guaranteeing, on the other hand, to the Duke of Savoy, all the valleys on the eastern side of the Alps, which had been won from France, but which, if restored to France at the peace, would have kept open to Louis XIV. the easiest road to Turin. The valley of Pragelato was one of those possessions. The Emperor of Germany had stipulated with the Duke of Savoy, by the Treaty signed at Turin, on the 8th of November, 1703, that whatever their allied arms might take from France in Franche-Comté and Burgundy should be the share of the Emperor; while whatever might be gained on the eastern side of the Alps, or even in Dauphine and Provence, should be yielded by his Imperial Majesty to the Duke :- ' quod vero in Pragellato, Delphinatu, et Provencià alibive locorum acquiretur, id Celsitudini suæ Regiæ cedet.' To this guarantee the Queen of England became a party by the Treaty of Turin in 1704, stating therein the reasons on her own part, and the reciprocal promises on the part of the Duke of Savoy, in consideration of the security thus given to him. Her Majesty anticipated that all the conquests then in view might not be made; and therefore proceeded to declare, that if by the fortune of war it should

[.] Burnet's Own Times, vol. ii, p. 176,

so happen that his Royal Highness might not have conquered the countries in question, her Majesty would make every effort at the peace for the purpose of placing them under the dominion of the Duke, particularly the province on the east of Mont Genevre, i. e. the valley of Pragelas: - 'par l'importante nécessité qu'il y a pour la seureté de son Altesse Royale et commune, que le dit Mont Genevre serve de barrière contre la France, et qu'il ne reste à celle-cy aucun pied en deça les Alpes.' On the other hand, the Duke of Savoy promised on his part to secure not only that all the Protestants who, on account of their faith, had been compelled to quit Dauphiné, or Provence, or the valleys of Piedmont, including Pragelas, might freely return, and re-occupy their possessions, with the free exercise of their religion, but also that all others of the same faith, who might choose to enter in and dwell among them, should enjoy the same advantages, on the condition applicable to both that they should abstain from endea-. vouring in any way to convert their neighbours of the Church of Rome:—' moyennant que les uns et les autres ne tenteront en aucune manière de pervertir les Catholiques dans leur religion.'

It is not necessary to pursue this part of the subject further than to say that, eventually, the stipulations made in favour of the Duke of Savoy were carried into effect. Besides certain territories on the Milanese border received in exchange from the Emperor, and in like manner guaranteed by the Queen of Great Britain to the Duke of Savoy, all the provinces between the Alps and Turin were made over to him, and are now held by the King of Sardinia in virtue of these stipulations; while, on the other hand, the same Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeus H. (who, when his power was thus strengthened and consolidated, was further permitted by the crowned heads of Europe to add himself to their number, and to declare himself King of Sardinia), lost no time in forgetting all his own counter-engagements in favour of the Protestants in the valley of Pragelas.

It was not 'another king who knew not Joseph,' it was Victor Amadeus himself, whose breach of faith the envoy of George I. at the court of Turin was compelled to expose in 1727.

At Turin, with all the documents at hand to consult and interpret, while Victor Amadée himself was yet reigning, and in the face of his ministers, who had been parties to the last of the treaties, Mr. Hedges insisted that the King of Sardinia was bound to respect the rights of the Waldenses, and that it was the duty of England to see those rights secured. I told him, said Mr. Hedges, that that article must of necessity suppose them to have had the free exercise of their religion, or otherwise the Protestant powers could never have agreed to a treaty implying the destruction of part of the Protestant religion. Grievances, p. 14

Mr. Hedges afterwards, in an interview with the Sardinian minister, proceeded to specify the case of the inhabitants of the valley of Pragelas; and pointed out 'the article in their favour in the treaty concluded in the year 1704, wherein it is expressly mentioned that the inhabitants of this valley shall enjoy the free exercise of their religion.' The minister, it is true, made a distinction between the inhabitants of the newly-annexed valley of Pragelas and those of the other valleys; and added, 'As to the Vaudois (those of the other valleys), their case was different; and whatever just grievances they had, they shall be relieved.' We think, however, that we have already proved that the sovereignty of the valley of Pragelas was the price given to Victor Amadeus for the protection of Protestantism in that valley as much as in the other valleys of Piedmont; and it is clear that this was the construction put by the English representative at the time. In answer to the Marquis del Borgo, the Sardinian minister, Mr. Hedges (we quote the papers laid before Parliament in 1832) proceeded as

'I then told him that I could not but be extremely surprised at the little attention that was shown to his Britannic Majesty's intercession, founded upon solemn treaties, which were worded in a manner not possible to be misunderstood; that I thought it my duty to tell him, in the respectfullest manner I could, that I must again intercede for the suspension of the sentence, in his Majesty's name, and desire at the same time the repeal of all orders contrary to the treaties made with us.'—

Parliamentary Paper, No. 446 of 1832, p. 12.

'But,' added Mr. Hedges in his report, to the Duke of Newcastle, of this conference, 'if some relief be not obtained for this valley, it is certain that the Protestants will be entirely rooted out.' The false and feeble person to whom Mr. Hedges addressed these statements was incapable of acting with dignity, consistency, or principle, in public or in private life. It is needless therefore to say that the Duke of Newcastle, who personally 'cared for none of these things,' disregarded, or at least inadequately supported, Mr. Hedges,* The Protestants of the valley of Pragelas were entirely rooted out; and Mr. Hedges had too much reason

^{* &#}x27;The king's zeal for religion,' (we have the Duke of Newcastle's authority for it,) 'and great, goodness, and humanity, cannot but lay him under great concern for these poor people; and his Majesty would have you represent their case to the Court where you are, and endeavour to obtain redress of their grievances. However, though his Majesty has this very much at heart, yet, considering the very great importance of the main business in which you are employed, his Majesty would have you make this application in hehalf of these poor sufferers in such a manner as may not give offence to the King of Sardinia, and render him less disposed to come into the measures of the two crowns.' 'The main business' appears, from a subsequent despatch, to have been 'concerning our woollen manufactures!'—Parliamentary Paper, No. 446 of 1832, pp 6, 7.

to fear for the Vaudois in their own valleys. He said that, unless the King of England shall insist strongly on his right to interfere on their behalf, he is himself confirmed 'in the opinion that they are determined at this court to do all they can to put an end to

the exercise of the Protestant religion in the Valleys.'

This was not the first occasion of its being necessary for England to appeal to the treaties of 1690 and 1704; though this was the occasion to which the attention of Parliament was called by the papers produced in 1832. In 1709, a similar appeal had been made; and in that year Victor Amadeus replied, in a letter signed by himself, to Queen Anne, on the subject of her remonstrances in favour of the Valley of Pragelas. As this letter has never, we think, been published, and as a copy from the State Paper Office is before us, we insert it. It is dated March 13, 1709 :--

'Ce que je puis trouver de plus glorieux dans tous les avantages qui sauroient jamais m'arriver, c'est de pouvoir rencontrer les satisfactions de V. M, n'étant pas moins porté par les engagemens de mon zèle très ardent que par ceux des Traités mêmes. Ainsi je supplie très humblement V. M. d'être persuadée de toute l'attention que je dois à ses Royales intentions au sujet des Peuples des Vallées de Pragelas et Cezane; j'ose cependant soumettre à la grande pénétration de V. M. les réflexions dont M. Chetwynd l'informera, espérant qu'elle ne pourra que les approuver en considérant que la dilation de tout éclat et publicité dans les conjonctures présentes est un moyen nécessaire même pour l'affermissement de la liberté et tranquillité publiques selon les importantes vues de V. M.'-Modern Royal Letters, Sardinia, vol. xxiv.*

In our reference to the circumstances of the appeal in 1727. we have sufficiently proved that, while the Sardinian minister endeavoured to withdraw the valley of Pragelas from the guarantee provided by those treaties, the court of Turin did not venture to contend that the Vaudois of the Valleys were not distinctly included in the security pledged to them as Protestants by the treaties with England.

To the conclusions which we have drawn from the Treaties, we can conceive no answer except one, which, by whomsoever else it may be made, will not, we think, be urged by the party whom we

^{*} Mr. Chetwynd, the Queen's minister at Turin, wrote to Lord Sunderland on the 7th-18th of June (O. S. and N. S.), 1710, as follows: 'Since what I received from your Lordship the lat of April, 1709, with the Queen's answer to the Duke of Savoy, about granting a free exercise of the Protestant religion in the Valleys of Pragelas and Sezane, I have been altogether silent on that head, contenting myself, as occasion offered, to do those poor people all the service I could, and see that they were not disturbed in that Tacite permission for a Liberty of conscience with his R. H. tolerated from the day that they were conquered, in hopes from day to day that he would think of performing his promise to the Queen, and grant these new subjects the liberty of building some churches, with such other marcks of a free exercise of religion as the Vaudois enjoy.'

are most interested in convincing—we mean, the King of Sardinia himself. That answer is, that, however unpleasantly just might have been our reasoning, if addressed to his predecessor Charles Emanuel IV. in the year 1798, before the cession of Piedmont to France, it has no force when applied to him who reigns over Piedmont, not as the successor of the said Charles Emanuel, or by virtue of any ancestral rights, or with reference to any old Treaties, but as the creature of the Revolution, or, to speak more courteously, by the Exequatur of the plenipotentiaries at Vienna when settling the re-partition of Europe. We repeat that, whoever else may so reason, Charles Albert will not. He will rather contend that the Revolution, taking it in its widest sense from 1788 to 1815, was a great flood which overwhelmed almost all the powers and principalities of Europe; but the subsidence of which showed to the ancient proprietors their land-marks still standing, and their thrones, damp, indeed, and dirty, but still waiting to re-seat them; and that the chief of his royal house did not receive Piedmont, as it might have been thrown to a Bernadotte, an Eugene Beauharnois, or a Baron de Rothschild, at the Congress of Vienna, but resumed it as the territorial possession and sovereignty of his time-honoured race; that he himself was born with those rights to the succession of Piedmont which have now devolved upon him: that he belongs to the hereditary royalties of the world: that he represents at Turin not Prince Metternich and Lord Castlereagh, but Victor Amadeus II., who almost founded that Turin, and who recovered it from the all-but grasp of the French nearly a century and a half ago; and that, in all sovereignty, he is the lawful heir of 'the wisest monarch' in Europe—so, at least, Pope called him. Upon this principle, Victor Emanuel returned to the continent from his barren island: and in the first lines of his treaty with England, signed at Vienna on the 20th of May, 1815, affirmed that he had re-entered into full and entire possession of his continental states in the same manner as he, meaning his father, had possessed them on the 1st of January, 1792, with the exception of a small part of Savoy ceded to France, &c. If this be so, he inherited the obligations as well as the patrimony—he became subject to the duties, as well as seized of the rights, of Victor Amadeus II.: - and Charles Felix, the late king, and Charles Albert, the present king, took, and all future kings of Sardinia, in their turn, must be content to take, the compacts as well as the crown of their predecessors: and to admit the right, which solemn Treaties have secured to England, of being the protectress of a portion of their people. Assuming, then, that England possesses this right of inter-

vention on behalf of the Vaudois, whenever their security may

appear

appear to be endangered—and that this right is founded not on the vague generalities of a common Protestantism, but on the specific provisions of a formal and national compact between the two powers—we are bound, from time to time, to examine into the state of the Vaudois, and to satisfy ourselves that they do not

require the interference of England.

What, then, is the actual state of the Vaudois? We are indebted chiefly to the pamphlet entitled 'The Grievances of the Civil and Religious Condition of the Waldenses in 1843,' for the following illustrations of that state. In order to explain them, it must be recollected that, from and after the 1st of January, 1838, the new code of Sardinia came into operation. By the third article, it is provided that other worship than that of Rome is only tolerated according to the usages and special regulations relating to the same: and another article provides that les sujets non Catholiques enjoy civil rights conformably to the laws, regulations, and usages relating to them. These terms, to our eyes apparently so innocuous, are understood on the spot, by the fears of one party, and by the bigotry of the other, to apply to the revival of all the edicts against the Waldenses; 'the laws, regulations, and usages relating to them' being said to be contained in the edicts against them in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

'The son of a Waldensian soldier who served under the conscription of Napoleon, being born in a garrison where there was no Protestant minister, was baptised by a Roman Catholic priest. He was shortly afterwards brought home to the Valleys, was educated as a Protestant in the communion of his forefathers, attended Protestant worship, and received the sacrament in a Waldensian church. He was married to a Waldensian woman by a Waldensian pastor. But this marriage is now called a mixed marriage, under the allegation that he is an apostate Roman Catholic; and a process with all its penalties hangs over the family.'—Grievances, p. 13.

It is true that, in 1794, the King of Sardinia published an Edict containing these words:—

'We renew our orders to prevent the taking away children, with a view of obliging them to embrace the Catholic religion; and those children who have been taken away must be restored.'—Gilly's Extracts, &c., p. 24.

But it is equally true that,-

In spite of these Edicts, children are now taken away, under the pretence of their being illegitimate. Two lamentable cases of this sort occurred in one commune last year [qu. 1828]; one of them was attended by circumstances which caused a general sensation. A mother refused to deliver up her infant, and fled with it to the mountains, where she was pursued by carabineers despatched for that purpose.

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For many weeks she lived a miserable life among the rocks and forests, flying from place to place, until the sufferings of the mother and child excited the pity of the authorities who signed the order for the pursuit. The order was withdrawn, but not revoked; and the woman's fears and anxiety continue, while she remains exposed to the same severity.'—Gillu's Extract from Waldensian Researches, 1831, p. 24.

We also find that-

'In May, 1840, a fraternity of eight missionary priests of the order of St. Maurice and St. Lazare was instituted at La Torre, the principal village of the Waldenses; and when the buildings and full establishment shall be completed, it will be the business of these priests to go about making proselytes by every means in their power.'—Grievances,

p. 8.

Under ordinary circumstances, of course, as the pamphlet proceeds to observe, this could not be matter of complaint: but 'the reciprocity is all on one side.' The Roman Catholic is allowed to invade the Protestant valleys; the Vaudois is not allowed to invade the Roman Catholic plain. The Roman Catholic is permitted to purchase lands among the Vaudois; the Vaudois is not permitted to purchase among the Roman Catholics. To this legal disability we will again advert. We refer to it here only to show the unfairness of allowing the Roman Catholic to enter the valleys, and of refusing to the Vaudois permission to enter the plain. But this is not the whole of the evil. Not only is the Vaudois prohibited from endeavouring to spread his faith beyond his own narrow limits, but even within them he is prohibited from opposing the proselytizing zeal of his new neighbours: 'for it is a clause in one of the revived edicts of 1602 that the several penalties be enforced against any Protestant who dissuades one of his own communion from turning Roman Catholic.' (Grievances, p. 7.) And this not in the case of strangers only:-

'They are absolutely forbidden to exert their parental authority, if their own children, girls above ten, and boys above twelve, are tempted to forsake their faith. In 1836 a child was taken from a family at Lucernette, and another from a family at St. Germain in 1842, upon the pretext of an inclination expressed by those children to turn Roman Catholics; there being no difficulty in tempting a poor half-starved boy of twelve, or girl of ten, to receive instruction offered with a crucifix in one hand and a loaf or a fish in the other. Thus the parent's heart is to be doubly pierced; first, by encouraging a pretended exercise of judgment on the part of his child, before the understanding is matured; and secondly, by a legalised abduction of the child so tampered with. On the 2nd of May, 1839, the child of Jaques Dalmias de David and Marguerite his wife having been torn from them on the pretence of being illegitimate, was sent to the Foundling Hospital at Pignerol, although the parents were both native Vaudois, born in the commune and parish of Villar-Bobi, and lawfully married in that parish by the pastor thereof.

Upon the first abduction, the father took away the infant from the nurse to whose charge it had been committed previously to its being carried to the Hospital; and for this and for his refusal to attend the summons of the commandant of the province, he and his wife were thrown in prison, and there remained several days. The child, however, was restored to its parents, after an investigation which lasted many months, the legitimacy of its birth having been fully proved. —Grievances, pp. 7, 8.

'In the month of August, 1842, the Prefect of Pignerol ordered a Bible-lecture and prayer-meeting, which was held in a school-room at La Tour, on Sunday afternoons, to be discontinued, although this kind of devotional exercise is one of the privileges which had been secured to

the people by law and treaty.

'On the 18th of January, 1840, a similar order had been issued by the Intendant of the Province, to this effect :- " The Royal Secretary of State for the Interior having been informed that every Sunday some Waldenses of Lucernette, Lucerne, Torre, and San Giovanni, held congregations in the territory of Lucerna, in the school-house there, and that many persons, of every age and sex, met together to sing Psalms aloud, and to read in the manner practised in the Temples of the Waldenses, the said Royal Secretary of State has communicated to me, that the places being appointed wherein the Waldensian worship may be exercised, no innovation or increase in the number of the same can be admitted, and the Waldenses must be enjoined to discontinue these meetings, or, in case of contumacy, the Government will adopt some measures to prevent them." The Sunday services in the school at Lucernette were accordingly discontinued, because Lucernette was not exactly within the limits, but the similar mandate which forbade the meetings in the school-room at La Tour, was, beyond all doubt, contrary to treaty and stipulation, and exhibited the extent of the aggressive encroachment, which is now being made on the religious rights of this helpless branch of the Reformed Church.

"It so happens, that a book published by Royal authority at Turin, in 1674, under the title, "Conferences faictes a Turin dans l'hostel de Ville en presence des Messieurs les Ambassadeurs Suisses, entre les Ministres de S. A. R. et les Deputez des Vallies de Lucerne," and bearing the impression "Chez Jean Sinabalde, Imprimeur de son Altesse Royalle," contains a solemn recognition of the right of the Waldenses to hold any religious services in any of the places within the tolerated limits, of which La Tour is particularly mentioned as being one. "In these tolerated places, not only Temples and preaching are allowed, but all other exercises." "Dans ceux ci il y a non seulement le Temple et la prédication, mais tous les autres exercises." "Grievances, pp. 10, 11.

But, in reference to both classes of cases, we may well ask, is this a state of things which ought to continue in the fate of a people to whom, under the guarantee of England, their sovereign professed to grant the free exercise of their religion? We say nothing as to any restriction imposed upon the Vaudois out of their own Valleys. Their king has the letter of the bond in his c 2

favour, and may insist on the pound of their flesh; he may, therefore, prohibit their exercise of any liberal profession, or their possession of a foot of land beyond the Valleys. Under the words of the treaties, we have no right to complain in respect to these matters; but when we see how rigidly the King of Sardinia repels the Vaudois from the plain, and republishes decrees which invalidate their title to any purchases beyond their prescribed limits, we are doubly bound to see that justice is secured to them within those limits; and that privileges which the arms and diplomacy of England guaranteed to them on the ground of our common Protestantism be not—through our ignorance or apathy—sacrificed to the religious bigotry or the political tyranny of any reigning sovereign.

For the Vaudois can never forget that before the restoration of his dynasty, they were free:—

When Piedmont was incorporated with France at the end of the last century, the Waldenses were placed on a footing of perfect equality with other Piedmontese, and enjoyed religious, civil, and political rights in common with the Roman Catholics; but, on the restoration of the House of Savoy in 1814, the King of Sardinia deprived the Waldenses of the benefits of emancipation, to which they had been admitted during the French domination, and replaced them under former disabilities. They were restricted to limits too narrow for their population; they were declared incapable of holding any office of rank, military or civil; they were excluded from the exercise of the legal and medical professions out of the valleys; forbidden to work on Roman Catholic holidays, and subjected to all the vexatious and mortifying distinctions imposed on persons of an inferior caste.'—Grievanees, pp. 2, 3.

While the Protestants of France were secured under the Bourbons in all the rights which they had enjoyed under Buonaparte, by what oversight, or through whose more active fault, the Waldenses were placed in a worse position under the prince whom they received as their legitimate sovereign, than when under the rule of strangers, it is now in vain to inquire. It would be happy for other sovereigns, and happier still for their subjects, if the case of the Vaudois were the solitary instance in which the rule of the French might be remembered with regret. The conscription was an evil, the extent of which we are not disposed to underrate; but it was the only evil which the Vaudois when subjected to France had as such to endure; and how has it been exchanged for the never-ending harassments of their actual state? 'My father hath chastised you with whips; but I will chastise you with scorpions.'

We are aware that Papists and Pro-Papists will tell us that it is not for a nation, which enacted the Penal Laws against the Roman Catholics, to complain of the treatment which Protestants may endure under the laws of other states; and that Victor

Emanuel

Emanuel is reported to have said to a British ambassador who urged him to ameliorate the condition of the Waldenses, 'Do you emancipate the Irish Roman Catholics, and I will emancipate the Vaudois.' In answering this, it is not necessary to defend the Penal Code: it is enough to say that its disabilities are all removed, and that its inflictions had never been enforced for two generations at least before their repeal; and, above all, that England calls on the King of Sardinia to refrain from wronging his Protestant subjects not because they are such—which would be the only analogy which could have justified his calling on England to relieve her Roman Catholic subjects—but because his predecessors, whose obligations he has inherited as much as their dominions, distinctly guaranteed to the Vaudois certain rights by solemn treaty, and formally empowered England and Holland to watch over its execution.

While, therefore, we might now at any rate point to the condition of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and call upon the King of Sardinia to place the Vaudois in that condition, if he chose to adhere to the analogy suggested by Victor Emanuel, we take the

humbler and safer ground of appealing to his treaties.

Instead of those treaties being observed, instead of any amelioration of the condition of the Vaudois, the treaties are to the King of Sardinia what history is to Lord Plunket, an old Almanack; and the condition of the Vaudois is day by day deteriorated; and unless England shall interfere not merely speedily, but sternly, in their favour at the court of Turin, one great warning voice against the apostacy of Rome is in danger of being silenced; one light which has long shone in surrounding darkness, the lux in tenebris of their own valley Lucerna, may too probably be extinguished; or the glory of being the champion of the Protestantism of Europe will be taken from England, and the duty and the privilege of supporting the weak in our common struggle against Rome will be given to another sovereign and another nation.

For the never-dying hatred which the Church of Rome bears to the churches of a purer faith is now well supported by the civil power in Piedmont. The civil power in Piedmont is now in the hands of an absolute prince, whose character is told in a few sentences. Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, was, as Prince of Carignan, in 1821, a liberal, not to say a rebel. On the 12th of March, 1821, he placed himself at the head of the Constitutionalists of Piedmont, who had got possession of the citadel of Turin; and on their part proceeded, together with 20,000 inhabitants of the city, to the palace of Victor Emanuel, and required that prince, his kinsman as well as sovereign, to adopt the Con-

stitution

stitution of Spain,' then the watchword of Italian Revolutions. The honesty and the firmness of the King baffled the design. Conscientiously objecting to the Constitution, he chose, rather than swear to observe it, to descend at once from his throne; and accordingly, on the following day, abdicated. The King now reigning was made from a different mould. Two days afterwards, that is, on the 15th March, 1821, Charles Albert, in the presence of the Provisional Junta, swore, as Regent of the Kingdom, before God, on the Holy Evangelists, to observe the political Constitution of Spain, with two exceptions, &c. But the Austrians were at hand: Count Bubna crossed the frontiers with his army from the Milanese: the Regent ran away to the foot of the legitimate king; and, without making any terms for his followers, or caring further for any Constitution, Spanish or Piedmontese, made his own peace. The Liberalism of Italy soon melted away: and Charles Felix, the brother of Victor Emanuel, reigned peaceably: and Charles Albert, who had then become, by the course of nature and of the law, heir presumptive, eventually succeeded. Though he has so long since thrown off his old principles and associates, he cannot forget how much occasion he once gave to the parti-prêtre in all countries, and to Austria especially, both as to politics and as to religion, to watch him; and he has appeared resolved to disarm their jealousy by overacting the legitimate absolutism of his House. Other motives, also, may now influence him: he may really feel that he was wrong in 1821; and may, therefore, be anxious to make amends for the liberality of his former politics by the severity of his present bigotry:—and as the priests are more numerous in Piedmont than in any other part of Italy, Rome only excepted, there is always a most powerful body on the spot, ready alike to stimulate his conscience, and to direct his zeal; and, above all, to create and sustain a machinery of public opinion, which so far acts on the despotism of the Sovereign as to double his power for all purposes of persecution, and to fetter it for all purposes of toleration. At different times, it is true, he has showed insulated acts of kindness to individual Vaudois. And as a favour to the whole community, indeed, he promised, some years ago, to admit, duty-free, into his dominions the books which they required for their college at La Tour; and when he was overruled and persuaded to withdraw that order, he paid the duty himself. In the affair of the lands purchased by the Vaudois beyond their bounds, to which we promised to advert again, Charles Albert, after signing an ordinance which cancelled all such contracts, and which enjoined every Vaudois purchaser to re-sell within a given date, (and, of course, as a sine quâ non, to a Roman Catholic,) revoked it in part by granting to each individual. dual, who would apply for it as a personal grace, that which he had refused as a principle to the whole body. In the present state of public opinion in Europe, he could not, indeed, well have enforced his decree; and he was, therefore, very anxious to be asked to dispense with it: being much in the condition of a Quaker, whom we once saw in Buckingham Palace with his hat on, busying himself much to meet an orthodox yeoman or exon to take it off for him. We believe the fact to be, that there is a perpetual fight between the King and his confessor; and, unless the King be made to feel that the case of the Vaudois is not an open question,' upon which he is at liberty to act as he may please; unless he be made to understand that his priest has nothing to do with it, and that he himself has no more to do with the rights of this portion of his people than with the rights of the people of Japan (excepting, indeed, to observe them himself, and to cause them to be observed by others), he must never hope to govern Piedmont without-what he hates-the intervention of England. We think that the existing circumstances of his own state require that intervention, and that we ask nothing which Victor Amadeus II. did not formally grant, and which England, by virtue of the public faith of nations, is not required and enabled to demand.

We are compelled to say all this, because at this moment Charles Albert seems to repent of his former kindnesses to the Vaudois: he bears with impatience the obligation of tolerating them; submits to it only because he knows that-besides the parti-prêtre, which may watch him on one side—there is the sympathy of the Protestant power of Europe on the other side, which must check, if it did not crush him, in any open disregard of those obligations. But even now he resents, with as much boldness as he dares to indulge, the claim of England to interfere in the cause of his Protestant subjects. On a late occasion he stated that they had indisposed him their sovereign towards them, by their endeavours to engage England to interfere in their affairs: that he, the King of Sardinia, did not meddle in the interior government of England; and that England, on the other hand, ought not to mix herself up with the police of his kingdom. And, in like manner, it was said on another occasion, that these discussions about the Vaudois are discussions on points of domestic administration, of which each government is sole judge. Now, however applicable might be this answer, if made by the cardinal legate at Ancona to a British authority, complaining of the atrocious conduct of the papal government towards the Jews in that city, whom we admit we are not bound by any treaty to protect, it is wholly inadmissible when addressed by the

court of Turin to an English minister, who, holding the treaty of Turin in his hand, can point to the article which, freely granted by the first King of Sardinia, not only binds all his successors to protect the Vaudois, but authorises the Kings of England to in-

terpose on their behalf.

Again and again, then, we say that our right to interfere is not a vague community of Protestantism between us and the Vaudois of Piedmont, but a secular international compact between our sovereign and their sovereign. It may have been founded on religious motives—it may lead to the advancement of religious truth; but it would be as absolute and unimpeachable if the subject of it were the protection of the Jews. We required, and the Piedmontese government granted, that, under the guarantee of the Crown of Great Britain, certain parties in Piedmont, then holding certain opinions, should be permitted the free maintenance of those opinions, and the free exercise of their worship founded thereon.

In point of fact, however, it was from sympathy with their religion that successive rulers of England have interfered with the government of Piedmont on behalf of the Vaudois. Charles I. -a name which to some might recommend even the Vaudoissent, in 1640, a minister (Morton) to reside at their principal village, La Tour, to watch for their welfare, and to plead their cause with the court of Turin. Cromwell, roused by the deathcry of those 'slain by the bloody Piedmontese' in 1655, 'so engaged the Cardinal (of France), and so terrified the Pope himself,' says Clarendon, that the Duke of Savoy thought it necessary to renew to the survivors all the privileges of which they had been deprived. At the same time with this intervention of England, poured in upon the Duke of Savoy petitions, remonstrances, and menaces, from every Protestant state in Christendom-from Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, and Germany-unsupported, indeed, by the force of treaty, but prompted and sustained by the spirit of a common faith. England again appeared, as we have seen, in conjunction with Holland, in 1690; and England appeared alone in 1704. For what William III. had done at the former period, Queen Anne adopted cordially, and further strengthened in 1704. We have seen the intervention of George I., through his representative at Turin, too feebly supported by his ministers at home. But at no time has the obligation of interfering on behalf of the Vaudois, as need might require, been renounced by England; and at no time, except the present, has the right and the duty of such interference been impugned by the court of Turin. It is true that, from the desuetude of a century, these things may have been forgotten in both countries; and we could

could name a Minister who, when an advocate of the Vaudois referred to 'treaties' as sustaining under the guarantee of Great Britain the rights of the Vaudois, appears, by his published letters, to have been in honest ignorance as to the existence of such treaties. But, since that time, those treaties have been formally laid, by the late King's command, before the House of Commons; together with extracts from the correspondence of the British envoy at Turin with his government at home, in relation to the grievances of the Vaudois; documents which, while they effectually deprive every future Minister of the excuse of even honest ignorance on the subject, furnish the strongest evidence of the obligation of England to fulfil the duties which it contracted in 1690 and 1704 in behalf of a weak and injured people.

Impressed with these sentiments, the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the head of the Committee for the Relief of the Vaudois, addressed last year a memorial to the Earl of Aberdeen. This document has not yet obtained much publicity: we think that it eminently deserves to be felt as well as known, and we submit it accordingly to our readers; though, probably, some of those who signed it have since seen too much reason to look with diminished

confidence to the King of Sardinia.

'MY LORD,

• To the Earl of Aberdeen, Her Mojesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

> Winchester House, St. James's Square, April 9, 1842.

'We, the undersigned, members of the London Committee, instituted in 1825, for the relief of the Vaudois of Piedmont, earnestly entreat your Lordship to submit to Her Majesty the Queen our humble entreaty that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to intercede in behalf of that ancient community, with their sovereign the King of Sardinia. The sufferings of the Vaudois have often excited the sympathy of this nation; and our sovereigns have, from time to time, been pleased to exercise their beneficent offices, when the privileges and rights of the Waldensian Church have been threatened: and this they have done not only out of compassion for the afflicted, but in virtue of treaties which give to England the right of intervention for the protection of the Vaudois.

'Among other grievances, it has been represented to us that the Vaudois have now to complain that children are taken from their parents by the priests and local authorities, when one of the parents is said to be a Roman Catholic, under pretence of their being illegitimate; that their religious services are interrupted; that their intercourse and traffic with their fellow-countrymen, beyond certain limits, are placed under grievous restrictions; that some of them are deprived of the means of subsistence, being forbidden to purchase, to farm, or to culti-

vate lands, except within boundaries too narrow for their population; and that others, to their great disadvantage and detriment, have been ordered to sell property which they have legally acquired beyond the

territories to which they are confined.

'If these alleged severities were inflicted on the Vaudois for acts of turbulence, or dangerous fanaticism, we should not presume to entreat Her Majesty's gracious interposition: but it does not appear that anything can be laid to their charge, except the profession of a religion differing from that of the Roman Catholic Church, and similar in many particulars of faith and discipline to the Reformed Churches in Europe.

"Believing, therefore, that the measures adopted in regard to this suffering community are at variance equally with the principles of Christianity and with the eternal laws of justice; that they are at variance, likewise, with the treaties which unite the British and Sardinian governments, and also with the present understanding, sanctioned by the treaties of 1814, which exists between civilised states, "to terminate the long sufferings and agitation of mankind" by a general improvement of the social system; we earnestly hope that your Lordship will receive Her Majesty's gracious commands to cause due inquiry to be made; and, if necessary, to mediate with Her Majesty's august ally the King of Sardinia, and to remonstrate against the treatment of the Vaudois with regard to civil disabilities and penalties on account of their religion, which is likely, by embittering or perhaps by engendering animosities between Protestants and Roman Catholics, to bring disgrace on the holy cause of Christianity.

'We are the more anxious to bring this subject before your Lordship from our conviction that the present vexations of this people are not inflicted upon them with the entire consent of their Sovereign; for it is but justice to say, that, ever since this Committee have taken an active interest in their behalf, we have had repeated proofs of the favourable disposition of His Sardinian Majesty towards them: and we are confident that his own feelings of justice and benevolence, if unbiassed by the misrepresentations of their enemies, would ensure to them His Majesty's protection and favour, since all the records of their history for more than a century prove them to have been a faithful and loval people.

'W. CANTUAR.
C. J. LONDON.
C. R. WINTON.
GEO. H. ROSE.
R. H. INGLIS.
W. R. HAMILTON.
WILLIAM COTTON.
T. D. ACLAND.
W. S. GILLY.'

In the object of this memorial we cordially unite: in its complimentary reference to the good dispositions of the King of Sardinia we could not so readily concur. But, in a quasi-diplomatic paper, intended perhaps for the eyes of the absolute monarch in question, less freedom of expression could be admitted than in the public press of England. We trust that the government of England has on this, as on other occasions, risen to the level of its duty: that duty constitutes its glory and its strength.

When

When England shall abandon the cause of Protestantism, and shall cease to feel that a common resistance to Rome constitutes a just and legitimate ground of sympathy and support between herself and the weakest and most oppressed of the anti-papal communities of Europe, that cause indeed will not suffer; since God, the author and avenger of truth, requires not this or that feeble instrument of clay to protect his own people: they and their principles will be preserved; but the glory of protecting them—of which England may deem herself unworthy—will be transferred, with the blessing of the Almighty, to other powers now less exalted; but which, feeling the charge so transferred to them as their highest privilege, will be strengthened from on high to defend it to the end. They will adopt the prayer offered up, in the name of England, by her immortal poet, to the Lord Almighty, on behalf of the Vaudois:—

'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold:— Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old, When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones, Forget not.'

ART. II.—A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich, containing the Correspondence of many years with the late Robert Southey, Esq., &c. By J. W. Robberds, F.G.S., of Norwich. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1843.

TR. Sydney Smith complimented the Norfolk Taylors, so many of whom have made themselves known to the world in our time, by reversing the obsolete adage into 'it takes nine men to make a Taylor.' We believe the distinguished persons of that name from Norwich and the neighbouring country do not all consider themselves to be of the same kindred; but, however this may be, they will all, we suppose, allow that for gifts and acquirements the foremost among them was the subject of these Memoirs. Yet, as he put forth little with his name, and did not in his anonymous writings thoroughly identify himself with the theories or interests of any great party among us, we should not be surprised to find that, after a silence of thirteen years, preceded by about as long a period of comparative inactivity, he had nearly ceased to be remembered beyond his province and the professed students of literature. If such obscurity has gathered over him, however, these volumes will dispel it. The narrative is that of an able man-sometimes too ambitious indeed, but nowhere diffuse, everywhere clear; and the correspondence interwoven is as interesting as any we are likely to see revealed for many years to come.

It is our duty to review such a book as this; but the task is not undertaken without reluctance. Mr. Taylor was the deliberate teacher of pernicious opinions: his conversation and his pen were influential in forwarding some of the most fatal heresies of this age: and the many amiable traits in his character render it most painful to dwell on the obstinacy of his unhappy delusions.

He was born at Norwich in 1765, the only child of wealthy parents. His father had inherited the chief place in an old mercantile house, engaged mostly in the export trade; and William was destined from the cradle to succeed in this respectable position. The family were of the Unitarian sect, and so all their immediate connections appear to have been. The boy was sent to school first under a Swiss refugee, whose favourite study is said to have been etymology, and afterwards with Mr. Rochemont Barbauld, Unitarian minister at Palgrave, whose 'talented and tasteful consort' (early celebrated as Miss Aikin) took a large share in the tuition of the house, and soon distinguished Taylor as one of two pupils especially deserving her own and her husband's most assiduous care—the other being Frank Sayers, whose life was in the sequel written and his remains collected by his early companion. Mr. Robberds considers it as an extraordinary circumstance that the two cleverest boys of the school formed an enthusiastic attachment for each other-we should have thought it stranger if they had not; but, he adds, 'a friendship unbroken during the term of forty-three years, amidst severer trials than the struggles of academic vanity or the freaks of juvenile ambition.' That is to say, it survived a total disseverance of opinions on subjects of the highest importance; but this, however rare, is not the only example of the kind, nor the most illustrious one, that Mr. Taylor's biographer records.

In his Life of Sayers (1823), Mr. Taylor dwelt with grateful recollection on the pains taken by Mrs. Barbauld (whom he used to call 'the mother of his mind') with the 'English composition' of her young disciples; and, in reviewing that Life, Mr. Southey, a warm friend and admirer of both Sayers and Taylor, made this

passage the subject of a brief comment :-

^{&#}x27;It may be doubted whether such a habit of early criticism would have the effect of producing a natural and easy style; whether it would not tend to banish colloquial and idiomatic English from composition; and whether pupils so trained would not, as they grew up, be likely to think less of what they had to say than of how they should say it. The moral faculties cannot be accustomed to discipline too early, that they may receive their bent in time; but there is danger of weakening

or distorting the intellectual powers if you interfere too soon with their free growth. To make boys critical is to make little men of them, which is the surest way to prevent them from ever becoming great ones.'—Quart. Rev., vol. xxxv. p. 177.

Such remarks might naturally have occurred in reference to any Life of Sayers: but there can be no doubt that Mr. Southey

was thinking less of the Doctor than of his historian.

Having acquired as much Greek and Latin as Mr. Barbauld could teach, or as his parents thought desirable, and made very extraordinary progress in various branches of education more likely to be serviceable in a mercantile career, William Taylor was removed from Palgrave to the Norwich counting-house at the age of fourteen. He could already read French and Italian with ease, and the foreign connections of the firm rendering it expedient that he should complete his mastery of those languages, he was soon afterwards sent to make a tour on the continent, under the care of one of the partners. Some specimens of his letters to his parents from various places abroad are now printed, and they are such as cannot be considered without wonder. He must, indeed, have been a most precocious youth-at fifteen he writes both as to matter and language, whether in English, in French, or in Italian, as few, very few, of his sex at such standing could ever do. It is not surprising that he excited a most lively interest among the friends and correspondents of his family. After some months he returned a man in mind and in manners, and almost in appearance. The experiment was too successful not to be repeated. After being admired as a prodigy for two years more at Norwich, he was again sent abroad for a longer time; and, with a view to some flattering openings in his father's traffic, took up his residence during a whole twelvemonth under the roof of a clergyman at Paderborn, there to add to his other attainments a familiar acquaintance with the German. This residence decided his destiny. His singular facility soon overcame all the difficulties of a new vocabulary. He could, before the twelve months were over, use the language like a native. But his host and preceptor was an enthusiastic admirer, not only of the rising belles lettres, but of the new philosophy of his country, and Taylor left him with his tastes and opinions for ever Germanized. He returned to Norwich at eighteen, full of Goethe, and Bürger, and Voss; but not without having 'pervasively studied' the rationalistic divines as well as the pantheistic poets.

Without formally withdrawing from the paternal desk, he very soon convinced all about him that his father was to be the last real merchant of the lineage. The elder Mr. Taylor cared nothing about either poetry or metaphysics, but he was proud, as

well he might be, of his only son, and, fancying himself richer than he was, by degrees acquiesced in the views which month after month developed themselves more and more clearly. His boy's translations from the German were handed about—the brilliant novelties were rapturously praised. The Unitarians, at this time prominent in the place, hailed the opening of talents that promised to shed new light upon their body, promote its local ascendancy, and extend its reputation in the world beyond. But the community at large welcomed the juvenile aspirant. There was, as there had long been, a general spirit of intellectual activity in Norwich, but in those days not much of political excitement; and doctrinal differences, however great and serious, do not seem to have kept churchmen and sectaries from free intercommunion in private life, any more than from cordial co-operation in the promotion of local institutions, either of a literary, or scientific, or a benevolent and charitable description.

It was not until after the French Revolution that this easy state of things was disturbed. At that era the Unitarians were almost universally active as 'friends of the people.' Young Taylor became Secretary of a Democratic Club; and from that time his social connections appear to have been almost exclusively among the dissenters and Whigs in and about his native town.

Besides political clubs Norwich had several Societies which held evening meetings once a week to hear and criticise essays, and debate the questions that these happened to stir; and William Taylor, while yet a stripling, had won distinction among them both as a writer and a speaker. From these meetings younger members often adjourned to a tavern, prolonging the discussion over the bottle or the bowl; and here also William was qualified to bear his part, for his temper was naturally open, and from an early age he had been accustomed to very convivial habits in his father's house. The old man was a most bountiful Amphitryon, and the lad's manly aspect and manners had seemed to entitle him to sit on equal terms with the seniors, whom his variety of information and liveliness of language entertained and amused.

Such was William Taylor's position when he first began to make himself known as a contributor to our periodical publications. Surrounded with ease and comfort at home, the idol of his amiable parents, courted and caressed as the agreeable heir to a handsome fortune, which might abundantly excuse his unconcealed inattention to mercantile concerns—the centre of a cheerful gay circle of his own class—sedulously cultivated and extolled by the authorities of a locally powerful sect—and in a word, habitually looked up as in every way the most promising among the rising citizens of Norwich; if a young man endowed with remarkable

brilliancy,

brilliancy, and above all with most remarkable facility of parts, thus early accustomed to a sense of acknowledged predominance. naturally fond of society, and thus, without an effort as it were, placed at the head of the society to which he belonged—if such a youth should have elevated his ambition altogether beyond the sphere of immediate and easy triumphs, and, secure of worldly competence, resolvedly devoted himself to the most laborious of all lives, that of the man who does great things in literature or in science—he might not indeed have been a solitary, but he must have been a most rare exception to all rules. It was very natural that the essays and speeches of his debating clubs should encourage him to enter into correspondence with a newspaper or a magazine; but, if fugitive verses and articles so published should happen to bring him a considerable addition of notoriety if he should find himself able, by brief snatches of exertion, to fix on himself such a measure of general literary reputation as no man else in or near Norwich had then achieved-it became doubly improbable that he should trample on hourly strengthening temptations, and determine to be great in place of sitting

down content with being already thought so.

The first thing that attracted notice beyond the Norwich sphere, was his translation of 'Lenore.' Bürger is, if not the greatest, at least among the very greatest, of modern ballad-poets. and this remains his masterpiece. Taylor's version was the earliest, and his biographer considers it as the best in our language: a casual recitation of it suggested, as is well known, the apprentice effort of Sir Walter Scott, which is certainly, in general accuracy and finish, inferior to Taylor's, but in which we cannot but think there is more of the spirit of poetry. In truth we have no thoroughly satisfactory English 'Lenore.' William Spencer's is wordy and pompous, and gives no idea whatever of Bürger's nervous and fiery style. On the other hand, Taylor, and after him Scott, shrunk from strict imitation of the stanza-whereby, as both Coleridge and Wordsworth have observed, a pervading and pathetic beauty of effect is sacrificed. Scott and several others have followed Taylor in some variations of the story itself, which Mr. Robberds thinks judicious: but here again we have the fortune Bürger, for instance, lays his scene at the to disagree with him. end of the Seven Years' war-Taylor and Scott carry us back to the Crusades. In our opinion the date of the original was well fixed. The ghost superstition, say what we will, has survived to this day everywhere; at all events there can be no doubt that it was far from being extinct in Germany when Bürger was writing. and Coleridge and Taylor were electrified during their youthful wanderings by his fresh productions: and we believe that when a superstition

superstition is really alive in the popular mind, and therefore (which is infallibly the case) not without some shadow of living power in all minds, a story connected with it will, cæteris paribus -or rather, cateris non valde imparibus-be effective in proportion to the nearness of its date. Besides, whenever there is an alteration there will be some ugly trace of the rent. Many circumstances in the 'Lenore,' when introduced into a story of the twelfth or thirteenth century, whether in England or in Germany, are at once perceived to belong to a much more modern era, and these therefore give an air of patchwork and falsification to both Taylor's version and Scott's, from which the ballad itself is free. According to our view, Taylor's attempt at archaic diction and his Rowleian spelling only make things worse. In fact the whole sentiment of the piece is, like Bürger's own language and rhythm, modern; and especially the picturesque minuteness of the description throughout is proper in reference to a superstition that lingers on and influences the heart and imagination, but is already disparaged and condemned, and stands in need of support. A story like that of Lenore would have been told by a mediæval bard with a Job-like darkness of hints or a Gospel-like simplicity and brevity.

This piece was rapidly followed by other translations from the same poet, and by and bye much more extensive specimens from the German in a variety of measures. In the three bulky volumes entitled 'Survey of German Poetry,' which Mr. Taylor published in 1830, he collected many of these early performances in verse, with a sort of connecting commentary made up chiefly from his magazine prose of the same period. We should regret with the biographer that he did not re-write the whole of the prose, had he shown in his patches of addition any disposition to recant his juvenile heresies—but, on the contrary, his aim was to lend

these new force and attraction.

Mr. Taylor in his translations, and also in his original poetry (so called), was a great experimentalist in metres. Mr. Southey has secured remembrance for his English hexameters by a rather solemn paragraph of the preface to the 'Vision of Judgment.' It may be proper therefore that we should give a small specimen of his workmanship; and we take it from his 'Survey' of the 'Luise' of Voss, a poem of classical reputation, which continues to be hardly less a favourite with the Germans than the most skilfully constructed narrative poem of recent times, the 'Herman and Dorothea' of Goethe. We are not of opinion that the hexameter will ever be naturalized in England. By far the happiest of the attempts is Southey's in the opening of his Vision; but even with his consummate skill the effect of that per-

formance as a whole is very disappointing. With inferior practitioners, however able men, the result has in all cases been ludicrous. Taylor had little delicacy of ear, or strung together his dactyles and spondees, as a living experimenter of high talents and acquirements is said to have done, 'while he was shaving.' We transcribe part of the celebrated breakfast-scene by the lake:—

'Just where the wind blew into the fire was station'd the trivet, On it the well-clos'd kettle, replenish'd with crystalline water. Meanwhile carried Louisa his pipe to papa, and tobacco Wrapt in the velvety hide of the seal, and a paper for pipe-light: Calmly the old man sat, and he whiff'd, and he smil'd, and again whiff'd. Soon as the flame had surrounded the kettle, and steam from the lid burst, Out of a paper-envelope the good old lady her coffee Into the brown jug shower'd, and added some shavings of hartshorn, Then with the boiling water she fill'd up the pot to the summit. Kneeling she waver'd it over the fire, and watch'd for its clearing: Hasten, my daughter, she said, to arrange all the cups in their places, Coffee is soonly enough, and our friends will excuse it unfilter'd. Quickly Louisa uplifted the lid of the basket, and took out Cups of an earthen ware, and a pewter basin of sugar; But when all had been emptied, the butter, the rolls, and the cold ham, Strawberries, radishes, milk, and the cowslip-wine for the pastor, Archly Louisa observ'd: Mamma has forgotten the tea-spoons! They laugh'd; also the father; the good old lady she laugh'd too-Echo laugh'd; and the mountains repeated the wandering laughter. Walter presently ran to the birch-tree beside them, and cut off Short smooth sticks with his clasp-knife, offering skewers for stirrers.' -Survey, vol. ii. p. 70.

Our English reader will please to understand that we have offered this as a specimen of Taylor's hexameters, not at all as a fair representation either of Voss's narrative style or of Voss's versification. We need hardly point out the original of a justly-

admired passage in Wordsworth's lines 'To Joanna.'

Mr. Taylor must be acknowledged to have been the first who effectually introduced the Modern Poetry and Drama of Germany to the English reader, and his versions of the Nathan of Lessing, the Iphigenia of Goethe, and Schiller's Bride of Messina, are not likely to be supplanted, though none of them are productions of the same order with Coleridge's Wallenstein. Mr. Taylor was an excellent German scholar (probably the very best we have had) and he was not without a talent for versification, but we cannot think Nature had meant him for a poet. He largely excited and gratified curiosity—and the influence of what he did has had lasting effects: but no metrical translation, however faithful, however clever, unless it is vivified throughout with the fervour of a true poetical pulse, can ever reach the class of which

we have a few examples in our own literature, and of which there are more in the German than in any other literature of the world. But besides a deficiency of native fire, he was far from having such a command of the poetical language of his own country as has been attained by some of his followers in this walk, perhaps as little entitled to be classed with the poets of Nature's framing as himself. In truth, his knowledge of English literature seems in no department whatever to have been first-rate. His reading at the age of vivid impressions was almost exclusively foreign—chiefly German—and his taste, to use a phrase of his nown, soon 'got into a rut,' from which it never diverged. He is not the only instance of this irretrievable 'Teutonization,' as he calls it; but such, we believe, has never occurred unless where, as with him, the German studies were taken up without the previous devotion of years to the great models of classical antiquity.

It is fair to observe too, that Taylor's taste in German literature itself was very often what the best German critics would have pronounced heretical. He even in his old age talks of Kotzebue as the greatest of all dramatists next to Shakspeare—and we might mention not a few equally preposterous decisions. Of Goethe he speaks better and worse than we ever could think—better of him as a moralist, worse as an artist: but Mr. Robberds is candid enough to drop a hint that his early enthusiasm about the demigod of Weimar cooled obviously after what he regarded as a personal slight. It seems Goethe never acknowledged the receipt of the English Iphigenia. We have no doubt the omission was accidental; for Goethe was not only a polite gentleman, but most assiduous in flattering the minor literati, at home and

abroad, so they would but perform the Kotow.

Mr. Taylor was first in the field, and he kept it long-or at least the main share of it. The mere possession of the German language was in those days a great rarity-of the few who had made that acquisition almost all had made it, like himself, with a view originally to mercantile correspondence, and were not likely to have either wish or capacity for availing themselves of it in the service of literature. His contributions, metrical and critical, to the periodical press of the time, opened a new and a rich vein-he was treated accordingly by its proprietors and conductors with an eagerness of attention such as seldom falls to the share of any but a great original genius; and this will surprise no one who considers what a dim and drizzling twilight that was which intervened between the obscuration of Cowper and the outblazing of the galaxy that has not yet entirely passed away. As literary demands and connections multiplied, his attendance at the countinghouse became slacker and slacker. Before he turned the corner of thirty he seems to have pretty nearly settled into the 'gown and slipper' habits of a confirmed bachelor, and a confirmed miscellanist. Had he married at the proper time of life, he Had he married at the proper time of life, he would have had motives for either not neglecting his father's trade, or carrying a more strenuous spirit of enterprise into the department of letters: but this is one of the very few biographies in which there occurs from beginning to end no hint or trace whatever of any tender passion or attachment. Though his writings indicate no coldness of temperament, but the reverse, he appears to have declared from the very first that he never would marry—and he stuck to that resolution as doggedly as he did to his German lore, and what was, we suspect, a main source of all his errors and neglects, his Meerschaum pipe. One of his earliest acquaintances out of the Norwich circle was Godwin; but they had not met for several years when that philosopher happened to pass through Norwich shortly after his marriage with Mary Wolstonecraft. His salutation to Taylor was an expression of surprise at finding him still a bachelor. 'Yes, Sir,' said Taylor dryly, 'I practise what I preach.' *

It was in the summer of 1798 that the secretary of the Norwich 'Revolutionary Society' made acquaintance with Mr. Southey, whose early opinions on many subjects were akin to his own, and who was, we believe, a brother-contributor to both the 'Monthly Review' and Sir Richard Philips's 'Monthly Magazine.' He first met the poet (by nine years his junior) at the house of a common friend in Yarmouth, and they took to each other so heartily, that Southey not long afterwards revisited Norfolk to pass several weeks under Taylor's roof. His younger brother, Henry Southey, was by and bye domesticated at Norwich as the pupil of an eminent surgeon there, and Taylor conceiving a warm affection for the youth, and superintending with a paternal care the direction of his extraprofessional studies, the letters between him and the poet assume by no slow degrees such a character of entire trust and confidence as might have beseemed the intercourse of near and dear blood relations. To the correspondence begun under these interesting circumstances, and continued, with few interruptions, until near the end of Mr. Taylor's life, illustrating as it does in a very

^{*} So did not in this matter an elder and a better light of Norwich. The Religio Medici was yet a new book, when Sir Thomas Browne espoused, as Whitefoot records, 'a lady of such symmetrical perfection to her worthy husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism.' Johnson adds: 'This marriage could not but draw the raillery of contemporary wits upon a man who had just been wishing "that we might procreate, like trees, without conjunction;" and had lately declared that "the whole world was made for man, but only the twelfth part of man for woman," and that "man is the whole world, but woman only the rib or crooked part of man."

lively manner the course of the late Laureate's literary history, the changes that his mind underwent, and the unchangeable warmth and purity of his heart and feelings, the present volumes owe their highest attraction. The publication of Mr. Southey's letters was authorised by himself shortly after the death of his Norwich friend: seventy-three of them are here printed.

It must indeed have been with very peculiar feelings that the grey-haired Laureate revised some of these communications for the press. On the 10th of August, 1798, Mr. Taylor writes to

him thus :-

'I have just been reading a delightful book entitled "A Picture of Christian Philosophy," by Robert Fellowes. Such a work, and from a clergyman of the Establishment, is indeed an omen of better times. The character of Burke is remarkably well given in one of the notes. Those of Rousseau and of Paine are to my thinking not quite so fortunate; that of Jesus is drawn exactly as it should be—in the manner most conducive to its useful operation on public morality, and most consonant with the general design of his proper historians. This is infinitely the best answer to Wilberforce's cant which has yet been produced, but I fear, of too refined an order to operate on the organs of his followers—it is attempting with otr of roses to aromatize the fumes of tobacco.....

'I am idling away my leisure in settling questions of chronology. I have stumbled on the new hypothesis, that the Nebuchadnezzar of Scripture is the Cyrus of Greek history, which annihilates seventy years of received story supposed to pass between them. To compress and squeeze together the annals of Egypt sufficiently, has' given me most embarrassment. A second proposition is, that Daniel, the Jew, a favourite of this prince, wrote all those oracles scattered in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel relative to his enterprises, for the particularization of which they afford ample materials. I shall endeavour to unite the

several investigations in an essay on the life of Cyrus. . . .

'Will it be a sin this tenth of August to transcribe you an attempt at

an Ode on the death of Messrs. Shears of Dublin?'-

[This is a long rebellious lyric, in phrase and metre as un-English as in sentiments, which we need not transcribe.]

'Many who read your writings forgive your opinions for the sake of the poetry. You are called on for an opposite indulgence—forgive the poetry for the sake of the sentiments. Your very affectionate,

'WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun.'

Next week Mr. Southey says in reply (inter alia) :-

'I thank you for your ode. You have taught me enough of Klopstock to see that you have caught his manner. The Irish business has been almost a counterpart to the death of the Girondists; yet who would not be content so to die, in order so to have lived?

'I shall look for Fellowes's book. Your chronological researches I can only wonder at; my studies have never been directed that way.

Have you seen a volume of Lyrical Ballads, &c.? They are by Coleridge and Wordsworth, but their names are not affixed. Coleridge's ballad of "The Ancient Mariner" is, I think, the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw. Many of the others are very fine; and some I shall re-read, upon the same principle that led me through Trissino, whenever I am afraid of writing like a child or an old woman.

'God bless you, -yours truly, 'ROBERT SOUTHEY.'

About the same time, Taylor, in criticising some of Southey's verses, gives him the pithy advice to 'squeeze out more of his whey'—a phrase which is often revived between them—and then rebukes him for some doctrinal and moral aberrations, of what nature we may guess from the reply:—

"Barker is painting a picture from "Mary the Maid of the Inn," but from what part of the story I have not learnt. He might have found better subjects in my better pieces. My "St. Anthony" has no morality at all. Sophistry may be expected from the devil, whose object in arguing is to puzzle his adversary. The eclogue was written before Lloyd's "Lines on the Fast," and "Letter to the Anti-jacobin" had reached me; but Satan defends himself exactly upon the same principle

that Charles Lloyd defends existing establishments.'

We have quoted enough to show how Taylor and Southey agreed in their early politics; and the reader of Southey's early poetry, as originally published, and of his Letters from Spain and Portugal in 1796, was already well aware that he in the pride of youth wandered far from the Church of England, in whose principles he was educated by his parents, and to which he returned in the sobriety of his matured and disciplined understanding. But the whole of that deeply-interesting story will be told ere long by Mr. Southey's own selected biographer, having at command his entire correspondence, and we believe a MS. poem expressly designed to set forth the hidden life of his mind. present our business is with him only as the friend of William Taylor—the freedom with which the two men from the beginning communicated their thoughts and sentiments to each other, and the perfect charity with which they continued this intercourse in the midst of growing divergence of opinion, and after Mr. Southey's creed, political and religious, had become what it was to the last, the very opposite of Taylor's.

Another of Taylor's eminent early friends was Sir James Mackintosh. They first met at Edinburgh, where Taylor twice visited Sayers, while, like Mackintosh, pursuing his medical studies at the Northern University. Upon being called to the bar here Sir James made choice of the Norfolk circuit, and during the Norwich assizes he either took up his abode under Taylor's roof, or spent the evening in his society. One of Taylor's first

known

Byloton I

known attempts in original verse was a lofty but stiff sonnet to the author of the Vindiciae Gallica; and many eulogistic notices of Taylor's talents, and sly good-humoured allusions to his hopeless heresies of taste and style, are scattered over Mackintosh's Indian diaries and letters; but if they were ever in the habit of epistolary correspondence, we have no proof of it in this book. On the other hand, though Taylor and Coleridge never saw each other, community of connections and sympathy of studies made it natural for them to write to each other when occasion invited; and though neither was there any personal acquaintance between Taylor and Mr. Wordsworth, nor was Mr. Wordsworth at any period so unfortunate as to adopt any of Mr. Taylor's doctrinal errors, it is not surprising that in this case also we should find traces of mutual regard, and now and then the exchange through Southey of friendly messages and criticisms. Taylor says on Mackintosh's first visit at Norwich:-

'Dr. Parr and Mackintosh have been in Norwich-

"Ceu duo nubigenæ quum vertice montis ab alto Descendunt Centauri."

They are both very dazzling men. One scarcely knows whether to admire most the oracular significance and compact rotundity of the single sentences of Parr, or the easy flow and glittering expansion of the unwearied and unwearying eloquence of Mackintosh. Parr's fardarting hyperboles and gorgeous tropes array the fragments of his conversation in the gaudiest trim. Mackintosh's cohesion of idea and clearness of intellect give to his sweeps of discussion a more instructive importance. Parr has the manners of a pedant, Mackintosh of a gentleman. Of course people in general look up to Parr with awe, and feel esteem for him rather than love; while Mackintosh conciliates and fascinates. In this feeling I do not coincide with others wholly. There is a lovingness of heart about Parr, a susceptibility of the affections, which would endear him even without his Greek. But admiration is, if I mistake not, yet more gratifying to Mackintosh than attachment; to personal partialities he inclines less. His opinions are sensibly aristocratized since the publication of his "Vindiciæ;" but they retain a grandeur of outline, and are approaching the manner of the constitutional school. Mackintosh's memory is well stored with fine passages, Latin and English, which he repeats; and his taste in poetry inclines to metrical philosophy rather than pathos or fancy. Milton, Dryden, and Pope have alone sufficient good sense to please him. Virgil he overrates, I think, and Cicero too. Style and again style is the topic of his praise. Careless writing, redolent of mind, is better than all the varnish of composition, merely artful. I was surprised to find him agree with the French in thinking Bossuet very eloquent; and still more so at his rating so very high the panegyric mysticism of Bishop Jeremy Taylor.'-vol. i. pp. 295-298. Souther Southey answers:-

'You give me a more favourable account of Mackintosh than I have been accustomed to receive. Coleridge has seen much of him at the Wedgewoods'. He describes him as acute in argument, more skilful in detecting the logical errors of his adversary than in propounding truth himself—a man accustomed to the gladiatorship of conversation—a literary fencer, who parries better than he thrusts. I suspect that, in praising Jeremy Taylor and in overrating him, he talks after Coleridge, who is a heathen in literature, and ranks the old bishop among his demigods.'

Our readers will by and bye remember with astonishment what William Taylor said at this time concerning 'style and again

style;' but we must not lose sight of his personal story.

The foreign commerce of the house of Taylor and Co. had received a serious blow on the breaking out of the war with revolutionary France, and among other changes, not long afterwards, the idle partner's name was dropt, while the old gentleman yielded the chief control of the remaining business to a more active person, and withdrew a considerable capital, to be invested by way of permanent provision for his son in mortgages and in the funds. family continued in the same spacious house at Norwich, and in the same habits of profuse hospitality. William Taylor is now entirely devoted to his literary studies and magazine engagements during the morning hours, dividing the rest of his time between the most affectionate attention to his parents, the pleasures of their social circle, and the intellectual and convivial activity of his clubs of liberalism and free-thinking. He soon became an active journalist-but this implied in his case a very helluo librorum. was not to be contented with skimming surfaces-though he had, in his command of the continental languages, the means of satisfying his editors and their readers at comparatively little cost of labour to himself, he disdained to make himself the mere exponent of other men's works and views, worked out every subject in his own way for himself, and was undoubtedly more instrumental than any man of his standing in introducing that more discursive and essay-like fashion of reviewal which our Edinburgh brethren had the merit or demerit (there is much to be said on both sides) of ultimately, and we believe permanently, popularising in this Though, as we have already observed, his classical education was slight, and he never attained anything like a critical skill in Greek or Latin, his curiosity was too genuine to be satisfied without very extensive exploration of the remains of antiquity, and with the help of the numberless excellent translations and ingenious disquisitions which his mastery of German placed at his command, he certainly attained such an acquaintance with

the history and manners and philosophical systems of the old world as was in his earlier day most rare among the ablest prosodists and variæ lectiones men of our universities. That he had made some progress in Hebrew and its cognate dialects is also evident—we do not profess to measure it: with so many German manuals at his elbow, a man of his cleverness might produce much article effect with but a slender stock of real Orientalism; but he himself in his letters to Southey now and then alludes to his expertness in the use of his hidden resources for that sort of mystification, with an easy sportiveness which the mere charlatan never had courage for, and which probably rather exaggerates the matter than otherwise. Of his skill in the cultivated languages of the modern continent there can be no question. He spoke and wrote the three most important ones with rare ease and very rare accuracy; and he knew enough of the minor dialects, whether Romance or Teutonic, to read in them whatever they had worth reading. Probably no man ever reviewed books written in such a variety of languages—and he whom we have just heard expatiating on the charm of 'careless writing, redolent of mind,' reviewed them all in a style as thoroughly artificial as was ever compounded out of Gibbonism and Parrism; nay, it is not too much to say in a dialect of his own invention, which was adhered to with paternal steadfastness in spite of the solemn reclamations of every editor with whom he formed any connectionin spite of remonstrances and rebukes that led to the breaking up of more than one such connection-in spite of the pressing and affectionate appeals which Southey repeated until the case was utterly hopeless-and in spite of a thousand friendly jokes and jibes from the gall-less Mackintosh, who also at last gave it up in despair, saying, in his Bombay diary- Well, there is no help-I am content to add another tongue to my list for the sake of one author.

This Taylorian dialect is mainly English of a Johnsonian cast, spoilt and distorted by the embroidery of vocables from the German, but still more frequently by the introduction of new compounds framed according to the German principle, and involutions of phrase and syntax adopted with similar infelicity from the same quarter. But in his 'Babel-like structure,' as Southey calls it, few materials were inadmissible. Words and turns, old or new, from south or north, east or west, whenever they seemed capable of being employed so as to lend precision to his sentence, or to heighten the strut of his paragraph, were alike lawful plunder in the eyes of Mr. Taylor. That even to those who were skilled in the sources of his plunder, he did not often make his meaning clearer by the free use of such licence, may be readily conceived;

conceived; but he of course made himself very often utterly unintelligible to the reading public, who could not translate him for themselves, as they went on, into Dutch; and we should have lamented indeed his adherence to the dialect, had the doctrines it mostly conveyed not been as heterogeneous and presumptuous as the vehicle. This is to be said to his credit, as compared with some other Babel-mongers, perverted by studies not dissimilar from his, that however difficult his phraseology, it does not seem ever to have been made obscure either from mistiness in his ideas themselves, or from reluctance to disclose them.

It is impossible not to be diverted with his description of his

own style, in a letter to Southey of 1799:-

"I think it easier you should always know me in prose than in verse. Were I reviewing my own reviewals, I should say—This man's style has an ambitious singularity, which, like chewing ginseng, displeases at first and attaches at last. In his pursuit of the curiosa felicitas, he often sacrifices felicity to curiosity of expression: with much philological knowledge, and much familiarity among the European classics of all sorts, his innovations are mostly defensible, and his allusions mostly pertinent; yet they have both an unusuality which startles, and which, if ultimately approved, provokes at least an anterior discussion that is unpleasant. His highest merit is the appropriate application of his information: in his account of Rivarol you discover only his philological; in his account of Eichhorn only his theological; in his account of Gillier only his artistical; and of Wieland only his belles-lettristical

We make no attempt to follow our biographer through the long array of Mr. Taylor's critical labours. They embraced a vast variety of subjects—philology, especially etymology, chronology, topography, history, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, political economy and statistics, international law, municipal law, Talmudic legend, Mahometan ethics, Biblical texts, churches and sects, parliamentary reform, slave-trade—and, the catalogue would fill a couple of pages, almost every possible branch of the belles lettres of modern Europe. The editor has interwoven specimens, with, we are willing to believe, a good discrimination; and he hints at some larger selection by and bye. We doubt if the public will encourage him in that design: it is a very remarkable fact, that no collection of reviewals has as yet proved a successful bookseller's speculation.

We are not exactly prepared to adopt the maxim of an eminent doctor of the craft, that the best reviewer is he who has had least knowledge of his subject until he begins to prepare for his article; but undoubtedly the outpourings of a vigorous writer on a fresh theme may often surpass, in popular attraction, the pages in which one of equal power indulges the gentler enthusiasm of

old love. Perhaps some of Taylor's on great English authors are among the most striking examples of this. The rush of novel ideas masters the man; and he forgets occasionally through a whole printed page, as he often enough does in a friendly letter, that it is below his dignity to express himself in his plain mother-tongue. In one of his papers on Milton's prose, he is so carried away by the magic of novelty as to proclaim Milton's poetry a very inferior species of manufacture. But he is somewhat cooled when he says to Southey a few weeks later:—

'A. Aikin sent me the new edition of Milton's Prose Works. Instead of meddling with Symmonds's biography, which was almost my whole duty, I have reviewed Milton's pamphlets one by one, as if they were new publications. It is pleasant to get out of the modern shrubberies in perpetual flower, into the stately yew-hedge walks, and vased and statued terraces, and fruitful walls and marble fountains, of the old school of oratory. Such things are not made without a greater expense of study and of brains than modern method requires; and yet there is a something of stiffness and inutility to censure there, and a something of aptness, grace, and convenience to applaud here.'

We wish the editor had afforded more explanatory notes as to various persons mentioned in this correspondence, whose celebrity has already pretty well passed away. Of Mr. Lloyd, indeed, we have a sufficient account in one of the Appendices to Southey's edition of Cowper-but of others who fill no small space in these letters, and who at the time were objects of general curiosity and high expectation, the generation that now is knows little or nothing. Such is the case as to the friend who brought Southey and Taylor together - Mr. George Burnett, of whose literary performances only one, we believe, can be said to have escaped utter oblivion-a small volume of letters from Poland, written about the beginning of this century—a lively and amusing book, which was on its first appearance very popular—the first English book that gave any detailed view of modern Polish society. We see that Burnett was born near Southey's native city of Bristol, the son of a then flourishing farmer, and that he was Southey's fellow-student at Balliol we infer from the name of that college on the title-page of the Polish letters. When he introduced Southey to Taylor he was minister of an Unitarian chapel at Yarmouth. He afterwards studied medicine at Edinburgh failed in the attempt to establish himself as a practitioner in some provincial town-went abroad as secretary and librarian to a Polish nobleman, with whom he in about a year quarrelledand hung about London after his return, a mere adventurer of the periodical press, which career his idle irresolute character seems to have made peculiarly unhappy. Of his end we know nothing.

nothing. Many of Southey's allusions to this gentleman and others of a similar class are dark as the darkest enigmas of Taylorism, for want of a note which we can hardly think it would have cost the editor much trouble to supply. In general, however, our quotations are made for the sake of sentiments or opinions that may stand by themselves—sketches of other men that are by reflex autobiographic—as indeed who can criticise his fellow-beings without throwing light on his own character and temper? Such glimpses of Southey, at all events, must have no ordinary value for all our readers. In September, 1798, Taylor writes:—

'Your friend Mr. Lloyd has been addressing to me a tragedy. I thought it odd he should send to me his poem to read; he has older and dearer friends, who are better judges of the taste of an English public than I, whose taste has been moulded on that of a foreign public. I wrote to him very freezingly—I do not know enough of his heart as yet to take strong interest in his head. The afternoon I drank tea with him at Burnett's, he struck me as better qualified to assert empire over the understanding than over the feelings—as a good reasoner—as a man of great capacities. His sensibility, I suspect, is too soon excited to be very profound, and attains its maximum of irritation by inferior woes. It is a mark of debility, not of vigour, in children and old men to be intoxicated with a small quantity of wine. Those who can die of a rose in aromatic pain have not grief in reserve for Medea's last embrace of her children. If I am wrong, set me right about Lloyd. Is not he one of those men who underrate their talents and overrate their productions, and who are too much used to complaisance to bear severity?

Southey's reply has this passage:-

Lloyd has promised me his tragedy, and I have been for some time vainly expecting it. You have well charactered him. A long acquaintance would enable you to add to what you have said, not to alter it. Lloyd is precipitate in all his feelings, and ready to be the dupe of any one who will profess attachment. I never knew a man so delighted with the exteriors of friendship. He was once dissatisfied with me for a coldness and freedom of manner: it soon wore off, and I believe he now sincerely regards me, though the only person who has ever upon all occasions advised, and at times reproved him, in unpalliated terms. Certainly he is a powerful reasoner, but he has an unhappy propensity to find out a reason for everything he does; and whether he drink wine or water, it is always metaphysically right. His feelings are always good, but he has not activity enough for beneficence. I look at his talents with admiration, but almost fear that they will leave no adequate testimony behind them. I love him, but I cannot esteem him, and so I told him. He thinks nothing but what is good, but then he only I fear he will never be useful to others or happy in himself.

In a subsequent letter, chiefly occupied with a family quarrel of poor Burnett's, on which Southey had as usual spoken his mind without without disguise, Taylor, who objected to interfere, gives this reason for his conduct:—

'I shall avoid that sort of comment which sincerity perhaps requires, but which, as it respects a question of the finer feelings, would inflict an unhealable though invisible wound on our relations of intimacy.'

At the time when Southey was bestowing so much of his anxiety on the struggles of Lloyd and Burnett, his own position in the world was quite uncertain—his means were very narrow, and his health feeble and vacillating. In March, 1799, Taylor writes thus:—

'My dear Friend,—Is all that Burnett writes me true?—that your health declines alarmingly—that you are apprehensive of an ossification of the heart?—no, no, I will neither believe nor contemplate such possibility. You have a mimosa-sensibility, which agonizes in so slight a blast; an imagination excessively accustomed to summon up trains of melancholy ideas, and marshal funeral processions; a mind too fond by half, for its own comfort, of sighs and sadness, of pathetic emotions and heart-rending woe. You mis-see the dangers in expectation through the lens of a tear. It cannot be that the laws of nature interrupt with equal indifference the career of the valuable and of the useless part of her offspring,—that no preserving spirit watches over—

'If health, like the good works of the monks, were a transferable commodity, I would give you some of mine, and incur for your sake many weeks of confinement. As things are, I can only wish you well, and add that I have no confidence in your system of extreme temperance, which produces a valetudinarian, disagreeable health, and, by never calling into full action the vessels which secrete sensorial power, occasions their shrivelling into impotence before the natural period.'

The poet answers thus—he had, we find, been thinking seriously of the bar, and meant to practise at Calcutta:—

Friday, March 12, 1799. 'My dear Friend,-Burnett has mistaken my complaint, and you have mistaken my disposition: at one time I was apprehensive of some local complaint of the heart, but there is no danger of its growing too hard, and the affection is merely nervous. The only consequence which there is any reason to dread is, that it may totally unfit me for the confinement of London and a lawyer's office. I shall make the attempt somewhat heartlessly, and discouraged by the prognostics of my medical advisers: if my health suffers, I will abandon it at once. At the age of twenty-five there is little leisure for writing. The world will be again before me, and the prospect sufficiently comfortable. I have no wants, and few wishes. Literary exertion is almost as necessary to me as meat and drink, and with an undivided attention I could do much. Once. indeed, I had a mimosa-sensibility, but it has long been rooted out: five years ago I counteracted Rousseau by dieting upon Godwin and Epictetus; they did me some good, but time has done more. I have a dislike to all strong emotion, and avoid whatever could excite it; a book like "Werter"

"Werter" gives me now unmingled pain. In my own writings you may observe that I rather dwell upon what affects than what agitates."

Shortly afterwards Taylor receives the first volume of the 'Annual Anthology,'—a collection edited by Southey at Bristol, which contained, besides his own 'Abel Shufflebottom,' &c., some remarkable verses by 'a miraculous young man, by name Davy.' Mr. Taylor says:—

Norwich, 18th Oct., 1799.

' Dear Friend,-The "Annual Anthology" was duly received. There is barely cork enough to float the lead, or barely lead enough to make the scum and scoria saleable. I have been less pleased than you with the verses signed D. Except the "Song of Pleasure," which is brilliant, and a passage here and there, I have not enjoyed them. I discover not those powers of fancy, those inventive capacities, those creative energies, those almightinesses of plastic genius, which because you know the man, and because everybody knows him for a first-rate philosopher, you are unavoidably led to associate even with his poetical exertions. I did not recognise you in "Abel Shufflebottom." Many of the comic pieces are comical. I rejoice, however, that you adopt the method of publishing anonymously your smaller effusions, as it is certainly most for your reputation to associate your name only with the selecter compositions, and to let those of uncertain value be afterwards concentrated, rendered stimulant by withdrawing the water of deliquescence, be alcoholized, and have their aroma distilled into a quintessential drop of otr. If there be a poetical sin in which you are apt to indulge, it is expatiation, an Odyssey garrulity, as if you were ambitious of exhausting a topic, instead of selecting its more impressive outlines only. In a metrical romance this is probably no evil-some feeble intervals increase the effect of the interstitial splendour; but in the poemets of an Anthology there is no space for oscillation, no leisure to

Southey answers thus gently:-

'In Davy's verses I see aspirations after genius and powers of language, all that can be expected in so young a writer. Did I promise more? But it is my common fault usually to overrate whatever I am newly acquainted with. Towards the close of the "Sons of Genius" there are some fine stanzas, but as a whole it is tedious and feeble—but it was the production of eighteen. Davy is a surprising young man, and one who, by his unassumingness, his open warmth of character, and his all-promising talents, soon conciliates our affections. He writes me that two paralytic patients have been cured by the gaseous oxyd of azote—the beatific gas, for discovering which, if he had lived in the time of the old Persian kings, he would have received the reward proposed for the inventing a new pleasure.

'Perhaps it is the consciousness of a garrulous tendency in writing that impels me with such decided and almost exclusive choice to narrative poetry. The books of the Italia Liberata, which I read at Norwich, did me more service towards correcting this fault than any other lesson could have done. In Madoc I think I have avoided it. Sometimes,

too, it is serviceable, wherever there are passages of prominent merit. There should be a plain around the pyramids. As a poet, I consider myself as out of my apprenticeship, and having learnt the command of my tools. If I live, I may, and believe I shall, make a good workman; but at present I am only a promising one. It is an unfavourable circumstance that my writings are only subjected to the criticisms of those persons whose tastes are in a great measure formed upon mine, and who are prepared to admire whatever I may write.'

We hear by and bye that Madoc is finished, but that the poet designs to keep it by him for a time, and proceed instantly with his Kehama, which he thinks he can have ready for the press in six months. Taylor on this says:—

'I think you would do well to give your Madoc new to Longman and Rees, and to build your edifice of immortal name on the Hindoo

ground.

'Tasso will lose a little, Milton more, and Klopstock most, of his celebrity, if Christianity should sink from an European religion to an European sect; but those actions which are not stimulated by opinions, such as Homer's, &c., retain an interest coeval with the human phenomena they describe, commensurate with the fidelity and importance of the delineation, co-extensive with the memory of the event, and conspicuous with the fashion of the language. Ready for the press in six months, is not the condition for everlasting productions. I admit that the outline, the sketch, cannot be too soon made; but the finishing, the pruning, the bringing out of the better figures,—the condensation of prate into oratory, the concatenation of incident into event, the obumbration of description into appendage, is not the work of half a year. My ideas of perfection desperate attempt, but your ardour of execution endangers completeness.'

In 1802 Taylor paid a short visit to Paris, and on his return found the liberals of Norwich busy with a scheme of a new weekly paper. Taylor recommended Southey for the editorship, and urged him to accept it. The poet declined; he had now given up all thoughts of the law, fixed his heart on residing in the country, and was in treaty for a house in Wales. He mentions, casually, that Burnett had lately passed through Bristol without calling on him: that a common friend asked Burnett why, and that he made an impertinent answer. Southey adds:—

'Poor fellow! he is too vain to know that the feeling which has been rankling in him is envy, and it is now ripening into hatred. He is now in London, waiting for a situation. A tutorship here, and that a very desirable one, was offered him, but he refused it as beneath him. I am vexed and provoked whenever I think of his unhappy folly: that a man should be at once so very proud and so utterly helpless,—so proud of what he will be, and so ignorant of what he is. As to his quarrel with me, I shall not notice it: but whenever we meet accost him as usual, and think that the fit is past.'

Both as to the Welsh cottage and the insanity of poor Burnett, Taylor's reply is most Taylorean—in cleverness, in perversity of thought, and in pedantry of diction the former part—in manly and

gentlemanly feeling the latter :-

'How can you delight in mountain scenery? The eye walks on broken flints; not a hill tolerant of the plough, not a stream that will float a canoe; in the roads every ascent is the toil of Sisyphus, every descent the punishment of Vulcan: barrenness with her lichens cowers on the mountain-top, yawning among mists that irrigate in vain; the cottage of a man, like the eyrie of an eagle, is the home of a savage subsisting by rapacity in stink and intemperance: the village is but a coalition of pig-sties; where there might be pasture, glares a lake; the very cataract falls in vain,—there are not customers enough for a water-mill. Give me the spot where victories have been won over the inutilities of nature by the efforts of human art,—where mind has moved the massy, everlasting rock, and arrayed it into convenient dwellings and stately palaces, into theatres and cathedrals, and quays and docks and warehouses, wherein the primæval troglodyte has learned to convoke the productions of the antipodes.

Whether Burnett envies you or not, I envy you: with philosophy enough to despise all wealth, and beneficence enough to deserve all wealth,—with talent that can, and application that will, get fame,—with a wife,—with a child,—how should Burnett not think you an object of envy? I hope neither he nor I should wish to withdraw the smallest atom of a happiness which we have not the spirit to emulate; and I cannot believe that either he or I could view it without complacence, or

without the entire wish, were it in our power, to increase it.'

Taylor himself undertook the care of the 'Norwich Iris;' and Southey says (January, 1803):—

'Your prospectus has the mark of the beast. I should have known it to be yours had it been for a York or an Exeter paper; and excellently good it is. Success to you! I wish I had advertisements to send you, or anything else. I am reviewing for Lougman,—reviewing for Hamilton,—translating; perhaps about again to versify for the Morning Post*—drudge, drudge, drudge. Do you know Quarles's emblem of the soul that tries to fly, but is chained by the leg to earth? For myself I could do easily, but not easily for others; and there are more claims than one upon me. But in spite of your prospectus, and all the possible advantages of a party newspaper in a county where parties are nearly equal, I cannot be satisfied that William Taylor should be a newspaper editor. Few men have his talents, fewer still his learning, and perhaps no other his leisure joined to these advantages. From him an opus magnum might—ought to be expected. Coleridge and I must drudge for newspapers from necessity, but it should not be your choice.'—vol. i. p. 445.

^{*} Both Coleridge and Southey had laboured for this paper at the time when Canning sung :--

^{&#}x27;Couriers and Stars, Sedition's Evening host! Thou Morning Chronicle and Morning Post!' &c. &c.

Taylor replies :-

'I am reviewing for Longman as well as you; but I find myself tempted to steal from my articles for Longman for the "Iris." What is my literary conscience to do,—to use the same periods in both capacities? that at least will be the determination of my indolence. I hate to re-compose, although I cannot transcribe without insertion. I never seem to myself to have said enough about anything, and could always prate, prate, prate at twice the length upon a topic. And yet my theory of good writing is, to condense everything into a nut-shell: I grow and clip with rival rage, and produce a sort of yew-hedge, tangled with luxuriance and sheared into spruceness. The desire of being neat precludes ease, of being strong precludes grace, of being armed at all points the being impervious at any. If it be more satisfactory to compress à la Bacon, it is more taking to expand à la Burke; and I manage to combine the harshness of the one with the profusion of the other, omitting of course of both the far-darting sagacity and omnipresent research.'

Southey received the foregoing while for the first time visiting Coleridge at Keswick. The sight of the lake country, and the enjoyment of Coleridge's talk, made him give up the Welsh scheme, and he settled, as all men know, for life on the shores of Derwentwater. On coming back to Bristol he writes thus to Taylor:—

· February 14, 1803. 'My dear Friend,-I was thinking over the "Iris," and whether or no I was not bound in conscience to the effort of a letter upon the subject, when yours arrived and turned the scale,—the matter so pleased me, and the manner so offended me. There, - the murder is out, and now I will say what for a long while I have thought,-that you have ruined your style by Germanisms, Latinisms and Greekisms, that you are sick of a surfeit of knowledge, that your learning breaks out like scabs and blotches upon a I am led by indolence and by good-nature always rather to feel dislike than to express it; and if another finds the same faults that have displeased me in your writings, I have always defended them more zealously than if they had been my own: but faults they are,faults anywhere, and tenfold aggravated in a newspaper. How are plain Norfolk farmers-and such will read the Iris-to understand words which they never heard before, and which are so foreign as not to be even in Johnson's farrago of a dictionary? I have read Cowper's Odyssey and Trissino, to cure my poetry of its wheyishness; let me prescribe the Vulgar Errors of Sir Thomas Browne to you for a like remedy. You taught me to write English by what you said of Bürger's language and by what I felt from your translations, - one of the eras in my intellectual history; would that I could now in my turn impress you with the same conviction! Crowd your ideas as you will, your images can never be too many; give them the stamp and autograph of William Taylor, but let us have them in English-plain, perspicuous English-such as mere English readers can understand. Ours is a noble language, a beautiful language. I can tolerate a Germanism for family sake; but he who uses a Latin or a French phrase where a pure old English word does as well, ought to be hung, drawn and quar-

tered for high treason against his mother-tongue.

I am grieved that you never met Coleridge: all other men whom I have ever known are mere children to him, and yet all is palsied by a total want of moral strength. He will leave nothing behind him to justify the opinion of his friends to the world; yet many of his scattered poems are such, that a man of feeling will see that the author was

capable of executing the greatest works.

'I begin to hunger and thirst after Borrodale and Derwentwater. You undervalue lakes and mountains; they make me happier and wiser and better, and enable me to think and feel with a quicker and healthier intellect. Cities are as poisonous to genius and virtue in their best sense, as to the flower of the valley or the oak of the forest. Men of talent may and will be gregarious, men of genius will not; handicraftmen work together, but discoveries must be the work of individuals. Neither are men to be studied in cities, except indeed, as students walk the hospitals, you go to see all the modifications of disease.'

Taylor replies :-

' Norwich, June 21st, 1803.

Dear Friend,—I THANK you for your abuse,—the more of it the better; were it more specific it would be still more instructive; for do you know, I am so accustomed to myself, as often to think that easy and natural in style which appears to another macaronic, affected, harsh, and unclear?

"I am busied now in theology, and have actually drawn up for the Monthly Magazine a paper, "Who wrote the Wisdom of Solomon?" which has for its object to prove that Jesus Christ wrote it; partly from the internal evidence of passages descriptive of him, partly from the external evidence of the extreme veneration in which the book was held by all the apostolic characters. I have endeavoured to keep aloof from the question of miracles.'

In Southey's next letter we see that by June, 1803, the poet was fast throwing off all sympathy with the Norwich heresies:—

Bristol, 23rd June, 1803.

Dear William Taylor,—Your theology does nothing but mischief; it serves only to thin the miserable ranks of Unitarianism. The regular troops of infidelity do little harm; and their trumpeters, such as Voltaire and Paine, not much more. But it is such pioneers as Middleton, and you, and your German friends, that work underground and sap the very citadel. That "Monthly Magazine" is read by all the Dissenters,—I call it the Dissenters' Obituary,—and here are you eternally mining, mining, under the shallow faith of their half-learned, half-witted, half-paid, half-starved pastors. We must not give strong meats to weak stomachs. I have qualms of conscience about it myself. There is poor Burnett gone stark foolish, because he has been made the friend of the wise,—diseased at once with a plethora of vanity and an inanition of knowledge; with all the disposition to destroy himself, only that he cannot muster up courage, and that I suppose he will do at last, in the hope of being you. LXXIII. No. CXLV.

talked of as an instance of neglected genius. Oh, that proverb about the pearls and the swine has a great deal more in it than I once imagined! I, who am a believer, were I now at three-and-twenty, with the opinions that I hold at nine-and-twenty, would choose the church for my profession; but then I have a deep and silent and poet-feeling connected with these things, which has grown with me and will grow.

'Among the odd revolutions of the world you may reckon this, that my politics come nearer Mr. Windham's than they do William Taylor's.

'God bless you!

'R. S.'

' Mr. Taylor thus responds :-

"My dear Friend,—I am very glad you are a believer. I think you will desert your low Arian for pure Socinian ground. When you have read my paper about the "Wisdom," you will admit I must be right

about the author.

"You make me curious about your politics. In what points do you agree with Mr. Windham? In anything beside his nationality, his spirit, his desire of seeing a courageous example of self-denying patriotism set by the higher classes of the people? The time is not come to be patriotic. The best thing ministers can do is to patch up a peace through the mediation of Russia; and to this, torpor, sluggishness, indifference, apathy in the people tend to predispose them. When it is once clear that the third Punic war is come, energy must be put into power; whether that can be done without some popularization of the representation, may be questioned. I believe that we must take up all the jacobin opinions, keep our anti-jacobins, like Bajazets, in cages to show them about, and point at as samples of the continental monsters we have to combat; and that we should so reverse the destiny of Carthage, and triumph with the usual fortune of liberty.'

In reply thus Southey avows in detail his great change of opi-

nion as to the question of war with France :-

'My politics are, that France calculated upon the weakness of our most miserable ministers, and was carrying on a system of insult and injury to which it would have been utter ruin to have submitted,-that Buonaparte is drunk with success, -that Malta was a bad ground for quarrel, the worst that could have been selected, because of least general or national concern, but that there was cause enough for war. My belief is that invasion will be attempted, but that "the Christ of the Lord " (oh, curse his blasphemous soul!) will not adventure himself: my hope is that he may. The landing is a chance, and the chances are against it: if they land they will perhaps reach London, but not a man of them will return to France, and we shall have such a monument as the Swiss reared to Charles of Burgundy. One victory by land or sea turns the scale, and the northern powers, who have more reason to hate France than England, will then join us: then Holland will be free, and Switzerland and Italy made independent of France, and the peace of Europe established for a century to come. But first Buonaparte must go to the devil, and perhaps our national debt too; but I have not a fear for England,—the country was never so united, and therefore never so strong.

Perhaps our readers may thank us for some specimen of Taylor's 'leaders' in the 'Iris' of 1803:—

'Twas well in the Attorney-General to banter the Grenville party for talking with so much emphasis of the critical posture and unexampled danger of our situation. Mr. Fox's stately calm is alone at par with the mediocrity of the difficulty. This hysterical apprehensiveness of the anti-jacobins is mere affectation; in office they would leave it off, and then boast they had cured the disease they had invented. Their England, as their church, is always in danger. Mesmers in oratory, they convulse us with imaginary effluvia in order to make us call in their medicinal help; but it is surely the very quackery of alarmism thus to give drams against popular ennui and administer cantharides to the love of one's country. Like their models, the exorcists, they infuse the only blue-devil they can banish. Were all these men put at nurse to Mrs. Radcliffe? Their tongues falter with the very drunkenness of intimidation; their every phrase blanches the cheek and demands an aghast attitude. They hear a voice in every wind,—they are electrified with incessant terrors. Let us humanely hope it is only within the walls of the House of Commons that they.

"See appall'd th' unreal scene,"

and discover a shadowy hand mapping the partition of the empire and announcing the plunder of a commercial metropolis. Or are they doomed everywhere to snatch a fearful joy, to eat their very dinners with a hair-suspended sword above the table, and start at empty elbow-chairs, in which their fancy places the blood-boltered form of Jacobinism studying her English grammar? They merit crowns of mimosa; they claim confidence for professing cowardice, and like the mariner's needle would tremble into place.'

These excellent epigrams were penned in February; yet by November how had Taylor changed his views as to the reality of the national danger! That he expressed his altered sentiments so openly is greatly to his honour. But we again quote, chiefly for the curious crabbed artificiality of the Taylorese preachment to the Norwich weavers and the farmers of 'Partridgeshire:'—

'The hostile government of France, to which we vow coeval aversion, ought to learn that the plunder it has exhausted on its accourted slaves is no earnest of future pillage. We will keep our harvest, starvelings, from your hunger; our households, robbers, from your rapacity; our women, ravishers, from your lust. The invaders must be attacked in every direction by day and by night; we must avail ourselves of the natural advantages of a country known well to us and little to them; where we cannot oppose them in full force we must constantly harass their rear and their flanks, remove the means of their subsistence, cut off their provisions and magazines, and prevent them, as much as possible, from uniting and concentering their forces.

'War must now be our business—war our amusement: it must occupy, early and late, every hand and every mind. The gun-lock must twinkle at every wrist, the bayonet bristle from every shoulder; the goad must be shapen into a pike, and we must have shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore. The rural grove, the well-built street, must learn to echo with the din of war; every parish will seem a camp, every town a garrison. Let the moments spared from toil be passed in learning to fight for the country; let the moments spent in toil be passed in preparing for its defence. The forge should hammer only weapons, the temple become an arsenal of armour; Religion must lend her precincts to Patriotism, and we must firmly trample on the grave and the fear of it. To arms! the priest—to arms! the mother must summon. No, let her sit still; her tears shall be secure: the foe shall never cross her threshold.'

It is pleasant to know that Taylor once again took a patriotic instead of a *liberal* part in the politics of his time. He was from first to last as strenuous in the cause of Spain and Wellington as Southey himself—but he had at that period no newspaper at his command.

He continued the 'Iris' for two years. When the original subscriptions expired, it died a natural death. He then once more devoted himself entirely to his reviews, and laboured for these with an industry which was no longer so purely voluntary as in former days. His father's fortune depended, to a considerable extent, on the good faith of American merchants, with whom he had had large transactions in the more active period of his life. They had put off from year to year the day of reckoning. The old man at last crossed the seas to bring the matter to a point. The result was that he came home with nothing in his It was one of the many cases of private repudiation which preceded and prepared the way for the grand experiment of Pennsylvania. The losses thus occasioned rendered a stricter economy necessary in the household of the Taylors; and William was determined that henceforth his pen should be wielded pro virili, to sustain the tottering fortunes of his family.

As yet, however, no external appearances indicated to kindly or to envious neighbours that those fortunes were at all embarrassed; and we shall give place to the picture which our biographer affords of his friend's usual course of life from this time forth, during several years—in fact, throughout the fifth decade, which a high authority, rejoicing in his own vigour and prosperity,

has lately pronounced to be 'the best:'-

'He rose early, and his studies usually engaged his undivided attention till noon, when it was his almost daily practice at all seasons to bathe in the river, at a subscription bath-house constructed on the bank of the stream near its entrance into the city. After this he invariably exercised exercised himself by walking, for which purpose he always selected a road on the western side of Norwich, leading to the bridge over the Wensum at Hellesdon. On this road he was seen almost every day for many years, between the hours of one and three. Professing to be no admirer of natural scenery, and to take his chief delight in "towered cities and the busy hum of men," he was once asked why he always made choice of so secluded and solitary a walk. The quaint reason which he assigned for his preference was, that on this road no fit of indolence could at any time shorten his allotted term of exercise, as there were no means of crossing the river at any nearer point, and he was therefore compelled to go round by the bridge, which was about three miles distant from his residence in Surrey Street. Indeed it must be owned that he never seemed to regard the objects around him, but pursued his course in deep mental abstraction, conversing the while most animatedly with himself. There was something singular too in his appearance: his dress was a complete suit of brown, with silk stockings of the same colour. In this Quaker-like attire, with a full cambric frill protruding from his waistcoat, and armed with a most capacious umbrella in defiance of the storm, "muttering his wayward fancies he would rove," and fixed the astonished gaze and curious attention of the few passengers whom he met.

'From these rambles he always returned punctually at three o'clock, and devoted the remainder of the day to the pleasures of society. He rarely dined alone, either entertaining a small company at his own table, or "sharing the feast" at that of one of his friends. His conversational powers were now in their fullest vigour; the diffidence of youth was past, and the prolixity of age was not come on: no pedantic attempts at studied eloquence dimmed or deflected their brightness; their course was free and natural, their flow lively and sparkling, and the motes of fancy that fluttered in the beam threw a prismatic halo round the sober form on which learning directed the light to fall.'—

vol. ii. pp. 60-63.

He was still, it seems, a pretty regular attendant of several clubs and evening societies. One, called 'the Conversation,' admitted ladies; but the biographer seems to admit that this did not find the highest favour with him. Another, 'the Foreign,' had been begun by a set of young men who wished to cultivate the colloquial use of the continental languages, and who were surprised as well as flattered when Taylor proposed to join them. He became their Magnus Apollo—entered into all their pursuits, topics, and merriments; and seemed as young as the youngest when among them. The biographer extols this as a proof of his extreme good-nature; but though he was a truly good-natured man, we suspect some vanity may have mingled in the matter of the stripling club—perhaps also a little of the spirit of proselytism.

To a letter in which he told Southey of the repudiation affairs

and of his anxiety to achieve some literary work of more value than his 'Articles,' the poet replies from Keswick:—

'With all my heart and soul do I wish that you would put forth your strength in some efficient way. All those articles in the Review will do little till some thirty or forty years after you and I are both gone to visit our friends of the days before us. Then some political Peter Bayley will pick out all the golden threads with which you have embroidered

such worthless canvass, to lace his own waistcoat.

'I see no Review but the Monthly, which is not worth seeing; no newspaper but the Whitehaven; no new books but the Annuals—a good name for such deciduous productions; no society but an old East Indian general, with whom I, once in a month or so, play a rubber of whist. Am I the better or the worse for growing alone like a single oak? Growing be sure I am, striking my roots deeper, and spreading out wider branches. . . . I am historifying totis viribus [this was the History of Brazil]. Me judice, I am a good poet, but a better historian; because, though I read other poets and am humbled, I read other historians with a very different feeling. They who have talents want industry or virtue; they who have industry want talents. One writes like a French sensualist; another like a Scotch scoundrel, calculating how to make the most per sheet with the least expense of labour: one like a slave, another like a fool. Now I know myself to be free from these staminal defects, and feel that where the subject deserves it I write with a poet's feeling, without the slightest affectation of style or ornament, going always straight forward to the meaning by the shortest road. My golden rule is to relate everything as briefly, as perspicuously, as rememberably as possible. I begin, however, to feel my brain budding for poetry, having lain fallow since November, and if I could afford to do it, should willingly finish Kehama; but being, like Shakspeare's apothecary, lean, and obliged to do what I do not like, my ways and means lead me another way, and I am prosing, not altogether against my will, and yet not with my will.'

When Madoc was at last published, it re-opened this correspondence, which had paused for some months.

Norwich, April 5, 1805.

'My dear Friend,—Yesterday, at eleven o'clock, the waggoner brought me a copy of Madoc. I was going on foot to dine in the country, at Coltishall, but I could not pluck myself from the book, and staid at home the whole day. I did get my dinner just after the death of the Snake-God, but I returned to my book soon, and finished it early in the evening. It is one of the great intellectual luxuries of my life, which I shall always remember, so to have spent yesterday. I am satisfied with Madoc: I expected much, and am not disappointed. I put the Iliad and the Jerusalem Delivered above Madoc; the Pharsalia and the Lusiad below Madoc: it approaches closely in rank and character and quality to the Odyssey, and is to sit in the peers with the Æneid, the Paradise Lost, and the Messiah, with a newer but not less well-earned patent of nobility. The manners are hardly mixed enough:

almost everybody is a real hero, with very fine feelings, notions, and sentiments; and this, whether he is a white or a red man, an educated bard or a runaway savage. There are some painters (Barry is one) who, having accustomed themselves while students at Rome to copy the antique statues frequently, are continually introducing into modern English figures the features and attitudes of the Apollo or the Laocoon, &c. Is there not in your ethic drawing a mannerism of this sort?—a perpetual tendency to copy a favourite ideal perfection, of which the absence of selfishness and warm sensibility constitute the contour and colouring?

' Keswick, April 9, 1805. 'My dear Friend,—There is that moral mannerism which you have detected: Thalaba is a male Joan of Arc; and Mr. Barbauld thought Joan of Arc was modelled upon the Socinian Christ. He was mistaken. Early admiration, almost adoration, of Leonidas, early principles of stoicism derived from the habitual study of Epictetus, and the French Revolution at its height when I was just eighteen, - by these my mind But are not the characters in Madoc those which was moulded. the circumstances would form? In classing Madoc in Wales with the historical plays of Shakspeare, you bestow the highest praise, and what I feel to be the most appropriate. It has the historical verisimilitude, and the dramatic truth. . The other part, which is sui generis, you over and underrate. It is below Milton and Homer-infinitely below both, for both are unapproachably above my strength of wing; it is below Tasso in splendour and in structure of fable, above him in originality, and equal in feeling even to Spenser. With the others I will not admit comparison. Virgil and Camoens are language-masters of the first order-nothing more; and the "Messiah"-pardon me if I say, that of what you admire in that poem, at least nine-tenths appear to me bubble, and bladder, and tympany-just what I should produce for a mock heroic, and could produce with facility: there is one uniform substitution of bulk for sublimity.

'The language is, I hope, pure English undefiled, always straightforward to the point; the style certainly my own, as much as is the bee's honey, for I read too little English poetry to catch the manner of any predecessor; it savours more of chronicles and romances, Spanish as well as English. I now think the second part wants similes in all its land-battles; and, if I continue to think so, will pour in learning enough, and bedeck it with diamonds from Golconda and gold from Ophir, with topazes from Brazil and amber from Scandinavia, the furs and feathers of the wild Indian, and the woven hair of the voluptuous Orientalist. You see I have recovered my state of desertion, and think at least as well of my poem and myself as anybody else is likely to do.'

Yes, truly.—Mr. Southey made a run to Scotland in the winter of 1805-6, and we may pick a sentence or two from his letters, touching the Society of Edinburgh, and his first impressions of the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel:—

'The Scotch society disappointed me, as it needs must do a man who

loves conversation instead of discussion. Of the three faculties of the mind, they seem exclusively to value judgment. They have nothing to teach, and a great deal more to learn than I should choose to be at the

trouble of instructing them in.'

'I passed three days with Walter Scott, an amusing and highly-estimable man. You see the whole extent of his powers in the "Minstrel's Lay," of which your opinion seems to accord with mine—a very amusing poem; it excites a novel-like interest, but you discover nothing on after-perusal. Scott bears a great part in the Edinburgh Review, but does not review well."

The Edinburgh Review (in which Scott never bore a part of much consequence) was all along gall and wormwood at Keswick. When Taylor's version of 'Nathan the Wise' was published by itself (1806), it was criticised, it seems, by Mr. Jeffrey, and Southey writes to Taylor in a strain of furious indignation on the said Article. The mention of Taylor's name, which though not on the title-page was not, nor had ever been meant to be a secret, seemed to Southey an absolute crime. Taylor, who no doubt perceived that his friend's ire had been kindled by things nearer home than Nathan the Prosy, makes answer,—'I agree with Jeffrey in most things about Nathan, and am well satisfied with his reviewal.'

Next to the correspondence with the poet of Keswick, the most striking in the book is a short series of letters between Taylor and the late Dr. Robert Gooch—a physician second to none of his age either in the learning or the practical skill of his profession, or in elegance of general accomplishments, or in kindness and generosity of spirit. Gooch, born in Taylor's neighbourhood, completed his education at Edinburgh in the companionship of the younger Southey, and then established himself at Croydon, where he speedily earned such success and distinction as paved the way for a splendid, but too short, career in the metropolis. While at Croydon he had the misfortune to lose the wife of his youth, and Taylor addressed to him this

letter :-

' Norwich, Jan. 28, 1811.

^{&#}x27;My dear, dear Friend,—I feel for you—I weep at your loss—but am well aware that only the mother's sorrow can deserve the name of sympathy. 'T were a deficient consciousness of the excellence that is no more, not to pour out tears again and again before the imaged remembrance, not to wring the hands and call at times on the unanswering Emily. Grieve on. Where real merit is the subject of regret, there is justice in affliction, there is duty in lamentation, there is luxury in woe. It is an expression of that worship of the heart, now, alas! the only sentiment to bestow on the departed. Time is said to be the comforter of all. To you it would yet be a painful reflection to foresee that you too

are doomed to cease to deplore. You would feel it as a profanation of

the sacredness of your distress to look on it as finite.

'Your daughter survives. In her education you will take a double solicitude, and will endeavour, as in her features so in her mind, to retrace that rare union of feeling and purity, of intellect and kindness, which marked her other parent. As the highest idea of feminine worth she may hope to realize, you will describe her mother to her, and accustom her to the imaginary presence of a superior being, whose frown was to have checked her every fault, whose smile of approbation was to have recompensed her sweetest virtues, whose example was to have fashioned her for the domestic charities. And thus the holy manes will still be the guardian angel of your household, and even here become what faith and hope have assured us she was to be hereafter.

'How early you have quaffed the finest sweets and bitterest dregs of the draught of life! Youth and love handed you the matrimonial chalice, its brim smeared with honey; but disease shed poison in the cup, and to the intoxication of delight was to succeed the ravings of despair—the corse, the spectre, the veiling pall, the unrestoring tomb. You already know the utmost which fate can give or take away. Hope has no blandishments in store that can seduce, nor Fear a-threat that can appal.

With your disposition and temper these revolutions may improve the sensibility, and increase a benevolent zeal to defend others from such heart-rending separations, as it was not reserved for you to prevent at home. In men of graver mould they might prepare a stoical apathy; for experience mostly but evolves the tendencies of our dispositions, and philosophy but utters moralities in unison with our passions. You will, I am sure, not make a parade of affliction, but speedily resume the avocations of your employment, and seek in the service of humanity the purest interruption of agonizing thoughts. Be assured that sorrow is not only borne the better, but lasts the longer for being indulged at intervals in private; of all our ideas, the frequent repetition, not the intensity of contemplation, secures the endurance.....

'I have by me a letter of yours to answer, written early in December. Be that reserved for other times. What is the prate of friendship to the wound of love?—a muttered spell, which draws aside attention without the slightest power to heal—a lichen on a gravestone, which fain would veil the doom it cannot efface—a prospect from a prison, which only reminds of intercourse barred out for ever. God bless you!

'Believe me, with sincere attachment, yours,
'WILLIAM TAYLOR, JUN.'

Nor is Gooch's reply less admirable. If he had leisure to write many letters, Dr. Henry Southey's pleasing biography of him should not be republished without a copious appendix:—

'Croydon, 29th March, 1811.

'Dear Friend,—You would have heard from me long before this, if a parcel which I sent you a month ago had not been lost on its way from London to Norwich. It contained no books of yours, and indeed nothing

to regret the loss of but a few letters, which were prepared for no eyes

but those of friendship.

'I was fully sensible to the feeling and the eloquence of your letter,to your sympathy, your endeavours to impart some sweetness to the bitterness of my grief; but above all, to your eulogium on my departed wife. Indeed it was merited, and more than merited; for under a veil of modesty, so closely woven as to be utterly impenetrable to the eye of the world, was hidden an assemblage of virtues, which now one may look around for in vain. You praise her, and praise her justly, for her feeling and her purity; these perhaps lifted her higher above her sex even than her other virtues, for I confidently believe that a heart at once so warm and so pure never beat before. But these were not all. had an intellect remarkable for its clearness and accuracy, always seizing with the utmost readiness on the essential points of a question, and leaving nothing for parading and ostentatious minds but ornament and expansion. She had an exquisitely delicate and highly sensitive taste: this was of great value, as it was a constant source of pleasure to me; for when I have been reading to her any eloquent writings (an amusement which formerly closed my days of toil with an evening of the sweetest enjoyment), and came to passages of force and beauty, instead of being cooled by contact with colder feelings than my own, I received an additional warmth of delight from her glowing admiration. One of her most remarkable, and, I may add, of her most valuable peculiarities, was the selectness, the warmth, and the lastingness of her attachments. There are some warm-hearted beings whom the slightest intercourse kindles into friendship, who feel equal regard for the acquaintances of a few weeks and for the friends of many years, and whose seat of affection is of that soft and friable texture on which deep impressions are easily made and easily worn away again. Emily's affection had all their warmth, without having any of their indiscriminateness or evanescence. No one was ever more thoroughly free from all those petty pursuits and vulgar vanities which abound among her sex; and if a strong expression is excusable from a man of my age, grieving for the loss of a wife who was dearer to him, as a wife, even than she had been as a mistress and a bride-I may say with thorough sincerity and unaffectedness that I have never beheld, and never expect to behold again, so perfect and pleasing an instance of feminine gracefulness of character. In losing her I have lost not only my domestic bliss, but all my social pleasures; for my home always contained all the suitable society which this neighbourhood afforded. I brought with me all that I ever possessed here, and that all is gone; I live in a populous solitude; for days and weeks I don't see the face of a friend; my mornings are spent in toil and my evenings in loneliness, embittered by the remembrance of my lost felicity. I begin to tremble too for the life of my little girl; she has her mother's full eye and wan face and fearful delicacy of constitution; she has never been well since she has been motherless, and I see, or fancy that I see, the same disease which has inflicted on me one blow about to inflict another. God avert it! for the prospect of life is pleasing to me only

as it presents the idea of rearing and educating my child, and raising my own professional character. A man must have some objects in view, and these are mine, and it is hard indeed if I am deprived of the best half. Pray write to me soon, and believe me to be

Your grateful and affectionate friend, 'ROBERT GOOCH.'

-vol. ii. pp. 336-338.

After such beautiful effusions as these, prompted by the stern realities of life, the best of mere literary correspondence must needs appear of far inferior moment. We draw to a close then—but must hazard one parting specimen of Taylor's criticism of Southey's writings. After a long, dull story about gout, and lumbago, and whitlows, and suppurations, his pen warms in his fingers, and he turns to 'Roderick the Last of the Goths:'—

'I now believe I shall never make a book. I have, however, in the preceding page given you a specimen of what I conceive to be the greatest fault of yours-detaining the attention on little things, when the reader is impatient for the proper business of the work. There is a good deal of prosing in the poem; it does not weigh on the wrist so often as Madoc, but oftener than Joan of Arc or Thalaba, or Kehama. Poets should live in cities; the leisure of the country spoils them. That bucolic contemplation of nature, which spends its ennui in watching for hours the eyelet-holes of a rill's eddies, is very well for a goatherd, and may grace an ecloque; but where fates of empires are at stake, the attention should not be invited to settle on any phenomena not stimulant enough to arrest the attention of a busy man. The engineer, who is sent to reconnoitre, is not to lose his time in zoologizing, entomologizing, botanizing, and picturesquizing, as Pelayo does on his way to Covadonga. I can at most concede to Homer that he may get his dinner. Your heroes never travel in seven-league boots, but rather à la Humboldt. Wordsworth carries further than you the narratory manner, and the magnification of trifles, but you Wordsworthize too often. Another fault of the poem is its incessant religiosity. All the personages meet at prayers; all the heroes are monks in armour; all the speeches are pulpit exhortations; all the favourites are reconciled to the church, and die with the comfort of absolution, as if, not the deliverance of Spain, but the salvation of the court, constituted the action of the epopea. And in this religiosity there is more of methodism and less of idolatry than marked the Spanish catholicism of that era. Thirdly, there are too many women in the poem, and none of them very attaching, except perhaps Gaudiosa; the domestic affections occupy in consequence a preposterous space. Out of a truly respectable puritanism you dislike to contemplate woman in the point of view in which she chiefly interests man. You rather carve a Vestal than a Venus, and in consequence your women want attraction; you take or mistake purity for beauty. Heroes are never very eminent for the domestic affections. While at home they have a superfluous fondness for their wives during the age of beauty; in absence they console themselves with substitutes; and in

later life, if they retain their vigour, they despotize over the old woman; if they become infirm, they seek the friendship of their nurse. But all this is very excursive. I should have been glad if your topic had involved the marvellous, and had employed the hostile mythologies of the Catholics and Moslems. Attributing to you still greater scenic than dramatic force, and a more unrivalled power of picturesque than of ethic delineation, the more your opera is a pièce à spectacle, the better; your machinery and illumination is always magically dazzling and brilliant.

The perfect freedom of these communications is, we apprehend, without any parallel in the history of men of letters; and the gentleness and candour with which Southey received his friend's analysis is most amiably unique throughout. His character was truly a loveable as well as a venerable one: yet it would be idle to dissemble that these memorials disclose many very strange weaknesses and inconsistencies in this best of recent men. His self-laudations are too often such as one would not wonder at in a dandy novelist. Strange truly it is to compare the charitable spirit in which he tolerated the most flagrant heresies in a friend, with the monastic bitterness of his remarks and reflections concerning real or imagined errors in the conduct or opinions of any person, out of his own set, by whom he conceived the slightest liberty to have been taken with him in his literary capacity. Behold the dangers of living too much in a narrow circle, however virtuous, however refined, however accomplished.

If we look to what Taylor did, unquestionably few are they who can be entitled to call him idle; but he was considered as eminently so by all who were qualified to compare what he did with what he might have done—by Sayers especially, by Southey, and by himself. He knew himself well, and indicates with a charming frankness, half playful half sad, in one letter to the laureate, that same weakness which made him so fond of predominating in provincial coteries and juvenile clubs. 'The truth is,' he says, 'I have a childish and singular delight in seeing myself in print.' This is part of his complaint over the non-arrival of a Review, which included one of his articles on the prose of Milton. Brief and pregnant confession!—No wonder that Southey by and bye gives over his urgencies for the undertaking of a magnum opus. There remained for the poet such eiacula-

tions as the following :-

^{&#}x27;Time is stealing on us. The grey hairs begin to thicken on my head—more years have passed over yours; and it gives me a feeling, which if not exactly the heartache, is something akin to it, when I think what literary fortunes will hereafter be made on your spoils,—thoughts and illustrations pillaged, and systems extracted, while the bibliographer who may chance to discover the real author, and come forward to vindi-

cate his claim, must be content with a place in some magazine or compilation of anecdotes for an article with William Taylor for its heading.

-And for Taylor such echoes as this:-

'At one time the mezerions of poetry stretch their purple fingers; at another, the hedge-row hawthorns of politics, limiting rights and wounding trespassers; at another, the high-darting, regularly-knotted, elastic, plastic bamboos of metaphysics; at another, the dark-wreathed simbul which strangles the cedar of superstition. Oh that, instead of this morbid versatility, I could persevere in some quiet incessant historic task!'—vol. ii. p. 288.

It is deeply interesting to compare the details of Southey's own daily life as a man of letters, which occur in this correspondence, with the foregoing and other similar confessions of Taylor. We have seen how the miscellanist of Norwich divided his day—how he relaxed in his evening. Southey says in 1807, and we know he might have said the same during thirty subsequent years.—

'I cannot do one thing at a time: so sure as I attempt it, my health suffers. The business of the day haunts me in the night; and though a sound sleeper otherwise, my dreams partake so much of it as to harass and disturb me. I must always therefore have one train of thoughts for the morning, another for the evening, and a book not relating to either for half an hour after supper; and thus neutralising one set of associations by another, and having (God be thanked!) a heart at ease, I contrive to keep in order a set of nerves as much disposed to be out of order as any man's can be.'

We believe that, from the same dread of over-excitement in the composition of poetry, which made Johnson give over rhyme altogether, Mr. Southey allotted to that species of work the first hours of his morning—never meddling with verse after breakfast: history, or some grave treatise (most commonly, in later times, in the shape of an article for the 'Quarterly'), occupied him during the best part of the forenoon. He worked in the large and beautiful room which contained his valuable library, until that overflowed into adjoining closets, and even passages; and he sat there at his desk, surrounded by his own family and the other relations who had found a home under his roof, undisturbed by their feminine occupations, well and worthily helped now and then by some of them in his own, till it was time for a short walk on the hill or a row on the lake; after which came the simple meal, a mirthful hour or two of the easy chair, and social talk; and then, with

'The cup that cheers, but not inebriates,'

the resumption for what he calls half an hour, but in reality a much longer space, of some lighter employment, in which he could proceed without much consultation of authorities. Alas! even with all this carefulness of arrangement and subdivision, carried out amidst such prevailing innocence of heart and habits, the demand made on the essentially poetical structure of nerve and brain was far too great: it could not be persisted in with impunity. Nay, in truth, his variation of tasks might have seemed as if he was in search of the over-excitement which he dreaded. There was a false and fatal stimulus in what he adopted as the substitute for repose. What a dreary twilight came after that bright day of rare genius and almost unparalleled diligence, we all know too well. But Mr. Taylor, though he exercised the higher faculties with which he was endowed for comparatively a small part of his day, and on tasks comparatively trivial, paid, much earlier in life, the penalty of his habitual indulgence in the conviviality of his hospitable and club-abounding Norwich. We have already heard of gout and others of the same 'painful family' which generous bachelors with whitening heads and darkening cheeks are so apt to be well endowed withal. By the age of fifty, his biographer says, his friends observed with regret that but a few glasses of wine sufficed to produce an extraordinary flow of spirits. His delicate hints are quite enough to convey the impression that from that time Taylor continued to break down. His literary performances indicated more and more the falling off of pith and fire; and year after year they were fewer, and of less consequence in every respect—though as age advanced, his pecumiary circumstances deteriorated; and his pen, if he had exercised it even as energetically as he did when he thought himself a rich man, might have enabled him, and those dearest to him, to escape troubles and vexations that give a very melancholy colouring to several of these chapters.

The repudiation losses were followed by several years of struggling between diminished means and reluctance to confess the fact by visible curtailment of expenditure; till the remaining fortune sustained another heavy blow by the failure of some canalshare speculations. After these new mishaps it was hopeless to keep hidden what had probably long been guessed in a shrewd mercantile community. A total change in the style of living was necessary-and William Taylor's pride made him suggest to his parents a removal from Norwich to some sequestered village retreat, where he was to have no society but theirs, and practise in his own person the abstinence which is no doubt easier than temperance in many cases, but hardly so to the inveterate diner-out of a place where dinners were at three o'clock, and the established order of goings on for the rest of the evening such as may be inferred from many passages in this book, among others an imitation of the Persicos odi by Dr. Sayers, composed in honour and glory of one favourite Norwich club, 'The Chips of Comfort:'-

'Dinners of form I vote a bore,
Where folks who never met before,
And care not if they ne'er meet more,
Are brought together;
Cramm'd close as mackerel in their places,
They eat with Chesterfieldian graces,
Drink healths, and talk with sapient faces
About the weather.

Thrice blest who at an inn unbends
With half a dozen of his friends,
And while the curling smoke ascends
In volumes sable,
Mirth and good-humour round him sees,
Chats, lolling backward at his ease,
Or cocks his cross'd legs, if he please,
Upon the table.'

While the family were hunting about for a rural retirement, a third blow reached them-the bankruptcy of a London stockbroker who had neglected to invest in the proper manner, if at all, some thousands entrusted to his care: and William Taylor's manhood was overset. It is grievous to find him confessing that he seriously contemplated 'seeking refuge in a voluntary grave;' and, though his purpose was arrested, and he by and bye expresses thankfulness in having escaped 'a rash and unhallowed act,' no reader of his works can suppose that by the epithet 'unhallowed,' he alluded to anything else than the forgetfulness of filial piety which its perpetration would in his case have manifested. The biographer very naturally hastens over this sad part of the story. The parents were old when these calamities overtook them-the father paralytic, and the mother blind. But William Taylor's nerves too had been unmanned by his long course of free living, and his freethinking had ended in a settled blindness of dreamy indifference. His biographer speaks of him as having always 'adhered' to the Unitarian system: but he can mean no more than that he never formally renounced his hereditary connection with the 'Octagon,' His filial piety kept him to that-his dear old blind mother had no arm but his to lead and support her to her accustomed meeting-house, and a more affectionately dutiful son than hers, notwithstanding a momentary madness of aberration, there never was upon this earth: but unless Norwich Unitarianism be even a much more miserable thing than we have supposed it, he had long been separated from its creed by a wider gulf than divides it from modern Mahometanism, or from the philosophical deism of ancient Greece and Rome.

In one of his 'Enquirers,' in the 'Monthly Magazine' for 1811 (p. 106), Taylor has these placid sentences:—

As Socinianism is peculiarly the reverse of a mystical sect, it must be favourable to the evolution of the rational faculty, and is therefore perhaps suicidal. In Holland and elsewhere it died out less from re-

futation or persecution than from internal causes.'

In one of the most remarkable of his tracts—the Life of 'John Fransham, the Norwich Polytheist' (Monthly Mag., 1811, vol. i. p. 343)—among other eulogies of 'the literature of infidelity,' Taylor says, 'it strengthens the vigour and enlarges the dominion of intellect, bestows frankness and moral courage;' and, as if to exemplify in his own person the justice of this praise, he does not blush to add, 'it unlocks the chambers of pleasure, and banishes the fear of death.' This passage produced a controversy; and in the course thereof Taylor says, with the same lofty complacency—'The literature of infidelity is unfit for the married and feminine classes of society. Everything in its place, but a place for everything.' (Ibid., vol. ii. p. 118.) In the same Life he is pleased to say, 'Fransham hated, as Porson says of Gibbon, our religion cordially.' Was this frankness, or contemptuous irony?

In February, 1812 (about a year after his 'unhallowed' temptation), there is some talk of his enlisting among the Edinburgh Reviewers.* Southey's opinion is:—'Your political opinions square sufficiently with the Edinburghers: your heresies would be inadmissible there, for their esoteric atheism is perfectly ortho-

dox in its professions.'

Taking no notice of what did not concern himself, Mr. Taylor

in his reply says :-

Whence you infer my esoteric atheism, I know not; it is an incorrect definition of my opinion. Probably you had read in Herbert Marsh that pantheism is but another name for atheism; but Herbert Marsh blundered. There are three forms of pantheism:—(1.) The pantheism of Spinoza, who maintains that the whole is God, that the whole is matter, that the whole is not collectively intelligent. This is a form of atheism. (2.) The pantheism of Berkeley, who maintains that the whole is God, that the whole is spirit, that the whole

^{*} The 'Monthly Review,' for which Taylor laboured most assiduously, was then, and during about fifty years, conducted by R. Griffiths, on whom some American university conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was first a watchmaker, then a bookseller, published Cleland's infamous novel, and dictated of course that laudatory article thereupon, in his Review, which is justly ranked among the curiosities of literature. Though he was 'a steady attendant at the Presbyterian meeting-house,' and often remonstrated with Taylor for over-frankness of 'anti-supernaturalism,' he could have had no great objection to 'unlocking the chambers of pleasure.' But the Doctor had an eye to the till. He 'kept two carriages, and lived in style.' (Taylor, in Monthly Mag., 1811, vol. ii. p. 566.)

is collectively intelligent. This is not a form of atheism. (3.) The pantheism of Philo, who maintains that the whole is God, that the whole consists of matter and spirit, that the whole is collectively intelligent. This is not a form of atheism. Now it is this Philonic pantheism that I embrace, believing myself therein to coincide exactly with Jesus Christ in metaphysical opinion concerning Deity.'—vol. ii. pp. 373, 374.

And again, in the last page of his 'Survey of German Poetry,' the very last page, we believe, that he ever prepared for the press, Mr. Taylor takes leave of the favourite studies of his youth, his manhood, and his age, in the following words:—

The general tendency of the German school is to teach French opinions in English forms. They have indeed religious poets, such as Klopstock, Stolberg, and Körner: but, with the single exception of Klopstock, the religious writers owe what they retain of popularity to their love of liberty, not to their love of Christ. Voss, Schiller, Kotzebue, are deists; Lessing, Wieland, Goethe, pantheists; but these shades of dissimilarity have not prevented their becoming the national favourites. Through their instrumentality, a very liberal and tolerant philosophy has deeply penetrated into the German mind; so that their poetry is in unison with the learned literature which surrounds it. Gradually it is overflowing into the Slavonian nations, and will found in new languages and climates those latest inferences of a corrupt but instructed refinement, which are likely to rebuild the morality of the antients on the ruins of Christian puritanism. German poetry is written for men, not, like English poetry, for women, and their representatives the priests. The effeminacy of the English school of taste may favour domestic propriety; but it does not tend to form a nation of heroes. The Germans have indeed uttered no works so obscene as Voltaire's Pucelle, or so profane as Parney's Guerre des Dieux; but even the more cautious writings of Wieland and Goethe cannot be Englished without Mr. Sotheby's castrating the Oberon, without Lord F. Gower's castrating the Faustus. Be this an evil or a good, it is still a characteristic fact. . .

'Born in Valhalla, refined and christianized in the age of chivalry, the German Muse has finally thrown herself into the arms of philosophy, in this, obeying the spirit of the times, and the tide of event. In like manner many cathedrals of the country, which were built for the worship of Woden, Thor, and Frey, then consecrated under catholic catholic convers to the Christian Trinity, have been suffered at last to give shelter to a calm and comprehensive anti-supernaturalism.'—Survey, vol. iii. pp. 453, 454.

Is this the creed of a Norwich unitarian? Is it anything else than the deliberate avowal of that fearful system which, discarding an omnipotent intelligence external to man and the world, discards equally all belief in moral sanction, in individual obligation, responsibility and retribution? Whether Taylor really and sincerely was a believer in the monstrous absurdities which he VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLV.

avowed, is indeed a very different question; but if he was that, he

was truly 'without God in the world.'

We have seen that his creed, whatever it was, however 'calm and comprehensive,' gave him neither comfort nor support in the hour of trial; but even the pantheist of modern days may derive from sources which he disparages thoughts, feelings, sentiments from which Christians cannot withhold sympathy and respect. Friends of various classes and persuasions rallied round William Taylor as soon as his situation was made known. The Southeys were ready with most generous offers: a wealthy kinsman, Mr. Dyson of Diss, placed a good country-house at his disposal, and urged him to accept as a donation a sum of money which had already been set apart for him as a legacy. A comparative stranger, a young gentleman of whose name we never heard before, addresses to him this letter:—

' London, May 22, 1811.

' My dear and honoured Sir, - I heard last Sunday, for the first time, that you were about to remove your family from Norwich. The increased expense of living there was the cause assigned. I will make no apology for what I am going to propose. Your discernment and my own habitual openness render any nice development of my feelings unnecessary. You will guess them. I contemplate the value of an accustomed home to your blind mother. I consider her sweet and venerable character; and that she is the nearest, I believe the dearest, relation you have. Notwithstanding the bad times, my annual income exceeds my expenditure by at least a hundred pounds. I do not choose to acquire habits of greater expense, and I have every reason to expect a gradual increase of revenue. Will this sum enable you to remain comfortably at Norwich? If it will, pray take it annually during your mother's life-at least while I am single (I am not even in love yet) and while my means remain as good as they are. Every year's delay I should think is worth gaining on your mother's account. The evil can but come at last, and will be no greater, perhaps even less, hereafter than now. I do not well see how in justice to your mother you can refuse this offer, which, after abundant deliberation, I make in the most hearty manner. In the common course of things nobody shall know anything about it, except my gentle sister Harriet, the confidante of all my projects, and who entirely approves of this. I shall be very sorry if any obstacle arises from the

-vol. ii. pp. 357-359.

of us.

But Taylor could not submit to incur obligations so serious; nor indeed, when his affairs were accurately examined, did it turn out that he required assistance of that nature. It proved sufficient that the family should part with their large house and handsome

want of that circuity with which these matters are commonly proposed, and if I am wrong in deeming the direct way most honourable to both

'Respectfully and affectionately yours,

' ELTON HAMOND.'

handsome establishment, removing into a humbler tenement in their native town, and thenceforth abstaining from that hospitality of habits which at any rate could have no longer been suitable for Taylor's infirm parents. He himself gradually recovered his spirits, and resumed very much of his old modes of life. In the mornings he read, scribbled, and, like Voss's pastor of Grünau, 'whiff'd and again whiff'd;' and in the evenings he had admirers about him, who seem to have divided among them the care of keeping his cellar well stocked—the heretic preferred burgundy to claret.

He collected latterly, besides his papers on German poetry, a series of brief essays on English synonyms, which had in their progress excited very general attention, and which in their ultimate shape raised his reputation far higher than it had ever before stood. The obvious faults of the work are the fancifulness of much in it, and its utter incompleteness; but it has many minor blots, which were unintelligible till we had read these Memoirs. We now understand his derivation of enough, from nog, or noggin, a drinking vessel, 'the primary notion being an after-dinner feeling.' (Why did he not deduce Heaven from Havannah?) We now wonder less, as knowing how ignorant dissenters are of things the most familiar to all others, when we see Taylor gravely writing that 'the Archbishop of Canterbury is the Primate, but the Bishop of London is the Metropolitan of England.' But we have not room for dwelling on these trifles. The little volume was reviewed in this Journal thirteen years ago; and we are glad to learn that a new edition, now in the press, is to exhibit many corrections and additions from Mr. Taylor's MSS. It is to be hoped he had done enough to make it supplant in the market the audacious compilation of Mr. George Crabb.* If ever we have such a dictionary as the English language deserves, its author will be found to have owed much to the fragments of William Taylor.

Mr. Robberds hurries over the closing years of his friend; but intimates that by September, 1833, he was fully sensible of the decay of his own mental powers—and seems to rejoice in adding that he lingered on till his death, in March, 1836, Anno Ætat. 71, 'undarkened by regrets for the past, or apprehensions for the future.' He was buried beside his parents 'in the cemetery of the Octagon Chapel at Norwich.' The 'Synonyms Discriminated,' and the friendship of Southey, will prove his lasting

monument.

⁶ During the latter years of William Taylor's life, Robert Southey was

^{*} See Quart, Rev., vol. xxxv. p. 403.—Article on 'English Synonyms by Taylor and Crabb.'

one day dining at his table; it was the last time that they ever met: after dinner the host made many attempts to engage his guest in some theological argument, which the latter parried for some time very good-humouredly, and at last put an end to them by exclaiming, "Taylor, come and see me at Keswick. We will ascend Skiddaw, where I shall have you nearer heaven, and we will then discuss such questions

as these." '-vol. i. p. 317.

When Mr. Dyson communicated to Mr. Southey the intelligence of William Taylor's death, he received an answer, in which the following passage speaks forcibly:—" I was not aware of my old friend's illness, or I should certainly have written to him, to express that unabated regard which I have felt for him eight and thirty years, and that hope which I shall ever feel, that we may meet in a higher and happier state of existence. I have known very few who equalled him in talents—none who had a kinder heart; and there never lived a more dutiful son or a sincerer friend."—vol. i. p. 4.

ART. III.—1. Histoire de la Restauration, et des Causes qui ont amené la Chute de la Branche ainée des Bourbons. Par M. Capefigue. Paris, 1842. Edit. 3^{me} 8vo., 4 tom.

2. Louis XV. et la Société du XVIII. Siècle. Par M. Cape-

figue. Paris, 1841. 8vo., 4 tom.

THE books before us are the first and last works of an historian more voluminous than any other in a country which has of late become prolific in her histories. In France the rage for annals has succeeded to the rage for memoirs; the fabrication of the one to the fabrication of the other. This is a necessary consequence of her political distractions. Amidst ceaseless disquietude and sustained dissension, it was only natural that each among her many factions should appeal to history in vindication and promotion of itself. In England, where party spirit is circumscribed within narrower limits, it is amply satisfied with the possession of periodical literature. It seldom transgresses these, its prescriptive confines, or wages a Parthian warfare on the past. The cause of this distinction is easily explained. Public opinion with us is content to busy itself about men and measures. them it aspires to the discussion of sovereigns and systems. With us, when inflamed into extraordinary heat, it may perhaps favour a conservative tradesman or give a large order to a radical manufacturer. With them it employs its retail journalists, and gives its large orders to wholesale historians. This itself would be a sufficient obstacle to an impartial and independent literature. But it involves another which is still more fatal. Each of the great parties into which France is at this moment divided, believes

lieves her to be upon the threshold of a change. Each believes also that it will turn out to its own particular profit and behoof;—each is eager for immediate power—each is determined not to throw away a chance—each has its *propaganda*, its missionaries, and conversions, which each again imagines to be increasing and successful. Well may this afford a keener edge to prejudice, and

an additional impulse to sharpen and indulge it.

The great body of the nation is, we believe, attached to the existing dynasty: there can, at all events, be no doubt that the middle classes generally are so. But, even among those most instrumental in the establishment of the Orleans monarchy, there are not a few who would prefer to it the inanities of 1789, who love to recall traditions of an imaginary Washington and an Utopian America, and whose personal recollections of La Fayette, parading the streets of Paris upon a 'white horse, glorious,' or embracing Louis Philippe as the 'best of republics,' serve to colour their cold abstractions and animate their lifeless theories. By their side there is another party, more unquiet and more numerous, who do not shrink from an avowed admiration of the realities of 1793, nor entirely despair of their recurrence; who believe that the happiness of the many is only to be secured by the annihilation of the few, whose heroes are all men of determination and of action, who delight to dwell upon the public virtue of Robespierre, the pure administration of La Revellière, the moral energy of Carnot. In these ranks may also be seen inactive veterans, who, as in the early years of Augustus, look back with regret to their Cæsar and his Eagles, and who intertwine with fond memories of his greatness an inconsistent longing for the Republic he betrayed. On the other hand, there may yet be found youthful and impatient nobles, with all the blood of Rohan or Montmorenci hot within their veins, who have not themselves undergone, and will not profit by, the bitter experience of their fathers, and who still may be heard to declare that they choose Anarchy rather than Orleans, that any change must eventually result to their own advantage, and that the days are not far distant of an aristocratic revival—a revival to be, in case of need, cheaply purchased by a 'compact alliance' (pro tempore) with the now chained demon of ultra-democracy.

Our present object is not to describe nor discriminate among these parties, nor among the thousand sects which branch out from them, but to show how each is sanguine and full of expectation. No form is there of political prejudice, no theory of civil government, no crotchet even of a constitution, which its particular advocates do not imagine may come to pass within their lifetime. Nor is this madness without method: visionaries cease

to be such-become almost practical-when we remember the vicissitudes of France. Her revolutions are at once their incentive and their excuse. The excesses of our own generation, and of that immediately preceding, have been such as to hold out hopes even to a religion like that of St. Simon, and even to a philosophy like that of Fourrier. But History has fared yet worse than religion or philosophy. Like the Italy of the fifth century, it has been overrun by eager hordes of Greeks and Goths, Classicists and Absolutists, who have sought to subject it to their own arbitrary necessities. They deface its true aspect, uproot its old boundaries, introduce into it savage feuds and false principles, effecting a conformity to designs the most barbarous, only by a violence the most unnatural. Take for example our own annals. Told by French historians, would they not become as charged with party spirit as leading articles in the Quotidienne, or the National? Can we doubt how, from liberal hands, the reign of Charles I. would issue—a long series of insincerities—with what oblique inference the light conduct of Henrietta Maria would be dwelt on-how the Martyrdom might be slurred over in some such sentence as that of M. Thiers, when speaking of another king, 'his execution was hailed by the multitude with the same foolish and brutal joy with which they greet the birth and end of princes'? Is the protectorate of Cromwell to be pourtrayed by a writer of the opposite party? Can we misunderstand why the imbecility of his descendants would be prominently and continually urged? Nor, again, would the two reigns which make our Restoration be less distorted, for the sake of liberal adumbrations. The luxurious and epicurean Charles-who could barely rouse himself from his indolence to say an occasional good thing,—whose ministers were unmade by favourites-the dependant himself of a foreign power -would be drawn in traits the most repulsive, not for the worst portion of his character, but for its participation in some of the foibles which obscured that of Louis XVIII. James II., born with the blood of Henri Quatre in his veins-succeeding his brother-with a Jesuit ever at his side-thrusting an unpopular religion upon a reluctant country-foiled in his attempt-abdicating-dying an exile-who can mistake to what use such materials would be applied? The refrain of Lillibullero would be quoted to point the mischief of the Marquis de Carabas. The very fable of a warming-pan would be revived to cast one more insult at royal misfortune. Adjust the balance, and give the legitimist historian his revenge. Let us imagine him at work on the succeeding reign. William III.'s early knowledge and stealthy furtherance of the plot against his relation and benefactor, will be assumed beyond the possibility of question; his avarice will be dwelt upon, his taste in the fine arts ridiculed, his domestic happiness sneered at, his military renown disputed; not because any of these defects have been ascertained and proved, but because they carry with them another and a constructive significancy. If too a relief shall be wanted for shades so dark and lineaments so odious, it will be found in the sequestered habits and amiable retirement of the crownless James III. The romantic misfortunes of his queen will also evoke a pathos the more certain, that they inevitably suggest the far severer trials of the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Nor will the adventurous courage, the gracious presence, the unassuming manners, the quick spirit of à propos which graced the youth of Charles Edward, be wanting to complete an analogy which, happily or unhappily for France, is still presented by the elder Bourbons.

These are no imaginary sketches. 'Les Quatre Stuart' of M. de Chateaubriand would never have been written, but for the likeness in their fortunes to that House of Bourbon, with which they had been so often connected. The romance—the interest the pity to be inspired by his work, were meant by him to attach not so much to the dead as to the living. The 'Histoire de la contre-révolution Anglaise' had a similar design, 'Multa fiunt eadem sed aliter.' The alarm and hate which Armand Carrel intended to arouse were levelled against bigotry and tyranny, which he confronted, not so much in former times and in another country, as menacing and at hand, within his own. But his writings were to prepare a change in which he could not sympathise. He fought for a principle by which others were to profit. Upon the days of the Barricades, his tall and stately person was remarked, foremost to court every danger, to stay every compromise, to animate every irresolution. It was not to be seen on the morrow at the levee of the minister, or in the antechamber of the prince. Like the old republican, it was at last given him to die a martyr for his faith, when all its victories were neutralized and all its hopes were extinguished. We need not call up the particulars of his duel with M. Girardin; but it may well be conceived how, in a country where historians are prepared to fight as well as write for their principles, history must be sacrificed to passionate and transient animosities. But what it loses in truth it gains in spirit and vivacity. With us the reverse is the case. English history is like an English court of justice. It is hedged in with grave respectabilities-full of dignities and forms. The evidence is carefully weighed and minutely sifted; but the language is unintelligible to the vulgar. The verdict, though at least designed to be impartial, echoes too often the dull charge of a solemn judge,

judge, unnoticed and uncared for. But in France history always reminds us of a tournament,—as unreasonable and as romantic. An author is no sooner in the lists than another is there to strike his shield. M. de St. Aulaire has descended into the arena—M. Capefigue follows him immediately; the first hoists the straw of the Fronde, the last the colours of the Queen. Here again are MM. Mignet and Capefigue on the foreign policy of Louis XIV., tilting at one another's views, and disputing one another's theories. Here is M. de St. Beuve, who claims to represent Charlemagne alone. M. Capefigue has already rushed into the field in a rival character and with similar pretensions. There is no escaping the inevitable Capefigue. Like Ivanhoe, with Desdichado on his shield, the legitimist historian is at all

in the ring.

The excessive nationality of the French character is also not without influence in giving a strong excitement to their historians. Their use of the 'historic present' is one which Porson, in his least sober mood, never could have dreamt of. It pervades every passage, every sentence, every thought; the tense is always the same, and the verbs are always reflective. They travel far back into the gloom of ages, but they never omit to carry with them their own Parisian lantern. Even times the most remote, even places the most sacred, are not exempt from this arrogance of appropriation. Rome, Athens, are alike subjected to the occasional whims and ephemeral exactions of party spirit. The forum of the one is filled indeed with the names of Cicero and Hortensius, but the characters are so salient and so lively—because they are those of Dupin and his rival. How many an Atticus, have they not to draw, who has kept well with all dynasties, and congratulated every conqueror in turn? How many a Numa receiving laws from an Egeria? How many a Lucullus who owed his command of the great army to a courtezan? Are the struggles between the aristocratic Cimon and the popular Pericles warmly coloured and skilfully drawn? It is because they are thinking of Molé and Thiers. Adrastus, 'the most unhappy man of men,' twice bringing misfortune upon those who had befriended himtwice repaying benefactions with injuries-twice, against his own will, but yet by his own deed-the touching story of Herodotus has lost nothing when they tell it, because its Nemesis had been realised in our times to embitter the existence of Marmont. Æschines, the faithless ambassador, quailing before the great orator of antiquity, has not this picture been dashed off with all the vivacity of hate? It took place not at Athens, nor in the Agora—it is Guizot shrinking before Berryer.

But if M. Guizot be often the victim of this historical licence,

he has, himself, put forward its apology—one no less French than the offence. We propose to touch upon this at some length, because we can trace its baneful effect on our author in the works which we are now reviewing. M. Capefigue is as amusingly national as old Mézerai, who declared that God avenged upon our Henry V., in 'the part that was most sinning,' his having dared to sit upon the throne of France. But here is M. Guizot's apology:—

'By the side of great events, of revolutions, and reforms, we perceive always in our history certain general ideas and doctrines with which they coincide. This twofold peculiarity of thought and action, of intellectual activity and practical ability, of meditation and application, is stamped in every memorable passage in our annuals, pervades every distinction of French Society, and gives it a character which elsewhere is not to be found.'

But the conclusion to which the historian of Civilization would arrive is, that *good sense* is the especial characteristic of modern France—instinctive among her people, and therefore universal in her literature.

'It is a good sense, comprehensive (he says) and enlarged, a philosophic good sense which interpenetrates and understands the whole ideal and subjective, while it, at the same time, never loses count of the real and objective. Good sense is Reason. The genius of the French character is then alike reasoning and reasonable: in one word, France has this honour, that her civilization reflects the general idea, the fundamental principle, of civilization more faithfully than any other country. Hers is, of all others, the most perfect, the most sound, and, so to speak, the most civilized of civilizations.'

In Mr. Croker's reply to Mr. Macaulay on the Reform Bill, he described it as a pitiable spectacle when a Montmorenci arose in the Constituent Assembly to propose the extinction of the feudal rights which his ancestors had earned, and the extinction of the order which they had adorned. But there is another spectacle yet more pitiable—a great man subserving a little purpose—Philosophy abasing herself before the false gods of national vanity. Nor was the motive dissimilar for either degradation. The gentle blood of the one might be forgiven in his zeal for the Rights of Man. The journey to Ghent of the other might be atoned for by a love of country thus unmeasured and exalted.

But there was at any rate one of M. Guizot's auditors, when he spoke the words which we have quoted, who saw through no motive—suspected no object—and who has never forgotten the lesson which he then heard, that France was the most civilized and the first nation of the world. A young Provençal might have been remarked, foremost among his listeners, with all the

quick feelings of the South flashing in his eyes, hanging upon every syllable of the lecturer, now aroused by the grandeur of the thought—now won by the picturesqueness of the phrase—now awed by the grave animation of the manner. Even to this day, so keen is M. Capefigue's sense of obligation to the chiefs of the *Doctrine*, so vivid his reminiscence of that solemn and stately rhetoric, that he pauses in the midst of his most studied criticism thus to apostrophize his ancient masters:—

*And wherefore, in spite of these times of politics, should I not cherish deep gratitude for those who gave me that taste for history which forms my only chance of some slight reminiscence from posterity? Wherefore should I not preserve respect for those teachers who, notwithstanding all the false ideas of the day, told me, the one, "the Church is a great thought, go and study it:" the other, "the eighteenth century hides many a flaw, do not be taken in by the false glitter of its wit.

Test it, and you will find it valueless and paltry."'

It must have been with some such sentence of Guizot or Villemain ringing in his ears, that M. Capefigue first determined to devote himself to that study which he has since so unremittingly pursued. There was much around him and about him-much in the times-much in the immediate fame to be acquired-much in the kindred aspirations of his class-fellows to incite him to his task. He could scarcely walk home from the Faculté des Arts without passing great hotels, which delighted to admit and honour the historian. The Pavillon Marsan itself might be thrown open to him-its evening assemblies attended-a gracious word obtained in the most gracious of manners-hope, vanity, ambition encouraged-if, like M. de Bonald, he should regard history only as a book of kings, or, like M. de Marcellus, uphold the monarchy as a revelation no less sacred than the Scriptures. Nay, for others who, with Spinozan inconsistency, might disbelieve in God, but believe in princes—who might write like Hume, think like Hobbes, flatter like Voltaire—there would be smiles only less cordial, and a reception only less condescending.

But if princely courtesy was not without its influence in winning a chivalrous allegiance from men like MM. de Bonald and Marcellus, there must have been many, among M. Capefigue's contemporaries, proof against all royal condescension,—still embued with the reading of the eighteenth century,—and still mastered by the principles of the Genevan school. That old Calvinistic spirit, which to the House of Bourbon was what the Curse had been to the House of Edipus—which pursued it to the end—which, in its successive shapes of Jansenism and Encyclopedism, never forgave the revocation of the Edict of Nantes,—was once more strong and active to indispose and estrange the public

mind.

mind. Foremost among the alarmists was that little clique whom Buonaparte had so hated—whom he had banished—whom he had nicknamed the Ideologists—but who had now, beneath the easy toleration of Louis XVIII., grown into a large and powerful persuasion. Their chief articles of faith were—a quasi-legitimacy, like that of 1688—a mixed constitution, such as Montesquieu had imagined and eulogized in England-a balanced power, which should be divided between a wealthy middle class and a not exclusive aristocracy. If these tenets had little to recommend them to the multitude, to some they were not without particular temptation. Did they not ensure immediate invitation to that brilliant canapé of M. de Cazes, which M. Capefigue has not forgotten to celebrate in the last volume of his 'Restauration'? His description might well serve our purpose in exhibiting the seductions to which authors were then, and are still, exposed in France. In his time, indeed, its chief attraction had passed away. Corinne was no longer to be seen seated upon it, twisting, as was her wont, a little roll of paper, to display her still beautiful arms, and addressing the newest convert with her formulary flattery— 'Savez-vous, Monsieur, que vous venez de dire une chose bien profonde?' But there was grouped around it an illustration, such, perhaps, as no other saloon in Europe could have boasted— Auguste de Staël, and his brother-in-law the Duc de Broglie, the most learned of publicists; Guizot, and De Barante, who had done only less for poetry than for history—the translator of Shakspeare and of Schiller; Villemain, 'the French Addison'-the purest certainly of modern French writers, and now, like Addison, a Minister of State; Beaupoil de St. Aulaire-nobleman, diplomatist, historian, whose polished style is an ancestral inheritance—himself among the last types of that old Choiseul School, who loved to combine philosophy and politics-elegance and business-and whose dispatches were never the worse written, that their bons mots had, the night before, been the delight of the little suppers at the Ile Adam. Here also were gathered deputies and professors— Royer Collard and de Gerando-distinguished foreigners of kindred opinions, Schlegel and Sismondi; and latterly, even offended Royalists, like Michaud and Lacretelle. We can imagine a neophyte of M. Capefigue's standing introduced to an assemblage so remarkable. We can imagine how strongly the desire 'laudari a laudatis' must have worked within him. could he, for one moment, have doubted how the praises of those eminent men were to be obtained. There could be no mistake as to the motive which had induced M. Guizot to write a 'History of the Great Rebellion,' and M. Villemain a 'Life of Cromwell.' It was not without a meaning that the fine work of M. de Barante had

had begun with the distracted times of Charles VI. and ended with the reign of Louis XI. Was it not thus enabled to afford a glowing picture of civil agitations, and the meannesses of a feeble monarchy seeking to consolidate and centralize? In a former number we had occasion to remark how exactly the tone of M. de St. Aulaire's 'History of the Fronde' is in accordance with the prospective fortunes of a courtier of the citizen-king. There is commendation in it for none but parliamentarians and conspirators. There is no account made of the talents of Mazarin. He was a minister more unpopular than Polignac. The Duke of Orleans is always represented as right when intriguing against the elder branch, and always wrong when acting for it. He would make it clear that it is the duty of every great lord (as it is his interest) to oppose the unity of power. The defection of Turenne is apologised for, because it is from the king. perhaps, was it the less skilfully extenuated because it might suggest to the liberalism of that day an excuse for, and a parallel to, the apostacy of Ney. The youthful historian, once within the circle of enchantment, with examples of such eminence before him, would not hesitate as to where the materials of his maiden work were to be sought. He would have no misgivings as to its colour, none as to its cast. As M. Capefigue says, 'it was the heyday of panegyric for parliaments, and tribunes, and oppositions! Popularity was only to be obtained upon the condition of ob-struction and resistance to the government.' Alas for historic truth, when such were the seductions to which it was exposed -when fair women and distinguished men thus conspired to tempt and bewilder the historian!

But, to the more ardent and unsettled among M. Capefigue's associates, there was at that time greater fascination in opinions more hardy and advanced, 'I am no more ashamed,' says Southey, 'of having been a republican than I am of having been a boy.' Amidst the scanty fare and miserable poverty of the Quartier Latin, how many a boy was then dazzled with bright visions of crowded drawing-rooms—the brilliant soirées of Casimir Périer or Lafitte! How many a starving student was wont to go to bed believing that he should 'awake famous'-that his republican work had succeeded—and that he too was to bear his part in conversations where Thiers, and Mignet, and Cousin were admired and caressed! The aspiring spirit of old Robert de Sorbonne still haunts the gloomy streets around the noble institution which he founded. Who that ever read Joinville has forgotten the inimitable colloquy between that luckiest of parvenus and the well-born historian-how, one day in the presence of St. Louis the King, Robert asked the Sieur de Joinville whether that

person ought not to be blamed who took a chair higher than his king's? Upon the affirmative answer of Joinville, Robert says to him,- 'Vous êtes donc bien à blâmer quand vous êtes plus richement vêtu que le roi.' 'Je ne suis point à blâmer,' répliqua Joinville à Robert, 'car l'habit que je porte m'a été laissé par mon père et ma mère; mais vous, fils de vilain et de vilaine, vous avez laissé les habits de vos parens pour des étoffes plus fines que celles que porte le roi.' It is the same in the nineteenth as in the thirteenth century. This craving to cast off the condition of the parents is still uppermost in young France as in old. There is not a poor bookworm, who has shivered all day in the Bibliothèque de Ste. Geneviève, who dines at Flicoteaux', because he has been tempted by those painted words in his windows, which flare upon the Place de la Sorbonne, 'Pain à discrétion' (that is, in his grateful interpretation, 'jusqu'à l'indiscrétion')—there is not a famishing student, with a fate before him as sad as that of our own Chatterton and Savage, who does not believe in a career full of glory and riches—full of high offices and embassies the smiles of intriguantes, and the friendship of princes. He knows that such has been, and may be again. He adopts the tactics which before have met with success. He attaches himself to an extreme party. He is not ashamed to affix his name to some work like 'L'Histoire de Paris,' or 'Les Crimes des Rois et des Prêtres.' The end is to sanctify the means. He looks forward with sanguine expectation to the new movement which is to lift him into the Chamber and the Ministry. Yet, plain as the handwriting upon the wall is the warning of those who have been what he is, and are what he would be,

'They had a vision of their own;
—Ah, why did they undo it?'

What can be so instructive as the comparison between the deaths of Cuvier and Casimir Périer, with which M. Thiers closes his inaugural address to the Academy? What so meaning as his peroration, when it is remembered that it came from the then prime minister of France,—'I say it unaffectedly before you—Happy is that career which ends in a grave like Cuvier's, and which is covered at its close by the eternal laurels of science!' It is another generation which repeats the dying truth of Danton, 'better be a poor fisherman than a ruler over men.'

It is not without especial relation to M. Capefigue that we have hitherto been writing. We have been unsparing in our censure of the 'Original Sin'—the extravagant party spirit—(or, to use the truer word, the clique spirit) which deforms History in France, because it has spoiled in him the promise of a true historian. If any author could have hoped to remain long exempt

from that influence so fatal to independence, M. Capefigue ought to have been that author. Singular exception!—his first publication belonged to no school, no party, no sect whatever. We have also dwelt at the greater length upon the temptations which the fascinations of French society and the patronage of French statesmen afford (fascinations and patronage conditional always upon the adoption of particular opinions) because we should otherwise have despaired to account to our readers for any identity between the candid historian of the Restoration and the party pamphleteer of the life of Louis XV. It is to his earliest work alone that there could be affixed the quaint title-page of Pietro Arctino- per divina grazia, uomo libero.' But his first task was perilous, even for genius the most daring and delicate, even for tact the most mature. The history of a man's own time has often been attempted, and once only been achieved. The failures of great men, like Clarendon and Sully-of clever men, like Burnet and de Retz, only serve to enhance the memory of the greater Athenian who succeeded. But, like Thucydides, M. Capefigue was ani-

mated in his enterprise by a passage in his early life.

It will be remembered that towards the end of June, 1815, when the news of the Battle of Waterloo had reached the south of France, the royalists in that part of the country gave themselves up to excesses which the example of their adversaries, some twenty years before, had so terribly provoked. It is a melancholy thought, that whatever party be uppermost in France, its triumph is always celebrated with the same appalling ferocity. Her mood is always as vulgar as Childe Harold represented it. She must always 'get drunk with blood to vomit crime.' The butcheries of the Abbaye, of the Midi, of the Cloître S. Méry, go to prove that there is, in this respect, no distinction among Republican, Legitimist, or Orleanist. The saturnalia of the restoration were full of horror. It was on the 25th of June that the insurrection broke out at Marseilles. It spread like wildfire among the ardent population of the surrounding country, who had always detested Buonaparte. At Avignon a marshal of France was murdered in cold blood, although he had the passport of an English admiral-and that admiral Lord Exmouth. Here is M. Capefigue's description of Marseilles, 'like a town taken by assault':-

^{&#}x27;The carnage lasted all that night, and the whole of the next day, the 26th. Half-pay officers, soldiers, all who were even suspected of having belonged to the army, were pursued like wild beasts. They were hewed to pieces with the sabre and the bayonet. Some refugee Mamelukes, the remnants of the Egyptian campaign, were equally put to death. Their wives and children were massacred at the very door of a house where the poor wretches were about to escape from the fury of their butchers,

butchers, who despatched them from a distance with their rifles. The most considerable of all the victims was a gentleman of education, capacity and honour, much respected in Marseilles, M. Anglés Capefigue. He had been the friend of Massena, of Barras, and of other eminent men of the republic and empire. Some time military prefect in Italy, he had retired to his native city. His crime in the eyes of his assassins was his friendship with the Marshal Brune during his stay at Marseilles. Melancholy to relate, this individual, so mild, so inoffensive, was wounded in fifty places, dragged into a stable behind his own house, and there repeatedly stabbed to death. His mother might have heard the cries of the victim; and—myself—I loved him with all the love of a child. How often, when quite little, had I been taken by him to the sea shore, to look upon the mighty waves, and to play with the sparkling sands! Thus, scarcely in the world, I learned to detest all factions, and to curse all extremes.

Can there be a stronger instance of the intensity of French party spirit, of its wide range, and extraordinary power, than that M. Capefigue should have become not only a partizan historian, but the most violent partizan of those very opinions in the triumph of which he had been so cruelly bereaved? The young writer who a few years ago so ingenuously recorded his hatred of extreme opinions, we now find the devoted eulogist of Louis XV., the apologist of all his incestuous intrigues, the sworn champion of each, in turn, among his mistresses. Like a perfect courtier, M. Capefigue has a fair word for them all. He is gay and joyous with Madame de Mailly, over her sparkling Ai. He praises the grace and elegance of Madame de Vintimille. He compares Madame de Chateauroux to Agnes Sorel. He flatters the taste in drawing and costume, the wit, the beauty, the tact, of Madame de Pompadour—as if she were still living, and he an abbé of the time. But, above all, he is enchanted with the artless simplicity and winning naïveté of Madame du Barri. And, as if this were not enough, here is his defence of the Parc aux cerfs. It is in curious juxtaposition with our previous quotation:-

with golden collars—are these things about to appear in the heart of that French court, but lately so refined by gallantry? The Christian idea of female unity—is this henceforth to become the object of raillery and sneer? Yet, such was the time! What bourgeois was there who was rich enough, what financier, who had not his opera mistress and his little establishment? People played at vice, as, at the end of the reign of Louis Quatorze, under Madame de Maintenon, they played at virtue. This debauchery is apparent in every work of the time: the poetry, the painting—all things affect its image. No one seems disquieted at all this filth, thus gnawing into every heart and every institution. The intoxication is universal. Who is there who lifts up his voice to denounce and brand morals so degraded? Consult all that libertine literature—those tales of scandal—those epigrams so blasphemous and prurient!

Louis XV., then, was his age, for his age was personified in him. Timid with women, the king found in his "petite maison" young girls, humble, simple, natural, with whom he could enter, so to speak, into the commonplace of life. His enervate affections soon became disgusted with the mistress, but his heart, naturally tender and expansive, always ministered to her necessities, and prevented her from being degraded into penury."

Thus royal crapulence, when told by a royalist historian, becomes 'expansive philanthropy'! This, at least, beats anything

in Rabelais.

It may not be without amusement to our readers if we continue the contrast between M. Capefigue's first work and his last. We have already awarded him credit, in his 'History of the Restoration,' for independence of intention: but, like many slovenly thinkers, he often mistakes an indiscriminate praise of half measures for impartiality. He is always for expediency and compromise. He lauds to fulsomeness the reign of Louis XVIII., that long-drawn series of ill-placed concessions. favourite ministry is that of M. de Martignac, a poor caricature of one of our own weakest administrations. He laments over the dissolution of the Dessolles cabinet. He is in despair when the influence of the Duc de Cazes declines. He even has his regrets that MM. Périer, Sebastiani, and Foy, were not employed. But the biographer of Louis XV. is of a temper the most directly opposed. As such, he is always for extreme measures—for 'no surrender,' for violence, for 'thorough,'-for the maxim and policy of Strafford. Charles X., whom in his first work he is never tired of condemning, now meets with a long procrastinated pity-'Ce pauvre proscrit aux cheveux blancs!' He is so enamoured of the vices of the grandfather that 'they can atone for the very virtues of the grandson'! The historian of the Restoration had justified the three glorious days. Now let us consult the historian of the old monarchy. Eighty years before 1830, the people of Paris had risen in revolt, with far greater provocations. Its immediate pretext, that Louis XV., to animate his flagging energies, had recourse to baths of infants' blood (the especial derision of M. Capefigue), like all vulgar cries, is only ridiculous in its literal signification. There are few authors, we should imagine, who would not have expressed some compassion for a people thus constrained to symbolise its sufferings,—ground down to the very earth by an authority which assumed to represent the Godhead of Christianity! M. Capefigue shows no such weakness-makes no such allowances-babbles about the right divine as if the reign were that of St. Louis-is scandalised at the 'arrogance of private judgment' on the part of a bankrupt bourgeoisie and a starving canaille. He is all for passive obedience and non-resistance. His sympathies are all with 'the French Guards, Guards, the Swiss Guards, and the two companies of mousquetaires.' His language, during the insurrection, is that of Claverhouse and Dalzell. And when Louis XV., to punish Paris, withdraws himself altogether to Versailles—a filthier Tiberius to a fairer Capreæ—he throws over him a sentimental gloom, a delicate melancholy, a dainty sadness, which he has borrowed from our great English romancer. It is the black cloak of the Master

of Ravenswood on the shoulders of a satyr.

The two books now before us are rife in contradictions yet more remarkable. If the eldest born of M. Capefigue's long progeny of publications impose any principle, it is sure to be transgressed by the youngest of his offspring. There is a Remus who is always mocking, defying, leaping over the limits which a Romulus lays down. For example, after M. de Cazes's retirement, when 'his foot had slipped in the blood of the Duc de Berri,' it is well known that Louis XVIII. surrendered himself to a softer influence. This was exercised to make the monarchy more monarchical. It at length gave some form to the wishes of the Comte d'Artois. It dissolved the second ministry of the Duc de Richelieu. It introduced M. de Villele to affairs. Each of these acts is deplored by M. Capefigue. He sneers at the new Esther employed by a religious party to save the people of God; he bitterly laments that the last days of a patriot king should have been engrossed by measures ever so little anti-popular, or imbued with even a suspicion of intolerance. But, on the other hand, Madame du Barri is almost an Esther. She is a profound thinker, although her language may sayour somewhat of the halle, when she makes Louis XV.'s coffee boil over to illustrate the necessity of his interfering with timely promptitude and instantaneous precipitancy. Her resolution and energy at another time are beyond all praise, when, in M. Capefigue's words,-

'She one day, in a corner of her boudoir, by the side of her parroquet, her Chinese mandarins, and her pet negro, placed a fine and stately Vandyke of Charles I. The king, surprised at so strange a contrast, asked for an explanation, when the youthful favourite exclaimed, with an energy which he had as yet not given her credit for, "Thus, too, will they treat you, Sire, if you let the long-robes have their way."?

But our author's views of statesmen are little less contradictory than his views of favourites. His heroes under the Restoration are all half liberals; his heroes under Louis XV. are all whole absolutists. We have already said that the Duc de Cazes was an especial favourite. Now let us consult M. Capefigue's last judgment upon the Duc de Choiseul—a greater, perhaps, but not a dissimilar character. He is represented as a minister of ill-founded reputation and mischievous ability. Was he not a VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLV.

Jansenist when he should have been a Jesuit—a parliament man when he should have been a king's man? Did he not neglect Voltaire's warning in his letter to him of July 13, 1761, 'that France would always be a noble kingdom, and a terror to its neighbours, if the parliament could only forbear from fiddling with it'? Did he not protect the encyclopedists, and coquet with the economists? Did he not encourage that axiom borrowed from the English philosophers, 'laissez faire—laissez passer;' and because England, which over-produces, clamoured for a market, France was, forsooth, to imitate her? Did he not, with his free-trade theories, break the old national spirit, and destroy the old national wealth? Did he not prepare the way for those principles which were afterwards so fatally carried out in the commercial treaty of 1785—full of detriment, according to M.

Capefigue, to the best interests of France?

Such is our author's estimate of the famous statesman of Louis XV. That, however, must be a singular standard, by the measure of which the Duc de Cazes is exalted into a great man, and the Duc de Choiseul dwindled into a small man. Nor is it only in a judgment passed upon ministers of easy temperament and yielding opinions, that M. Capefigue, biographer, and M. Capefigue, historian, are at issue. They are quite as much at variance in their verdict upon politicians of more unbending character. Thus Prince Jules de Polignac is blamed because he signed ordinances intended to strengthen the prerogative. Thus the chancellor Maupéon is extolled because he signed ordinances intended to have a similar effect. The first scheme is censured as blind and desperate obstinacy; the second is praised as bold and comprehensive wisdom. But there is not only no difference in the two schemes, but we cannot help thinking that we can trace a family likeness between them. When Louis XV. commanded the Parliaments to come to him at Versailles, instead of his going to them at Paris, in order that he might thereby give still greater effect to the ordinance to which we have alluded when, on a raw December day, he received the councillors of France in the hall of his gardes du corps—the little child upon his left hand was the Comte d'Artois. It must have been a memorable holiday for him. The whole court was ringing with praises of his grandfather. He must have heard him raised far above Louis Quatorze, who, in all the plenitude of his power, had never ventured on so bold a step-high above Cromwell, who only interfered with legislation, but did not dare to interfere with justice. It would be wrong to estimate this flattery at its real worth, in considering its influence upon a youthful prince. It probably sunk deep into his heart, always alive to imaginative impressions.

impressions. It is probably from that day we must date his untoward predisposition to extremities and violence. 'The child is father of the man.'

But to return to M. Capefigue. We have sufficiently exposed the inconsistency which his rôle of independent and his rôle of partizan had induced. We will now do him the justice to advert to an opinion in which he has always been consistent—his hatred of Great Britain. In all his multitudinous works he has lost no opportunity of exhibiting the most persevering animosity against We are the less surprised at its intensity, because, like most dislikes, it is founded in ignorance. We might pass over such mistakes as his calling Sir Robert Walpole 'Comte de Walpoole' in 1735, seven years before he was made an earl, and then, Earl of Orford. We might forgive him for falling into a like mistake about Henry Fox, and designating him Earl of Holland, and prime minister! We might even not resent his confounding two ministers so remarkable as George Grenville and Lord Granville; although we wonder what M. Capefigue would think of an English historian who should imagine that Guise and Guiche were the same name. But, when in our own time, and of our own contemporaries, he can advance such statements as the following,- Mr. Whitbread could not support the glory of Waterloo; he cut his throat,'-we are no longer astonished at his abhorrence of England, when he can attribute such motives to English gentlemen.

But our historian ascribes another effect to Waterloo. gravely informs us that, immediately after the battle, our countrywomen all took their daughters to Paris. For what?-To buy a bonnet-to hear Grassini-to dine at Very's-to get a peep at Talleyrand? For nothing half so trivial. 'To get married and established. The Parisians saw with astonishment these young ladies alone at the restaurateurs'-those Englishmen taking ices on horseback at Tortoni's; in a word, ce monde fashionable et

comfortable which has since been everywhere imitated.'

Our readers will after this be prepared for the announcement that Lord Castlereagh's singleness of purpose—his courage—his capacity for business—his fine and commanding person—were all of no avail to him in the House of Commons-were all marred by his unfortunate Scottish accent! M. Capefigue knew that Stewart was a Scottish name, and that Mr. Thomas Moore had ridiculed Lord Castlereagh's eloquence.

M. Capefigue is evidently proud of his intimate acquaintance with England; he is perpetually alluding to our domestic habits, our local legends, our family traditions; he is for ever talking about those 'jeunes ladys' who came upon the Continent to effect a change in their domestic manners, and bring in that 'love of cottages!! so characteristic of old England.' When he wants to tell us that the Comte de Charolais was, like a true Bourbon, a great sportsman, he calls him a French Robert Wood. At another time he assures us that the French House of Mesnard is of the same origin as the Maynards, peers of England; that their motto, 'Pro Deo et Rege,' is the same; and then, warming into a fine enthusiasm, exclaims, 'Well do the English Maynards deserve their motto, for the head of that house perished on the scaffold for Charles the First!' Now, not only is there no connexion between the families-not only is Lord Maynard's motto 'Manus justa nardus,' and not ' Pro Deo et Rege'-but our readers will agree with us that our author has more of the nardus than of the manus justa, and that he has laid it on pretty thick, since the truth is—that no Maynard was beheaded during our great rebellion! Here is a fact: Tippoo Saïb would have annihilated the English but for-the French Revolution! Now for a date: George III. had been, he tells us, 'en dehors des affaires depuis la Reine Anne.' But what was our consternation on finding, from a foot-note, that M. Capefigue has been selected to write the article 'George the Third' in a Biographical Dictionary? This ought to be the same publication as that in which M. Villemain represents Lord Byron as the bosom friend of Abyssinian Bruce.

But, if M. Capefigue be thus frequently persuaded into errors by his carcless credulity, he is not less often impelled into them by his eager animosities. He actually imputes our zeal for the abolition of slavery to a desire to foster our free-labour sugar in Hindostan:—'The English school had as yet none of those fits of philanthropy which have seized it since its vast establishments in India and its sugar-plantations of Bengal.' It would be in vain to make any author ashamed of mere anachronisms who, when out of temper, beheads a royalist; or who, when in a good humour, ascribes to George III. a life as long as that of Parr. But an author who is perpetually alluding to the Genevan school might have heard of friends of Dumont who were emancipationists before these, our experiments of yesterday. This, however, is only charging us with hypocrisy. His gravest accusation is to come. Commercial Carthage was perfidious. Modern England is commercial. In M. Capefigue's logic she is therefore necessarily perfidious. He assumes it as notorious and incontrovertible that she wittingly connived at Buonaparte's escape from Elba. Surely this ought to have shaken Mr. Alison's faith in an authority which that eloquent writer too often quotes. But it

ought

ought more especially to have done so when he found the French historian repeating all the nonsense of 1815, in relation to Ney's execution. Why, if we were to write history upon this principle, that commanders are responsible for the deeds of governments not their own, La Galisonnière was the real murderer of Byng, and De Contades the real author of Lord George Sackville's disgrace.

We are now, however, going to be as inconsistent as M. Capefigue. We have hitherto been obliged invariably to censure him—to consider him as a sort of Gallic Wraxall—

' Misquoting, misstating, Misplacing, misdating.'

It now remains for us in fairness to acknowledge that his works, if we do not try them by too high a standard, possess merits which in some measure atone for their defects. We can see in them many reasons to justify their popularity in France. We can see much, even if we look upon them as entire fiction, to make us desire that they were hid under the sofas of our countrywomen rather than such a caricature of Clarissa Harlowe as 'Mathilde,' or such atrocious grotteschi as 'Les Mystères de Paris.' They are not, it is true, to be depended upon, but the author is never dishonest with himself. They are evidently thrown off by impulse. They are written in a quick and off-hand manner—their style is a 'style parlant.' They are to regular history what the improvvisatore is to the regular historian. Like his, the narrative is extempore. Like his, too, it is introduced with all the charm and circumstance of personal allusion. M. Capefigue tells us how he meditated on the character of Philip II. amidst the stately gloom of the Escurialhow he talked to Talleyrand at the very corner of the mantelpiece where Alexander had leaned—how he planned the scheme of his 'Charlemagne' in the antique streets of Nuremburg-how he hung upon the lips of Metternich at Vienna! And all this is done appositely—out of the fulness of his heart, not out of self-consideration, nor to enhance his own importance. He is too eager, too impatient, too much in earnest for that. He is borne away by his subject, and flings himself into the time which he describes. 'J'aime,' he says, 'à vivre avec un tems tout entier.' He is guilty of no anachronisms as far as his feelings are concerned. These are always correct, and in accordance with the time. We can almost see him crossing himself as he sets forth on his solemn pilgrimage, with Hugues Capet, and his retinue of barons. We can almost imagine him among the infuriate crowd on that night of St. Bartholomew which he defends. We can almost witness his spiteful yet well-bred delight over the latest pasquinade upon our William III. Nor are any of the accessories of his

glowing pictures neglected—he spares no pains to give life and distinctness to his impressions. Newspapers—pamphlets—prints—an epigram on a duchess—the shout of a mob—he presses them all into his service. His notes are always delightful: full of noëls, gossips, scandal, and 'chansons de circonstance.' The Cynthia of the minute never escapes him. Is a lady—what lady is not?—curious about her dress, let her consult his elaborate description of a coquette's toilette under Louis XV. Is a dandy eager to kill time?—he may profit by the day of a merveilleux in 1760. And while the Darteneuf of the day is at dinner, let him learn from M. Capefigue to be grateful to that Monsieur de Béchamel, who immortalised his name by a plat—and was the first to ice his champagne!

But, in the midst of all these frivolities, and in a contrast to them which gives it all the funereal effect of a sermon of Bossuet to flippant pages and tawdry courtesans, M. Capefigue breaks

out in a strain thus full of warning and of thought:-

'The upper classes support bad principles with ease, in the first place because they are more enlightened, and in the second place because they have more than their proportion. But the lower classes remain long impregnated with evil. It has the effect upon them which corruption has on metal. It leaves a deep trace behind. It had now become no longer in men's power to moralize the multitude. There was no longer to the preacher a spell in his eloquence, no longer to religion its consoling mysteries. The people were left to the "Système de la Nature," and to the "Contrat Social." Those fatal blasphemies, those indelicacies so obscene, which made the enervate gentleman only smile, made the poor man gnash his teeth. He began to ask for a better place beneath that sun which shone for all. Religion had said to him: "The equality of the grave is for another world. Few rich men will be saved." There was in this a compensation for the miserable existence of workman and of labourer—but when this faith was taken from them, they rushed towards another equality—and their awakening was terrible indeed.'

But when the atonement is accomplished, our author's sympathies return. He was obliged to point out in what a 'terrible awakening' all the gay infidelity and sprightly scepticism of supping Marquises were to end. A literary La Roche Jacquelin, he does not the less hesitate to rank himself by their side in their misfortunes and decline. Here is his profession of attachment to a cause which he professes to consider as hopelessly fallen. We give it in the original, because it is a fair specimen of our author's style:—

'On trouvera peut-être que je me suis passionné pour la vieille histoire de ces gentilshommes qui jettent leur dernier éclat à l'époque de Louis Louis XV., c'est qu'un sentiment triste et mélancolique me saisit au cœur lorsque j'ai à parler de la décadence et de la mort d'une grande chose. Oui—la noblesse fit la France, son esprit, sa croyance, ce sentiment d'honneur qui nous créa une grande nation; elle donna son sang, ses terres à la patrie; tandis que la bourgeoisie se rachetait, égoïste, par quelques tailles, les gentilshommes et les paysans marchaient fièrement aux batailles; il y a plus qu'on ne croît de sympathie entre ces deux

forces de la société, l'aristocratie et le peuple.

'Au moins, on ne m'accusera pas en faisant l'éloge de cette noblesse qui est morte, d'encenser les choses qui vivent et qui donnent; il y a du profit aujourd'hui à se faire l'écrivain de la bourgeoisie, à dire qu'elle est grande, qu'elle est forte, et que le tiers état va régénérer l'espèce humaine. Moi, je m'attache à ce qui n'est plus; je m'imagine que lorsque le patriciat mourut à Rome, ce fut une belle chose que d'écrire l'histoire de ces grandes familles qui avaient fait de Rome le monde. Ces familles tombèrent, mais au moins les Romains, à l'époque de leur décadence, rappelaient les images des ancêtres, et nous, nous avons effacé jusqu'à l'empreinte des vieux tems.'

ART. IV.—1. College Life, or the Proctor's Note-Book. By J. Hewlett, M.A., late of Worcester College, Oxford; author of 'Peter Priggins,' 'The Parish Clerk,' &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1843.

 The Student-Life of Germany. By William Howitt, from the unpublished MS. of Dr. Cornelius, &c. 8vo. London, 1841.

3. The English Universities, from the German of V. A. Huber.
An abridged translation, edited by Francis W. Newman.
3 vols. 8vo. London, 1843.

COLLEGE LIFE' for a title-page, is at once an order into every circulating library of Oxford and Cambridge, and of every intermediate institution claiming the collegiate title between those venerable sisters and Gower-street. School-boys smack their lips at the foretaste of their freedom; apprentices pant for the sprees' and fooleries which they hope to ape; homely fathers and serious mothers, doubtful as to the destination of their hopefuls, think to gain some new hints from the perusal; sisters long to know how their idle brother and his agreeable friend can possibly spend the whole day at lectures; every breast, in short, in which hope, memory, imagination, or curiosity, finds a place rejoices at the announcement, and determines to possess itself of the published mysteries of 'College Life.'

Had these volumes been written, as we believe some of this author's previous works profess to be, by a college-scout (and we

have in our library a far more interesting volume really so composed) we might have allowed them to pass away with the yearly crowd of three-volumed novels which are regularly contracted for at so much per sheet to meet the periodical demand of circulating libraries and country book-clubs. But when a book carries in its title-page not only the Christian and surname of the author, but his degree and college, and comes moreover before the public, ushered in with no ordinary prelude of approbation, we are bound, for the credit of the university it professes to represent, and of the public whose applause it challenges while it forestalls it, to see

that its promises are not altogether wind and vapour.

Our 'M. A., late of Worcester College,' expresses his fear of the severity of the critics on the exuberance of his humour; and therefore it will be well at once to premise that this is not the fault we find with him. It is not the breadth, but the scantness of humour of which we have to complain. There are, indeed, scattered through the pages a number of *italicised* puns, some specimens of which we may present to our readers; there are also many drunken scenes—the best written in the book; but where to look for that genuine fun which paid-for paragraphs in newspapers have advertised as rivalling the humour of Sterne, Swift, Smollett, Fielding, and Hook, we are at an utter loss.

'College Life' is no single three-tomed story, but consists of some half-dozen tales, professedly held together by a proctor's note-book, which, however, is soon clumsily forgotten, the proctor himself being introduced, why or wherefore it is impossible to say,

by a musty quotation pompously ticketed 'Shakspeare,' as 'A man, take him for all in all,

We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

We hope not. Anything more hopelessly absurd than the account of himself, his illness, and his cure, we never read. It may be enough to give the sentence with which the man, restored by a

dose of port wine, dismisses his doctor and nurse:-

'The guinea, the diurnal guinea, you have pocketed for starving me, and depriving me of the little enjoyments of life, will amply compensate for the expense of setting up a parcel of nonsense that ought to be put down. I beg you will leave me, Dr. Gallipot Galen. I would be alone with my friend. Remove that horrible creature, that feminine myrmidon of yours, with yourself.'

'The parcel of nonsense that ought to be put down' may perhaps be observable enough; we fancy it includes the 'exuberant humour' of such a name as Dr. Gallipot Galen—who, of course, 'enters the room with cane, broad-brim, and wig' on every occasion—talks of 'antiphlogistics and phlebotomy,' &c. &c. In an equally original strain is every character in

the book introduced. Each is the cut-and-dry representative of a class. Every 'Don' is pompous and portly, every tutor pedantic and lean, every parson prosy and wine-bibbing, every freshman 'green,' every reading man 'slow,' every hunting man 'fast,' all barbers write all impositions, all tradesmen cheat, all scouts steal, the nurse and the lawyer are the old conventionalities, and so on from the beginning to the end of the chapters, wherein Mr. Voluble talks, the Miss Thrillingtons (all but one) sing, Mr. Querulus Grumps grumbles, Mr. Freeliver elopes, while the accomplishments taught by Messrs. Tightpump and Thrumpstring may almost be guessed from the quiet irony of the nomenclature.

We had made a slight sketch of the hero and heroine of the principal story; but perhaps the following very natural, elegant, and affectionately domestic dialogue will best tell its tale for ourselves and the author:—

"Where can Monimia be, my dears?" inquired their mamma. "I should wish to introduce her to Mr. Luckless, who will then be made acquainted with us all—all who are at home, for my eldest son, Mr. Luckless, is in Leicestershire, and my second with his regiment in Ireland; where is Monimia, my dears?"

"In the library, of course," said the eldest.

"Or in the hothouse, studying botany," said Cecilia.

"Or serving up soup to the poor, or some such thing: she is so

very odd," said Miss Polymnia. . . .

"And she does read so, and work such beautiful things, and never dances hardly," said little Miss Terpsichore; for which she got chided by a "Hush, child," from her mamma, and "Terpsichore, my love! how can you?" from the elder sisters."

With this natural prelude in glides our heroine (the unsinging one). 'She was not perhaps strictly beautiful [no heroines nowadays are so], but what is usually termed a handsome girl.'

"" Luckless, this is my sister Monimia. Do not be surprised if she lectures you, for she is one of those who say just what they think with-

out reserve or flattery," said Octavus.

'Monimia, leaving her brother, walked up to his friend, and holding out her hand to him, "Indeed, sir," said she, "we all owe you a deep debt of gratitude; for we shall perhaps be allowed to enjoy our breakfast-parlour without being snothered with the perfume of the stable, and our breakfast without being overwhelmed with the praises of Miss Daisycutter, and a vivid description of the difference between spavins, windgalts, glanders, and farcy."

Delicate soul! Her words how redolent of Araby the blest! How can we wonder that the misnamed Luckless hears more music in her conversation than in all her sisters' polaccas?

The dinner is succeeded of course by ' some fine old port.'

^{&#}x27; Luckless

'Luckless liked the port and its importer, Mr. Thrillington. "The Governor" was highly delighted with Luckless, and told him so. "I like you, young man," said he,' &c. &c.

and the conversation in the dining-room turns upon turnpike roads. Meanwhile the ladies in the drawing-room discuss the stranger.

"I hope—I do hope he sings," exclaimed Polymnia, clasping her hands and looking up to the ceiling, as if it could tell whether he did sing or not; "he will make such a useful third, now No. 2 is in Ireland."

"" He won't sing," said Monimia. . . . Like me, perhaps, he has heard so much of it that he is sick of it."

" Sick! how vulgar, Monny!" said mamma.

"Emetically inclined, then," said the odd daughter, smiling. "And now I will, having said my say, by the express command of my brother Octavus, retire to my room."

That there is some deep mystery in our hero's abhorrence of sweet sounds may well be conjectured. He has already been once repulsed from the drawing-room by the sound of music, but he essays to make his entrance again—

'He had just opened the door, when the first notes of "Blow soft, ye winds" struck upon his tympanum, and he saw at a glance that the three syrens were ready to out-blow the soft winds which they were invoking "to draw it mild." He bolted, therefore, as Miss Terpsichore described it, and, meeting a footman in the hall, desired him to show him to the library and bring lights.'

Cool, agreeable, and polite for a man who had not been in the house six hours, and had come to spend the vacation as a friend of the family. While he is engaged in surveying the library—

"Can I assist you in your search?" said a sweet sonorous voice.
Luckless turned quickly round, and saw Monimia half-sitting, half-

lying, deeply ensconced in the large leathern chair.'

We cannot undertake to trace out step by step the course of love in these two interesting persons; but it would be wrong

not to give Miss Monimia's sensations in her own words to her brother:—

"I confess it. A fortnight's intimacy with a handsome young man, endowed with talents, and exhibiting feelings above ordinary mortals, is likely to make a girl like myself anxious to learn who and what he is."'

The only breaks in the even current of their loves are that the hero gets drunk—all our author's favourites do get drunk—and that the heroine horrifies him by the mention of Shakspeare. He allows himself to be bullied by her elder brother; goes out hunting,

and

and breaks a thigh in trying to save Monimia; is laid up at Thrillington Manor, and 'spliced' (sic in orig.)—heaven help him—in due course of time. Thus humorously does our author conclude:—

The compact was sealed, of course,—and I am not going to break the seal under which compacts ought to be concealed for the gratification of impertinent curiosity.

We had nearly forgotten to say that the whole secret of our hero's abhorrence of music, is that his mother was an actress!

Our readers must long ago have had more than enough of the sickening nonsense of which these volumes are composed, and may have thought ours a very unnecessary task in caring to expose their vulgarity and inanity; but when the concocter of such balderdash actually sets up for a popular author, claims the station of a gentleman, the degree of a scholar (we hope not the office of a clergyman, for there is nothing in the title-page or volume that indicates it), and threatens to inflict upon the public a continuation of his lucubrations, it is high time to put a check to the impudence of the nuisance.

There is but one subject in which, as we have already hinted, anything like truth or humour breaks out,—that is in describing scenes of drunkenness. We suppose it would be no compliment to say that our author here is evidently 'at home.' We will charitably hope that his experience does not go beyond that of 'assisting' as a spectator; but as this condition, unfortunately, requires no great labour to achieve, so neither does it demand any great talent to describe the stuttering lips and stammering

formulæ of intoxication.

But we have a much heavier charge against the author of 'College Life' than the mere dullness of his pages. It is the utterly false picture of English academic life which he has held up to those who are strangers to our noble universities. The stories, indeed, profess to be laid at a period some years back, but when we have 'men' running up to London by the Great Western, and the last fashion of neckcloths and pins accurately described, we may suppose that the writer's reminiscences are not intended to be very distant.

We have the more reason to complain because it was no barren field that lay open before him. College life might have furnished many a sad and joyous scene without descending into its low and lamentable excesses, which are but the few lingering remnants of a by-gone state of society, having nothing peculiarly collegiate about them, and least of all characteristic of the spirit of Oxford at the present time. Perhaps the worst symptom of the state of collegiate feeling that we know, is that it has been

possible

possible for one man to tread the walks of the City of Colleges, and pass through the usual routine of her exercises, without bringing away in his heart one pious feeling of reverence and regard which every affectionate son must cherish for the very stonework of her halls and cloisters. His must be a poor spirit indeed who can look back upon the earnest and hopeful days that opened life and the world to him, amid buildings, and studies, and associations, that spoke rather of a world gone by and a life to come, and could find in them nothing but a theme of vulgar debauchery and senseless riot. A good man has other retrospections. There is indeed a fearful array of things done that ought not to have been done, of things left undone that ought to have been donethe dark gulfs of sin, the barren strands of idleness: but there are bright and sunny spots, too, which his memory more readily fixes on, and he would gladly welcome such merry hours and unselfish feelings to his heart again. There are thousands of men who neither cared nor compassed to make the university the stepping-stone to future eminence, who in scholastic honour owe it little and gave it less, and who yet regard their college life as the source of all that is best and brightest within them, and who would rather that their right-hand should forget its cunning than they not remember their educational Sion. talks of the thraldom of pupilage, and the bigotry of passive obedience, but there are few who have undergone the discipline where these things are supposed to be most rife who will not acknowledge that they there enjoyed a freedom of thought and action which they have never since known, and that their real liberty was then only lost when it broke into the vain-glorious licence of mocking at those forms and proprieties which are indeed necessary as the framework of academic discipline, but far more valuable as tests of the spirit of those subjected to it.

It is doubtless not good for man to be independent; but it is the struggle of life to become so, and it may be well once to have felt its insufficiency. College, little as each thinks so at the time, gives the trial; and when once your back is turned on the University, the world will never let you 'sport your oak' again. If, indeed, a man hears compulsion—which God grant he may not—in the sound of a chapel-bell, if he thinks it a badge of servitude to know that a dinner is found him every day at a fixed hour without his ordering it—that one hour a-day must be devoted to a chorus of Sophocles, another to a satire of Juvenal—if these things be irksome to his free-will, then indeed we wish him all joy through the impediments and turmoils of after-life—but we

The thraldom of college-life! Ask the rising statesman, who

hardly think he will find it.

ten years ago crowned the labours of many days and nights with the highest honours that Oxford had to bestow, what he would give to exchange the routine of Downing Street, the settling of tariffs, and the reception of dull deputations, for a quiet hour over the 'Phædo,' or a temperate and cheerful supper-party of Eton friends;—ask him if he can proclaim in St. Stephen's the same genuine and unfettered opinions by which he gained hearts and votes in the Union Debating Society. Nor is it only in the ambitious court, or the busy mart, that men long for the retired leisure of the pale cloister. Good Richard Hooker, when called from a coze with his old pupils to rock the cradle, is not the only quiet man who has sighed in 'the thorny wilderness of a busy world' for the peaceful tranquillity and independence of a collegelife, and found it ill-exchanged for 'the corroding cares that attend

a married priest and a country parsonage.'*

At college the first view of the wide world of literature is gained. The dry dull tasks of the school-room have a new light thrown on them by illustrations drawn from every source of modern science and philosophy. Words become things. The task is now a study. There lies open the 'Odyssey'-no longer the bugbear of a Friday's repetition, but replete with life, and arts, and manners-a treasure trove of all we wish to know of the feasts, the games, the gardens, and even the dogs and horses, of men whom we call Heroes; and we can hardly believe it to be the same book that, a year ago, was only a jumbled mass of dialects and digammas, of moods and tenses. We have heretofore only skimmed the surface—we are now diving deep, and bringing up goodly pearls. In place of the puzzling and wearisome 'Father of History,' we find Mandeville's Travels and Arabian Night stories edited by a philosopher and man of the world in Ionic Greek. We hear the bulbul trill amid the olive-groves of Colonus -read an Athenian 'Punch' in the pages of Aristophanes-and find a depth 'deeper still' than Goethe's Faust in the choruses of the Agamemnon. Modern history and politics start forth from the hitherto dark pages of Thucydides; and Buckland's and Daubeny's lectures throw light upon the Alps of Livy, and the Nile of Herodotus. Turn into the High Street, and there walks a living commentator! Look at the rich store of modern literature on Parker's table: and here comes in the writer of that volume you have just laid down. You order books by the half-dozen; and cut open a new 'Quarterly' of your own.

What a new and inexhaustible mine of intellectual wealth opens before the freshman! To view the countless volumes of the Bodleian (for it is Oxford with which we have now to do),

[·] Walton's Life of Hooker.

to study the marbles, the pictures, the prints, the coins, scattered through the colleges, or collected in the public galleries—the curious relics of Tradescant and Ashmole—the modern contributions of the Duncans-to read the hundred notices that overlay the walls of the Schools of lectures and readings by noted men on every tongue from Sanscrit to Anglo-Saxon, and on every subject from Pastoral Theology to Agricultural Chemistry—is enough to overwhelm, by the embarrassment of its riches, the zeal of the most promising and ardent student, And well indeed will it be that he reserve all but a cursory glance at these things till he attain the dignified ease of bachelorship; at starting he must hardly dare to look around him; the highest grade will only be reached by daily prompt attention to the things under his feet. But still there are deep and holy associations around him which will rivet rather than distract his thoughts. He cannot tread the quadrangle of Wolsey, the cloisters of Laud, enter Johnson's chamber, or Addison's walk, nay, hardly hear the 'mighty Tom,' or stand on the site of old Bocardo, without remembering that he is under a severe and long-tried system, whose fruits have more than answered the expectations of its founders, that has trained up men, not merely for the flashy popularity of a day, nor even to stamp a character on the age in which they lived, but whose works, and yet more, whose principles live after them and survive the wreck of many intervening changes. Proud as is the array of poets, and statesmen, and scholars, whose memorials crowd the college-walls, it is not so much the ambition which these inspire that is expedient and valuable to the student, as the feeling that he is one of a large and devoted family who on that spot from age to age have striven, not as 'where all run but one obtaineth the prize,' but rather running the race that is set before them in that course where competitors are not antagonists, and where our own success disallows rather than implies the defeat of our fellows. A Churchman of Churchmen, in its unpolemical and catholic sense, the young student who surrenders himself up to the genius loci will at once imbibe that spirit which is of itself the best of all educations, while it is at the same time the best preparation for seriously pursuing the enjoined studies of the place; and while he utterly renounces the affectation of an independent line of his own, he will not less resolutely eschew the slavery of calling any one man master, or be seduced by the fascinations which will too often be held out to him to escape from his individual insignificance in the notoriety which is not the least of the temptations to extreme partizanship.

We will then take for granted the regular and systematic life

of the undergraduate-body and

'Heart, that with rising morn arise,'

the chapel and lecture duly attended, the fixed reading-hours daily kept, the college-prize, the poem, the essay, the university scholarship successively gained, and last of all when, with choking throat and swimming eye, he reads his own name on the yet damp paper that records it, it may be twice, in 'Classis I. candidatorum,' &c.—he does not heed the rest; and, as he rushes with his two friends to his room to save the day's post, he feels the Athenian elasticity of mind and body,

διὰ λαμπροτάτου βαίνοντες άβρῶς αἰθέρος,

—in that chorus he had construed so well,—to be, despite the climate of the Isis, a realised truth. And of those two letters, one is not for home. And little did they dream, who knocked hard and often at his 'oak' in vain, and taunted him with his unflinching work, that there lay beside that heavy folio, as he read, in a little circlet of gold, a bright and living charm—the morning-star of his hopes and memory—that cheered him in his course, and lightened his labour, and made him never feel alone, and, when his task was done, sent him forth on his way rejoicing. He had worked for her, and wanted now no jovial supper-party of his friends to offer their congratulations. And yet, perhaps, there was still a crowning joy, when, as he ascended the rostrum of the Theatre, one smiling face in that bright parterre of beauty made him feel that his locket was a daub.

Have any of our readers not been present at an Oxford Commemoration? Then they have missed, certainly one of the most imposing and inspiring sights that England has to boast of. all times is the scene in the Theatre a grand one,—the unique and graceful form of the building, the tier above tier of living beings, every one of whom can see and—no less advantage—be seen, the bright eyes and gay colours below, the loud voices and dark costume above, the picturesque academic dresses of those who throng the area, are enough to make even an ordinary Commemoration an uncommon scene,-but when, on the late installation, the organ sounded as the procession entered the south door, announcing the Duke's approach, the enthusiasm that burst from the assembly was-let us use the true word-awful. Men trembled as they cheered. And he, who perhaps has passed through more moving accidents of field and state than any mortal man, acknowledged that the thrill of that moment outweighed the emotions of a life.

Scarcely less thrilling was that deferential and imposing silence which, on the understood wishes of the Queen, reigned on a late memorable occasion in the Senate-house of Cambridge.

Perhaps

Perhaps it is a prescriptive right of John Bull to take occasion periodically to shout out unwelcome truths, and no doubt there is something to be said in its defence; but now that election mobs are curtailed to a seventh of their old privilege, it may be as well to hint to Oxford undergraduates that something might be subtracted from the boisterous clamour in which, on great occasions, they are sometimes pleased to indulge. Indeed, of late years, the noise in the Theatre has become an intolerable nuisance, and marred the whole character of the scene; and we wonder not that the sister University justly prides herself on a conduct so much more congenial to royal nerves.* Cambridge has ever been more courtly; Oxford more loyal; but it may be suggested that Royalty in its full effulgence has not yet put to the test the Roleighs of the Isis.

The Commemoration is one of the oases in college-life. The concert, the ball, the cricket-match, the boat-races, the flower-show, the private luncheon party, and the public dinner, are agreeable interruptions to the routine of academic studies, but make sad havoc among college fellowships. And what episodes of after-life can compare with the Nuneham water-party, where bursars pull, and deans and censors steer, and the rivalship is not which boat has the stoutest crew, but which bears the fairest burden; or the drive to Blenheim, when tutors ride by the side of carriages and talk Waverley novels with their pupils' sisters; or the reading-party in the long vacation, when undergraduates discover that masters of arts can actually dance and sing, and that their own better tie and whiter gloves have little influence in the eyes of the fair Cambrian, who has made up her mind

'To claim the triumph of a lettered heart.'

After these things the pilgrimage to Isley or Cumnor is dull, and there is little to break in upon the monotony of the term, save the geological riding-lectures of Buckland or Sedgwick, the discursive instruction of the Ashmolean, or the instructive vagaries of the Camden.

We have no intention of entering upon the wide subject of university studies: our present road lies rather through the bypaths of collegiate life. The real virtue, indeed, of these studies is still as little known by the generality as it was an hundred years ago. Not one in fifty, even of those who have most profited

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^{*} The following amusing extract is from the farewell speech of the Senior Proctor, Mr. Hildyard of Christ's College, Cambridge, alluding to the late royal visit:—'Nec vocem interea importunam nec murmur nec susurrum ex tanto hominum juvenumque concursu, nisi semel fortasse iteratumque "Vivat Regina," "Vivat Princeps," audire erat. Oh omni plausu majus silentium! Oh singularem juventutis ardentis continentiam! ch diem albo lapillo notandum; Iside in certamen modestiæ et reverentiæ provocatà, Granta victrix.'

by them, could give the true reasons of their excellence; and had the public been the arbitrator on the battle of words respecting them, they had long ago been overthrown. The dogged vis inertiæ of conservatism, or rather the imperturbable consciousness of being right, though without the power of proving it, has saved (as indeed most of our greatest blessings have in like manner been saved) our University system. But this is but a small part of collegiate education. Professors or lecturers may form the

scholar-they cannot make the man.

The 'manners,' in the classical and Wykamist sense, which distinguish the collegian in after-life, spring from the cricket-ground and the wine-party-the gallop over Bullington, and the 'constitutional' up Headington—the tumultuous mixture of discordant minds—the quiet converse of kindred ones—far more than from any system of public teachers or private tutors. Even our great schools fail, of themselves, to give that knowledge of self which college imparts. Here physical superiority finds its reign over; rank, without any undue assumption, regains much that it had lost; and a sixth-form schoolboy is not a little astonished to find Individual mind, which had been his fags becoming his masters. stifled under the conventional tyranny of school, comes into fair play; and never again has pure and upright conduct the same clear stage or the same vast influence. At school and in the world each is too prone to follow the multitude to do evil: perhaps he can hardly help, in a measure, so doing. Here, as never before or again, a free path is left him-here is given him the Herculean choice; and if the temptations to evil are profuse and near at hand, never does the road to virtue lie so straight and unencumbered before him.

The evils which the public attribute to our Universities rather belong to human nature; but most of their virtues are their own. In the first place, excess of all kinds is greatly over-rated. or two liberal members of parliament make a public confession of their past collegiate follies, the world is uncharitable enough to set them down as types of the whole class; but ask the resident of twenty years, or the stranger of a few hours, what he thinks of the greater and the minor morals of the place, and you will hear a very different account. The great extravagance, undoubtedly, is in money-matters, and so far it is a greater scandal to the authorities, that it appears to admit of easier check than other more debasing vices. Certainly it would be of all the most pardonable, if its lamentable consequences fell only on the unhappy delinquent. We feel nothing for the usurer, little for the persuasive and accommodating tradesman. The shackles, too, of college-debts which cling around many a man to his dying day,

and which often hasten it on, are only instances of our sins finding us out in time. But we cannot think of whole families drawn down in the ruin-of sisters shorn of their due inheritance-of widows pawning their last mite's-worth to pay off the debts contracted by profligacy and folly-(and those who know anything of the relations of home and college will not charge us with any exaggeration here)—without calling upon those whose position marks them out as the guardians of our students, to come forward as one man and put down the present outrageous system of credit that exists at Oxford and Cambridge. They are invested with very singular and effective powers over the resident tradesmen-powers so exclusive and alien from the spirit of the constitution, that nothing but the most paramount opinion of their necessity could ever have wrested them from the jealousy of our free state. But the very existence of this power certainly brings with it a most heavy responsibility; and until its utmost limits have been tried, its possessors must not quiet themselves that all has been done that can be done, and that the present evil is irrepressible. The Cambridge system, which makes the amount of the undergraduate's bills an item in a tutor's perquisites, must of itself be open to great abuse; but even in Oxford, where this does not exist, readymoney payment to tradesmen is almost unknown. The decent allowance, often the cheerful tribute of self-denial at home, serves to pay college-dues and the current extravagances, while bill upon bill accumulates in silent increase till the day of reckoning brings to light an incubus that prostrates the energies and embitters the joys of a whole after-life.

To throw the whole blame of the evil upon the college authorities is manifestly unfair. We believe that an effort is now being made by them in the right direction; but there are other parties who must combine with them, before there can be any hope of success.

Parents among the higher classes, and still more those who ape them, must be content that their sons live at the University as students, not as men of the world. They may be quite sure that the aristocracy gain far more by mixing among the 'poor scholars,' than the latter gain by all the vaunted advantages of patronage and high connexion. The indivisible amalgamation of every degree of rank and fortune as it exists at our Universities may be almost said to be the sheet-anchor of British society,—a state which retains the highest aristocratic feelings with the extremest degree of liberty, such as the world never before witnessed, nor, were it once destroyed, could ever witness again. But if the expenses of student life go on increasing as they have lately done, the lowest, but the strongest and most important, link must of necessity be broken, though the severance, the first symptom of

an unborn revolution, may not be heeded till the attempt to repair it comes too late. Already in the Church does every year witness the candidates for her ministry lessening from the lower, and increasing from the higher ranks of society, and those who know that it is the poor we have now to gather into her fold, will hardly look upon this but as a most fearful sign. This is far too serious and thoughtful a subject to be treated of in passing; but that the root of the evil lies in the increased collegiate expenses we have no manner of doubt; and we appeal confidently to those learned and pious men, a daily increasing number, whose not least praise it is that they have reset the great lights of our Church to shine before the world, to call to mind how many of the brightest among them escaped only by their education from being of 'the lowest of the people '-how cheerfully in their life they patronized, and at their death provided for, 'the poor scholar.' If, as it is hinted, many of the ablest among our high-churchmen feel checked and discouraged in the generous, but perhaps too dangerous, course that they had set before them, here, in regaining the rights of the poor scholar, is a sphere worthy their dauntless and untiring powers, and worthy too of the principles which they not only profess but act up to, where they may restore the almost lost labour of love of kindred spirits, and fight the Lord's battle against selfishness, and worldliness, and wrong, without offence.

Having admitted in its fullest extent the baneful effects of the expensive habits of academic life, we must claim for the English student a high moral tone and deportment which may well stand among the foremost subjects of our national pride. With all the extravagances of German student-life before him, how Mr. Howitt could draw a comparison unfavourable to our own youth we are quite unable to divine. We are willing to believe that ignorance of our own institutions rather than any narrow prejudice against them, suggested Friend Howitt's conclusion. An unpublished diary of the learned author of 'Ion' which we have been fortunate enough to see, gives a different version of Burschen manners, and Professor Huber claims no superiority for his own countrymen on this behalf. Perhaps we are too apt to expect a perfect moral atmosphere in our educational institutions, and to forget how fearfully the incitements to what is pure and holy are counterbalanced by a combination of temptations which never elsewhere or again At least it may be some consolation to know that whatever there is of evil appears upon the surface. Whatever other offerings our Universities may pay to the shrine of virtue, they assuredly do not render the questionable homage of hypocrisy, the absence of which may make up for the want of many of the outward proprieties of more professedly serious institutions. To judge of college-life by the extreme and salient examples of reckless individuals, would only be, on the same grounds, to condemn every phase of existing society. To say that the general moral character of our students is far above the average of youth of the same class elsewhere, however it may surprise many, is an assertion that would do but little justice to a very large and increasing body of young men, who, cantless and cheerful, have early learnt not only to eschew the vulgar vices and fopperies of their age, but to follow a severe path of self-discipline and self-denial.

There is nothing that so much tends to keep up, under higher influences, this manly purity of spirit, as those active bodily recreations for which this realm in times past, and our universities in the present day, have been so highly distinguished. We never had any great sympathy with that 'march of intellect' which altogether outran the commissariat of the body; and we believe that the world in general are beginning quietly to come round to our oldfashioned ideas on the subject. Our ancestors are now allowed to have had some wisdom in this respect, and even the Olympia and the Circus are conjectured to have had their uses. Education is acknowledged to be something more than the mere sickly forcing of the intellect; and, among other greater concessions, it is now agreed that if the sword of wit is not to tine, its sheath must not be neglected. Perhaps the true progress and end of schooling could not be better defined than 'mens sana in corpore sano;' and this our old and public institutions seem resolutely, in practice at least, to have kept in view, while new and private academies have pleased for the hour by professing to devote their whole time in cramming the head with endless stores of multifarious knowledge. Happily the obstructive nature of our universities, though subjected, never succumbed to this enervating influence; and Surly-Hall, and Bullington, and Parker's-Piece, have kept up the healthy state of our 'rising young men,' in spite of Newcastle and Ireland scholarships, and Porson Prizes,

The miserable substitute of systematic gymnastics for genuine pastime sufficiently showed the imperfection of the purely intellectual method, though it was quite in keeping with a system that professed to make school a pleasure, to turn play into task-work. We are no advocates for the 'pink' hunting-coat peeping out from under the college-gown, nor do we think the latter is much better exchanged for the billiard-jacket; still less can staid people like ourselves approve of such excrescences on collegiate amusement as horn-blowing and tandem-driving. These are partly puerile, and partly altogether out of place. If our young gentry must keep their stud of hunters before they are of age—and we heartly wish them a good one then, if they can afford it—College can hardly be expected to find the stabling. But far distant be the day when the minuted and measured walk along the

Trumpington

Trumpington or the Bicester road takes the place of the manly exercise of the cricket-ground and the river, or that lectures multiply while sports decrease. A Scotch metaphysician is hardly the quarter whence we should expect confirmation of these views; but this only enhances the value of the following sound philosophy of Dugald Stewart:—

'It sometimes happens that, in consequence of a peculiar disposition of mind, or of an infirm bodily constitution, a child is led to seek amusement from books, and to lose a relish for those recreations which are suited to his age. In such instances the ordinary progress of the intellectual powers is prematurely quickened; but that best of all education is lost which nature has prepared both for the philosopher and the man of the world amidst the active sports and hazardous adventures of childhood. It is from these alone that we can acquire not only that force of character which is suited to the more arduous situations of life, but that complete and prompt command of attention to things external, without which the highest endowments of the understanding, however they may fit a man for the solitary speculations of the closet, are but of little use in the conduct of affairs, or for enabling him to profit by his personal experience.'

We heartily recommend this extract to the consideration of both tutor and pupil. We need not say that the advice applies to a higher age than that of childhood, nor insist here on the use of bodily exercise and discipline towards forming a higher character

than the mere 'man of the world.'

Now we have no wish to make odious comparisons, more especially to the increase of our own national vainglory and the disparagement of kindred and friendly Germany; but when a book comes forth like Mr. Howitt's, professedly extolling German student-life as a pattern for young England, we must needs, in our review of it, exhibit its warnings as well as its promises. 'Student-Life in Germany,' translated from the unpublished MS. of one Dr. Cornelius, is indeed a very heavy affair. With its forty student-songs, we naturally looked for something brisk and dashing, and could even have forgiven some eccentric outbursts of jollity in keeping with the spirit of the subject. But whether the alcohol has evaporated in the transfusion from German into English, or whether-for we have no original to refer to-the German leaven was not in the first instance kneaded, like the advertised bread, 'with the gin in it,' certain it is that the present book is a very spiritless production. Nearly five hundred closely printed medium 8vo. pages are rather too much of chores, and commerses, foxes, comitats, and beer-comments (what a heathenish jargon!); nor can Europe at large be supposed to be much interested in the Red Fisherman and the idiot Diehl; nor the rosy apples and manycoloured Easter-eggs of the worthy Frau Gottliebin to have the

same zest for English readers as they have for the hungry burschen of Heidelberg. For those, however, who have the resolution to wade through the pages, there is no want of material wherewith to form a very sufficient notion of German student-life-passing over, as they well may do, several long out-of-place disquisitions on 'Phrenology,' 'German Romance,' and other equally unfathomable topics. But the sketch of the Student himself we could have wished, we repeat, dashed off in bolder outline and more glowing colours than those of this Cornelius. Frank and free, warm and open-hearted, vastly well-pleased with himself, his dog, his country, his pipe, his sword, and his song—it is hard to say which should come first-we willingly hail him a more congenial and amiable soul than the 'Young England' whose heroism is displayed in the inebriation of cabmen, and the wrenching of knockers. Very many of the burschen pranks, however, are much on a par with those freaks which excited so much admiration some fifteen years ago in 'Life in London,' and of which happily almost the only relics are the names of the heroes 'Tom and Jerry,' bequeathed to our beer-shops, and the coloured prints of the Meltonian magnanimity of incarnadining white turnpike-gates, which sometimes decorate the same. We hardly, indeed, think that it was gallant in the German youth to call their dogs after the belles of the University town, that they might have the satisfaction of hallooing out their names in public, and so eventually of driving them from the promenade; but for the rest of their minor fooleries, perhaps, we could match them at home. If the burschen put a shirt on the figure of Hercules which adorns the market-place at Heidelberg, perhaps the dejected Mercury of Christ Church could tell the same tale. A masked sledge-party at Baden may find its pendant in a masked boat's-crew at Eton; if the Germans have a drinkingsong called the Pope, the Cantabs have a drink of the same name; and the Etonian has as great a horror of being a Sunday-buck on the Terrace as the bursch has to be mistaken for the dapper burger at the Kirchweih. Some of their more interesting customs bear a striking resemblance to our own. The Rural 'Commers' has much that reminds us of Eton Montem, and the return on the water by torch-light amidst the discharge of fireworks is strikingly like a well-known scene of enchantment among the eyotes of the Brocas on the 4th of June, or Election Saturday. There are, however, other feats of burschen-life for which our schools and colleges happily yield no parallel. Every one knows the fantastic dress, the long hair, and the pipe, the never-failing characteristics (until very lately, at least) of the German student; but he may readily be pardoned for trying to signalise himself by the first, when the University furnishes him with no distinguishing robe of its own, and the two latter belong almost as much to the nation at large as to the collegiate period. His two other propensities of beer-drinking and duelling can hardly expect to be so favourably viewed. Tacitus will assure us that the former is nothing new in Germany; but it would require something more than his terseness to abridge within a moderate compass the rules, manners, and vocabulary of the modern Kneip. The beer-comment of Heidelberg, which gives the student's code of drinking, is about twice the length of our University book of statutes, while the terms and relations of intoxication more than double the 'Synopsis of Drinking' given in that clever little Oxford satire 'The Art of Pluck.' Our own police-offices furnish instances of the no mean resources whence an unlucky wight may fence off the charge of drunkenness under the plea of being 'overtaken,' 'disguised,' 'fresh,' 'fuddled'anything but 'drunk;' but our bacchanalian vocabulary will bear no comparison with Mr. Howitt's list of upwards of a hundred such euphemisms,—and he boasts that he has at least fifty more in reserve.

Their habit of duelling is a much more serious affair; we speak not so much of its danger, for it seldom terminates fatally, as of the ridiculous and unhealthy frame of mind of which it is at once the engenderer and the offspring. Mr. Howitt enters into a most minute account of the whole ceremonial from the 'dummer junge,'* or challenge, to the thickness of the 'paukhosen,' or dueltrousers; but we cannot help suspecting that in these, as well as some other matters of burschen life (all detailed with a solemn accuracy which the Oxford brochure just alluded to most prophetically foreshadowed), the merry students have somewhat imposed upon their good friend 'Mr. Traveller,' and set him down in their own minds, if not to his face, as a 'dummer junge' himself.

When we read that 'the student seldom fights because he is insulted, but insults because he wishes to fight'—that the theological students have a duel-cap of their own—that to make a wound conclusive it must be two inches in length and cut through two skins—that, though eyes and noses are sometimes lost, a student may fight thirty, forty, or even sixty times with only a few slight wounds in the face—we are at a loss whether to wonder most at the morbid feeling, the absurd regulations, or the insufficiency to its end, which such a system implies. Far better surely to betake themselves to the knotenstock of the artizans, and becudgel one another to a 'Hold, enough!' than run the risk, for the sake of

^{* &#}x27;Stupid fellow,' answering to our 'giving the lie.' Minute philosophers might draw a distinction between the two systems, from the imputation of moral or intellectual deficiency implying the greater insult.

some kneip-brawl, of having one of their eyes pinked out by the schläger, or their nose cut off,—and, as our author in one instance relates, devoured by their adversary's bulldog. No one can affirm that there is any want of self-respect or respect for others—the best code of honour—among our own students; but it is hard to say whether ridicule or principle has the greatest effect in scouting even the very thought of such a contingency as a duel within college-walls. We are John Bullish enough to conceive that the fist-battles of our schools bear their part towards this consummation; and whatever may be the world's opinion of the feasibility of utterly extirpating this unchristian custom of duelling, the example of our Universities—where, judging from our neighbours, its existence would be most required—may always be quoted as an honourable example against its absolute necessity.

Among the illustrations of Mr. Howitt's volume is one of a 'Torch-burning,' a scene so apparently like, even in the architecture of the buildings, a mischievous conflagration which we ourselves once beheld in Peckwater, that we at first thought it must be the very same. It is, however, a far different ceremony from the childish freak of burning cupboard-doors and freshmen's furniture. It represents the concluding scene of a student's And we fear that herein the real tone of German student-life may be recognised in its most lamentable, but too certain characteristics. The procession to the churchyard, as described by one of themselves, has all that solemnity and decency which Christian faith ever expects, with much of the additional pomp which the world usually demands; but no sooner does the grave close upon the remains of one of whom we may surely hope that, dying in the faith of Him in whose name he was baptized, he shall arise again in the resurrection of the just,—than a fellowstudent, having first stepped forth and delivered a funeral oration on 'his manly worth, and his genuine German mind'-'a few stanzas are sung from the beautiful hymn'-of Christian thanksgiving and hopeful sorrow?—No! from a drinking-song in which the party have often joined in their beer-commers, whose very first words, 'From high Olympus,' show its heathen character; and which is in fact an Anacreontic, combining much of the beauty, with about the like morality, of one of Moore's 'Wreathe the bowl,' or 'Quick, we have but a second.'

The conclusion of the funeral, 'in a manner he can by no means approve,' shall be given in Dr. Cornelius's own translated words:—

^{&#}x27;No longer solemnly and silently tread back the throng; but instead of mournful airs, we hear the march, nay even the merry waltz and gallopade. Arrived in one of the larger squares, the train march round

it, and turning towards the centre, at a given signal, let their torches fly into the air, and fall in a heap in the midst, while the voices of the assembled students join in chorus the music-accompanied song of

Gaudeamus igitur, Juvenes dum sumus.'—

This exultation seems to us of a very different tone from that Christian gratulation with which in our burial-service we give 'God thanks that it hath pleased Him to remove our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world;' and it may be worth a second thought in English parents before they launch their children into an atmosphere which has so little in common with the dearest associations of their church and home. The merry return from a funeral of gin-drinking mutes and hired mourners in our own country is sad spectacle enough, often far more sad than the palled and sabled procession of the morning; but such pagan saturnalia as these, of the comrades and friends of one snatched away in the bloom of life, are infinitely more distressing, and make us forget the loss of one early blossom in the far sadder scene of the blighted and cankered promise of the whole stock. The German doctor sees expressed in this scene the thought of

'It shall live! the Academical Freedom!'

To us it is rather the embodiment of the heathen proverb, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,'

Without wishing to bring our own religious feelings to bear too heavily upon minds so differently tempered, we can yet hardly understand the participation of educated, much less Christian, men in such a scene. The wakes of the low Irish will scarcely be pleaded in excuse. If this is one of the results of German theological teaching, the fountain from which such streams flow must be bitter indeed. In protestant Germany, it may be said broadly, the idea of ecclesiastical authority has been utterly extirpated; and unless in a few of the Universities which exist under the eye of a rigid and all-powerful government, with an omnipresent police, the spirit of civil insubordination reveals itself every now and then in a manner not to be mistaken.

The revolutionary temper of the Burschenschafts, the Landsmannschafts, the Verbindungs—the students' political clubs, now nominally suppressed—is still as rife as it was in 1818 and 1830, and only looks for a free opportunity to burst forth again; and when that time comes we fear that its inspiration will be drawn as much from the base assassin-knife of Sand, as from the glorious sword-song of Körner.

Nearly forty pages of 'Student-life' are devoted to the biography of this monomaniac. His history has often been told; but it is, we fear, too true an illustration of what the bursche understands by the 'genuine' mind of Young Germany, to be out of place.

here. Karl Ludwig, or, as in affectation of German archaism he would write, Kerl Chlodowig, Sand, was in 1819 a theological student at Jena. He had drunk deeply of the free and splendid literature of Germany, had sung the songs of Körner and Ardnt, and enrolled himself in all the secret societies of the time. Burning with a love of Fatherland, and a hatred of France, he had just entered a volunteer Jäger corps when the news of

Waterloo put an end to his bloodless campaign.

The next year beheld him a preacher in the high church at Erlangen, and his character with the professors was that of a grave, exemplary student 'zealously striving after excellence.' It was not, however, in the quiet discreet line that it seemed. 'Germany, One and Undivided,' was his dream by day and by night, and with the usual inconsistency of so-called liberalism, he could brook no opinion in opposition to his own. The system of Europe, the might of princes, the will of the people, was all the other way; and Kotzebue, as the pensioner and literary partizan of Russia, was for the Student-world the most odious representative of this conservative principle. Sand's own words were, 'my own conviction is my law; I act right whenever I follow it. It guides me better than divine or human precepts.' This said in earnest was enough for what followed. Patriotism and Religion must not be made to answer for their words, which he took in vain. For liberty of mind, and with prayer to God, he determined on the murder of a man whose opinions were his crimes. He takes leave, in inflated addresses, of his 'friends of true German mind,' of his mother, and brethren; and when he starts from Jena for Manheim on the 19th of March, 1819, there are carefully described, in Mr. Howitt's true felon-literature, 'his red waistcoat, laced boots, and black velvet cap with a front,' and in his pocket patriotic songs, scored and doubly-scored in all subdolous places. Having been unsuccessful in finding Kotzebue at home on his first call, he returns to the hotel to a quiet dinner, and again proceeds to the Russian councillor's house. The rest may best be given in the cold-blooded scoundrel's own words. It is hard to say which is most disgusting—the hypocritical cant, or the assumed indifference of the narrative :-

"I was finally admitted, and Kotzebue stepped into the room from the door on the left hand. I saw him appear at the half-open door, and then enter as the door was quite open. I went about six steps forward into the room and greeted him. He stepped somewhat nearer to the door, and I then turned myself towards him on the side of the entrance. The most fearful thing to me was that I must dissemble. I said that I had a desire to call on him as I travelled through the place, and after some pro and con, I added,—"I pride myself,"—which Kotzebue probably interpreted otherwise than as I meant; then I drew the dagger, and continued—"not in thee! Here, thou traitor to the Fatherland!"

and with the last word I struck him down. How many blows I gave him I cannot say; as little, which was the first. It was quickly done. I drew the dagger out of the left sleeve, where I had secured it in a sheath, and gave him several stabs on the left side. Kotzebue spoke not a word during the attack, only uttered a cry of alarm the instant that he saw me rush upon him with uplifted arm. He stretched out his hands, and fell immediately at the entrance of the room on the left hand, about three steps from the same. How I should have wounded him in the face I know not. Probably it may have happened through his holding his hands and arms before him and moving them about. I held the dagger so that the edge was above the thumb and fist, and struck directly out, neither from above or below. Kotzebue fell together in a sitting posture. I then looked at him in the face to see how it was with him. I wished to ascertain the effect of the attack, and a second time looked him in the face. He continually winked with his eyelids, so that one could now see the whites of his eyes, and now nothing. I therefore concluded that he was not dead; but I interfered no further with him, because I was persuaded that enough had been done.'

On turning round he saw a child who had sprung in crying to the rescue of his father! This so far moved him, as himself recounts, as to make him plunge the sword in his own breast. The wound was not deep or fatal; and though he seemed not disinclined to escape, when he found this impossible he threw some declamatory paper at the servant, shouted for Fatherland, and knelt down in prayer to thank God for his victory!

After a second vain attempt on his own life, he suffered his wounds to be dressed, never professed the slightest compunction for his crime, dictated pompous protocols in prison, and refusing the attendance of a clergyman in his last moments, was beheaded in the May following. The students rushed forward to dip their handkerchiefs in his blood, and cut off pieces of wood from the scaffold, as mementos of the Student-Martyr for Fatherland!

Such was the result, natural though not legitimate, of a dreamy devotion to political and philosophical mysticism, which Germany at that time, to her own deadly bane, nourished by her writings and professors, within college-walls; and though we are far from holding out Sand as the type of German students, it can hardly be denied that his crime was the extreme development of the principles and views then generally—and still we fear very largely—entertained by that class. He only differed from other political bravoes, in that he meant what he said, and had no craven notion of urging on others a treason he dared not take in hand himself.

German student-life has, of course, its brighter side and pleasanter traits. Its generous friendships, its buoyant spirits, its noble songs, its intense study at the last, may well compensate for many of its darker features; and there is something so beautiful in the train of his old friends accompanying the departing student in procession out of the city, and chanting his farewell in some of their fine old Burschen songs, as to make this 'Comitat' cast into the shade the most finished longs and shorts of an English public-school 'Vale.' Neither would it be fair to identify the whole body of students with those roystering 'sons of the Muses,' that seem to have mystified Mr. Howitt into believing that their conventional slang and chore-ceremonies were a necessary passport to a University degree. The higher and better grade of young men, even at such places as Heidelberg, are no more necessarily connected with these absurdities than our 'men about town' are with 'Life in London.' At Berlin and Bonn the proper burschen-style of manners has never been much developed; and their example begins to tell elsewhere. Heidelberg itself better authorities than our 'Mr. Traveller' have lately noted in the solitary student that wends his way-cerevis on head, note-book in hand—to the professor's class-room, and in the merry groups, in belts and blouses, that throng the way-side kneip, a vast improvement on the Bursche of twenty years ago. We have in our own land many examples, and some very exalted ones, that German student-life is no hindrance to the formation of the finished gentleman and scholar; and we also, in the parting words of the Heidelberg youths (p. 414), may 'tell the English that the German students are not so bad as they have been described '-by Mr. Howitt.

Still we beg leave to deny what we are here told is undeniable. 'that Germany bears away the crown of school economy from all other countries' (p. 279). We are quite ready, in the matter of education, to give up Germany to the Germans, to own that their system is the best for themselves, nay, to confess that no other country or course can produce the equals of the professors and scholars of Germany. 'The single aim of the [German] academician is the free pursuit of knowledge' (p. 434). Be it so. There is no one country under heaven where it is pursued with the like untiring spirit, labour, and success. The miserable smattering of the bulk of the party at home who bind 'Useful Knowledge' on their frontlets, is too contemptible to be dreamed of in the same hour. But our old public educational institutions make no such profession. We leave that to the establishments that advertise 'philosophical knowledge combined with domestic comfort, regularly just before each quarter-day. If our schools and universities can be said to hold out any profession at all, all that they promise is a moderate quantum of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, with the foundation of sound Christian knowledge,

-as far as mere learning is concerned, meagre enough! But they do give that which they do not promise-which parents expect, though they can hardly bargain for-a CHARACTER, easily distinguished but hard to be described, elsewhere unattainable, everywhere valued, never effaced. Of course we can point to the higher places in the Church for illustrations of the direct benefits of our University education—ill, indeed, would the work be done if this were not the case; to the bar and the bench—and the mere habit of college application may explain success there; to the state—and high connexion may help to account for the universal ascendancy of collegiate men; but it must be something more than all these put together which gives the same advantage in the country justice-room, in the College of Physicians, in the battle-field or quarter-deck, in the intercourse of general society; for few, indeed, are the examples of eminence in any of these departments which a public school or college cannot claim. We are only stating an admitted fact,-nothing for individuals to plume themselves on, but surely something to be brought forward if we are ever again threatened with wholesale educational reform, or taunted with the superiority of foreign systems.

It is upon this formation of character—a higher aim surely than any mere scientific acquirements—that our Universities and public schools must take their stand. The best of all knowledge—self-knowledge—is the staple they impart. A man educated in them rarely mistakes his own position, or feels uneasy in it. The value of this knowledge is an old truth, and the Roman satirist embodied the best Grecian philosophy and something

more in

e cœlo descendit Γνωθι σεαυτον.

It is false to say that the world gives this; and, therefore, a confusion of ideas, and an incorrect statement, to talk of the advantage of college as giving a knowledge of the world. This it does not do; and so thought the University reformers in 1659, when they proposed in their model-college that a third of their Fellows should go by turns to London, to become acquainted with the world. Young Germany and the youths of the Polytechnique will beat our undergraduates hollow in this. But for the due commixture of moral and intellectual worth—the consciousness of self power, with deep consideration for the feelings of others -for the foundation of learning and conduct laid aright-for the formation, irrespective of the heaven-given talents of wealth, rank, and intellect, of the best specimen of the model-man, the Christian Gentleman, we think our public academies may challenge the world. An idiot only would dream of denying this character to all who have not partaken of their advantages. Every hour of the day we meet with men who have achieved this for themselves; and too often with others, who, with every educational assistance, have thrown that character away. We only mean, that the best private-schoolman would have been improved by a public education; and that the worst who has enjoyed it would have been, without it, 'worser still.' It is, however, to be kept in mind that educational, like ecclesiastical, establishments and systems, exert a mighty influence everywhere beyond the spheres

within which their authority is acknowledged.

We have taken high ground on this subject; but it little matters what we or others may do in writing, if the present generation of undergraduates are not earnest to do so practically for themselves. If in any point they fail, it will be in that matter to which we have already slightly alluded, but to which we cannot refrain from again recurring—the accursed system of Debt. As we write, two or three more instances of the all but utter ruin of the peace and fortune of a family, solely caused by the college extravagance of one member of it, have come under our notice. Parents now tremble to commit their children to such an ordeal. No private fortune can meet, no previous care can obviate, the extravagances of college life. Even the gradual training of a public school-which has hitherto been deemed a salutary guarantee against the outbursts of youthful extravagance-seems to have lost its power. Money-lenders—a few years ago unknown at our Universities-have become a recognised class. While every article of necessity and luxury has decreased in price, college expenses year after year continue to mount up, and the younger son already looks for nearly double the allowance that satisfied the eldest brother some ten years ago. At the moment when, among the better classes, selfish dissipation and vain display are being visibly curbed, when the levelling powers of the age, as if to compensate for their many evils, are sweeping away much of the folly which lately passed under the names of fashion and style, our young men-at the very seat of self-denial and the period of discipline-are revelling in unbounded luxury and expense. Nine out of ten fare far more sumptuously every day at college than they do at their father's table. And so much has this become a matter of unconscious habit, that the contrast of the undergraduate's style of living, his dress, his horses, his furniture, with all that is homely, never strikes him till the awestricken face of a father or an uncle, who can find no appetite for the dainties set before him, recalls him to a sense of his real position. Of all the miserable and mean-spirited creatures that the light of heaven shines upon, we can conceive none more despicable than the son or brother who pampers his own low appetites at college by curtailing the comforts of his family

family at home, -who squanders on trashy wines, and mock jewelry, and bastard vertu, if not on worse things, the careful savings of many years and much self-denial-making his sisters portionless, and his mother 'a widow indeed.' This may be thought an extreme case, but it is no uncommon one. It is far from being the fact that the sons of the wealthiest or the highestborn are the most extravagant,-it is oftener the scion of an upstart grocer, or of a poor country parson, who aims at becoming the Magnus Apollo of some smaller college. Or if it be true that our young nobility and gentry, by their costly indulgences, interfere with the economy of discipline and expenditure in the larger and more regular body of students, there is no question which of the two our Universities must cherish,-in their own defence they must protect those who will make the most of their advantages. The loss will be to the aristocracy themselves, and so eventually to the realm of Britain; but our colleges will throw off the scandal-often, indeed, unjustly alleged-of pampering the pride of cock-tail fellow-commoners, or legitimatizing a system of tuft-hunting and Nay-boen.* College extravagance has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. There are three parties concerned-and each has its duty to do. The wealthy parent should take care that the amount of his son's allowance does not necessarily drive him and his associates into unacademical expenditure. Over-indulgence or over-strictness, or both (for they are very possible co-existents) at home, will generally be found at the bottom of that prodigality which fathers would fain throw on any shoulders than their own. The tutort must devise every possible check against the credit-system; and, if the present University bye-laws are not sufficiently strict or stringent, we feel convinced that the legislature will not hesitate to confer on them additional power.† The third party to whom we would appeal is the undergraduate himself. The main improvement, after all, rests with him; but, perhaps, we have already said what may be more effective than any direct exhortation. Let him assist, then, in removing the great plague-spot that at present

^{* &#}x27;The art of being blind at will.' A very necessary adjunct in a certain degree to all good government; but see 'The Japanese in the Nineteenth Century,' for an account of this system of political connivance, carried to an extent hardly credible by our Western minds.

[†] We should say rather, the University. Tutors and even Colleges of themselves are quite powerless for the enforcement of rules, which to be serviceable must be general.

the should not every debt contracted in statu pspillari, without reference to age, above 10l., and allowed even to that amount only for necessaries, be ipso facto void? There is a case at present before the courts, whether an Oxford tradesman can recover from the father a bill of 30l. or 40l. for sweetmeats and confectionery, as necessaries furnished to his son. We will not prejudge the case; but if it is deemed consistent with modern academic discipline that a boy shall spend on barley-sugar and orange-chips what more than sufficed for the yearly collegiate expenses of Hooker or Herbert, it is time that reform should commence somehow and somewhere.

deforms an otherwise almost faultless body. The spirit of the age and the place demands some sacrifice on his part-some little denial of self, and thought for others. This sacrifice is cheerfully given by the great majority of those who are aiming at, or have achieved their academical degree; and a simply good heart would take shame to itself at marring, by its individual thoughtlessness-for it is often nothing more-the character for mild wisdom, and simple elegance, and unostentatious hospitality. which our great Universities enjoy. If they wish to show a generous spirit—though Robin Hood's pennyworths are but a poor liberality-or if they have really more money than they know what to do with-there is no lack there of channels in which the wealth of the more opulent may safely and worthily flow; and, if we may be allowed for a moment to speak publicly on behalf of the Church and nation, we would here give the most hearty thanks to the resident members of our Universities for their unexampled munificence in forwarding every good workand many they are-for which their assistance is called. We would fain hope that if the eye of any student-hitherto thoughtless in his career of extravagance—falls upon these pages, these few friendly words may not have been written in vain. Deep indeed would be our satisfaction if we might but indulge the hope of having been the means of preserving or restoring happiness to one English hearth and home, by warning an inexperienced or recalling a prodigal son.

We have already hinted at the all but impossibility of a stranger fully mastering the intricate system of our Universities. Few, indeed, of their own members understand it. However, all the most difficult questions of British interest—our Constitution, our Conquest, our Reformation, our Poet of poets-have been best appreciated and explained by foreign writers; and now, on a subject fully as peculiar and complex as any of these, Professor Huber of Marburg has produced, in his 'History of the English Universities,' by far the most philosophical account of them that has yet been published. We regret that, having restricted ourselves, on the present occasion, to the social condition of our Universities, we cannot do full justice to the Professor's book; and we regret this the more in that he has been most unfortunate in his translator, or rather editor, Mr. Newman. It is indispensable to a good editor that he should have a congenial spirit with his author; this may, indeed, incline him somewhat too much to panegyric, but we look for this, and so can guard against it. But we hardly know any reading more tiresome than the controversial notes of an antagonist editor continually interrupting the current

of an argument, like an impatient judge, with his adverse suggestions and queries. Mr. Newman has not been satisfied with this; he has transposed and omitted with a freedom hardly allowable in regard to so laborious a work as the original, and of which we think M. Huber perfectly justified in complaining. The different relations of the crown, the court, the aristocracy, the gentry, the commons, the inns of law, the Romanist and Puritan factions, towards the Universities, and their mutual influences the one on the other,-hitherto an almost untrodden ground,-are treated of in a most original and masterly way, and the general spirit and system of the present day defended in a chivalrous style little to be expected from a foreign Professor, and still less palatable to one who, like Mr. Newman, has been a churchman at Oxford, and is a dissenting teacher at Manchester. Some of the pictorial illustrations of the chief events in the collegiate curriculum are most truly life-like; but the trumpery lithographic portraits, and some few others, 'ad captandum undergraduates,' give Mr. Newman's work the appearance of a catchpenny publication, a character it by no means deserves. There are some few opinions of the author, many more of his editor, against which we would willingly break a lance; but, meanwhile, the extraordinary insight into the philosophical history and practical working of our academic system, and the extreme impartiality of judgment which the original exhibits, added to the calm and clever opposing arguments of the editor, will recommend the book to all interested in reforming or upholding the present state of Oxford and Cambridge.

ART. V.—Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, during the Years 1836-39. By Thomas Simpson, Esq. 8vo. London, 1843.

THIS, the last page in the history of the British arctic exploration, is a melancholy one; for though the task undertaken was gallantly and successfully accomplished, the publication is post-humous, and the adventurous author lived not to wear the laurels so honourably won. His own recital is one which must be read by his countrymen with satisfaction, only impaired by regret for his melancholy and mysterious fate. Its style, remarkable even beyond that of his recent predecessors for concision, is, like theirs, of that simple and unpretending character which best becomes the narrative of real enterprise and endurance. The achievements it records place the author's name on the long list of British vol. LXXIII. No. CXLV.

worthies which begins with Frobisher. The utility of such achievements may indeed be questioned. To what purpose are the realms of all but eternal winter invaded by such repeated incursions? Why expose the nose of man to the blast of the barrens, with the thermometer at 60° below zero: and when Government, weary of its efforts, abandons the task, why should officials of the Hudson's Bay Company exchange their proper functions as purveyors of peltry for those of navigators and geographers? The answer to all such utilitarian interrogatories rises spontaneously to the lips of every one who takes an interest either in the advancement of science or the honour of England. We are indeed no longer lured, like our ancestors, by the prospect of commercial advantages from a north-western communication with Japan or Cathay: but, without condescending to argue the question, we regret no past, we shall grudge no future expenditure, whether of money or heroism, which may have contributed or hereafter may contribute to the final discharge of one of Great Britain's proper functions, the survey of the coast-line of North America. This primary object attained, it will yet remain to be shown that the North Pole itself is inaccessible, and that the difficulties of a north-west passage are insurmountable by British navigators. On both these questions we venture to refer our readers to our article, of the year 1840, on Wrangell's expedition, vol. lxvi. p. 444.

left but little to be achieved towards the accomplishment of the coast survey. The extent of the hiatus remaining on our maps will be best understood by a reference to Mr. Simpson's instructions and the objects embraced in his enterprise. We call them Mr. Simpson's instructions in virtue of his authorship, and without fear of exciting any jealousy on the part of the able and veteran chief of the expedition, Mr. Dease, who appears to have conceded to his youthful subordinate, when occasion permitted, precedence in labour and fatigue, as well as in the scientific operations of the expedition, which were entirely in Mr. Simpson's hands. Dease's merits and services are well known to the readers of Franklin and Back. The first object indicated in the instructions issued by the Hudson's Bay Company Directors was the completion of that part of the coast survey to the westward of the Mackenzie River which had been left unfinished by Franklin and Beechey in 1826. Such of our readers as have not recently pored over the additions to our arctic maps, contributed by successive expeditions, have to be reminded that in that year a combined operation was conducted, from the Pacific by Captain Beechey,

from the mouth of the Mackenzie River by Captain Franklin, in the hope that the two parties might meet somewhere on the coast.

Meanwhile the Franklins, the Backs, and the Simpsons have

They failed in effecting their junction, but how nearly they suc-

ceeded the following dates and positions will show.

On the 18th of August, the barge of Captain Beechey's vessel, the Blossom, quitted that ship off Icy Cape, and on the 22nd reached longitude 156° 21' W., some 120 miles to the eastward of their point of departure. Hence, after being embedded for some days in ice, and after her commander, Mr. Elson, had made up his mind to abandon her and return on foot, she was fortunately extricated, and made sail again to rejoin the Blossom on the 25th. On the 16th of August Captain Franklin reached longitude 148° 52' W.; and on the 17th the weather cleared sufficiently to allow him, as he believed, to ascertain the position of a point of land to the westward, which he named after Captain Beechey; at which point he writes, longitude 149° 27', 'our discoveries terminated.' 'Could I have known,' he continues, 'or by any possibility imagined, that a party from the Blossom had been at the distance of only 160 miles from me, no difficulties, no dangers, no discouraging circumstances, should have prevailed upon me to return.' It is a satisfaction to know that, in Sir John Franklin's own opinion, founded on subsequent information, the attempt would have been fruitless, and probably fatal to all concerned. This interval, therefore, of somewhat less than 70 of longitude (averaging 23 miles to a degree), was all that, since 1826, remained to complete the survey from Mackenzie River westward to the Pacific; and that completion was indicated in the instructions as the first object of the expedition. It will be seen that it was effectually and speedily accomplished.

To the eastward a wider field was open to conjecture and discovery. In 1826, while Franklin was working to the west, his admirable coadjutor Richardson had surveyed the interval between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers. In 1834 Captain Back had descended the Tlewocho, or Great Fish River, to its estuary; but he had been able to survey but little of the neighbouring coast in either direction; and, with the exception of this point, the region between the 115th and 83rd degrees of longitude, from the Coppermine River to the offshoot, called Melville Peninsula, was still unexplored. It would appear from the instructions that the exploration of this interval to its full eastward extent did not enter into the immediate contemplation of the directors. The party is merely instructed, starting from the Coppermine, to reach, if possible, the scene of Captain Back's discoveries; deciding, as in case of success it must, on its way the question at issue between Sir John Ross and Sir George Back; whether Boothia, the land so named by the former officer, be a peninsula joined on to the main land to the west of the Tlewocho

or whether, as Back opined, a strait existed which had escaped Ross's observation. It will be seen that Mr. Simpson more than performed the service indicated in this instruction. That after discovering and passing through the strait suspected by Sir G. Back, and thus disposing of the presumed peninsula, and of Sir J. Ross's famous discovery of a difference of level between the seas on either side, he followed the coast-line to some little extent beyond the point where Back was repelled by the advanced state of the season. From this summary it will be seen that, for some ten degrees of longitude, the coast of the continent still presents a field for further adventure. We have been robbed of one peninsula, but it appears nearly certain that a considerable tract of land, of which the eastern continuous coast has been ascertained by Parry and Franklin, deserves the name it bears of Melville Peninsula, that it shoots out to the north for some 5° of latitude, and is joined to the main land by a narrow isthmus near Repulse Bay. This latter fact does not indeed rest as yet on actual observation, but there is every reason to put faith in the Esquimaux accounts, which bring a gulf of the Polar Sea to within 40 or 50 miles of Repulse

Our author's narrative is prefaced by an interesting though meagre sketch of his biography, by the pen of a surviving brother. The boy is not always father to the man. The transformation of a sickly and timid youth, educated for the Scottish church, into the hardy man who walks fifty miles a-day in snow-shoes, is one of those phenomena which we believe to be quite as common as the instances of juvenile promise and precocious aptitude for a particular career so often traced out by the biographers of eminent men. In 1829, at the age of twenty-one, Mr. Simpson, despairing of early advancement in the Kirk, and averse from the usual resourse of private tuition, accepted from the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr., now Sir George Simpson-(a relative, we presume, but in what degree is not stated)—an offer of employment under the Company, and sailed for North America. By the same powerful interest it appears that he was appointed, in 1836, to the second station in command of the expedition which forms the subject of the present narrative. There can be no doubt that during his apprenticeship he showed qualities which justified his selection, and no one who peruses the

To any one acquainted with the numerous works of Mr. Simpson's predecessors, his volume can of course present little attraction in the way of novelty. The incidents, whether of the summer journey or the winter's residence at one of the Company's forts,

record will accuse the governor of nepotism.

forts, admit of little variety, as described either by a Back or a The same exertions of fortitude and endurance, the same devices of skill and ingenuity to meet danger in its various forms of river-rapid, of marine ice, of fog, and squall, and current, are required of each successive arctic adventurer; but the simplicity and concision of the present narrative prevents weariness even with these details. There is one fact, evidence of which pervades the volume, and which makes us rise from its perusal with peculiar satisfaction: we mean the truly humanising and Christian effect of the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company on the aboriginal tribes. The period is not distant when the ' bella plusquam civilia,' which raged between the Hudson's Bay Company and a rival association, reddened the desert with other blood than that of the beaver or musk-ox. The blessings, indeed, usually bestowed by the white Christian on the red heathen are soon enumerated; -fire-arms, fire-water, and the small-pox; but probably in no part of the world had the European invaders set a worse example to the native tribes than here, or enlisted them into more savage contests than those which raged, within the present century, within the dominions and between the subjects of the British Crown in North America. It is perhaps useless now to inquire into the relative guilt of the parties engaged, and to attempt to discriminate between aggression and lawful resistance. The true history of such contests would rival in unprofitable tedium the Florentine and Pisan wars of Guicciardini. We know no better picture of the character of the struggle than is to be found in the work of Mr. Ross Cox, a gentleman who from an adventurous trader has become an efficient and trusted officer of the Irish police. His narrative, published in 1830, has scarcely an equal for incident and adventure, unless it be in Mr. Irvine's charming volume, the 'Adventures of the Followers of Columbus.' We shall have occasion to remark that some of his observations on the habits of native tribes derive confirmation from the volume under review. It is gratifying to us, as Englishmen and Christians, to be able to show the reverse of such a picture. Subsequently to the coalition effected between the two companies in 1821, their system towards the natives appears to have been one which Howard and Wilberforce would have approved, and might have directed. Sufficient proofs of this fact appear at the outset of Mr. Simpson's volume, even in his description, though cursory, of the Red River settlement, from which he started for his journey.

The untiring efforts of the Company's Church establishment, Protestant and Roman Catholic, extend from Labrador to the Pacific—from where the rattlesnake basks in the hot summer of climes westward of the Rocký mountains, to where the Indian ceases to roam, and the Esquimaux becomes the sole representative of humanity. These exertions are not the less creditable if, as Mr. Simpson, we fear truly, states, they are often unrewarded: not always however. In the maritime districts of the far West the Indian character is softened, as he states, by the influences of the Pacific, food is abundant, man congregates in villages, and here the labours of the Missionaries promise every success. Even among the wandering hunters of the North the endeavours of the Company to check the supply of spirituous liquors and to instil morality have not been unavailing. Mr. Simpson says:—

'No stronger proof of the salutary effect of the injunctions of the Company's officers can be adduced than that, while peace and decorum mark the general character of the Northern tribes, bloodshed, rapine, and unbridled lust are the characteristics of the fierce hordes of Assiniboines, Pigeons, Blackfeet, Circees, Fall and Blood Indians who inhabit the plains between the Saskatchewan and Missouri, and are without the pale of the Company's influence and authority.'—p. 19.

Mr. Simpson goes on to describe a reconciliation effected by the sole influence of the Company between the Saulteaux and

Sioux nations, till lately inveterate and bloody enemies.

On the 1st of December, 1836, Mr. Simpson quitted the Red River settlement for Athabasca. This preliminary journey, of 1277 statute miles, was completed with singular precision on the very day prefixed for its termination, the 1st of February. For the first three days, as far as the Manitobah Lake, the nature of the country and the state of the weather permitted the use of horses and wheel-carriages. The remainder of the journey was performed on foot, the baggage being conveyed on sledges drawn by dogs. The author's route enabled him to enjoy the seasonable hospitality of three of the Company's stations between the Red River and the Athabascan station, Fort Chipewayan, destined for his residence till the period when returning spring should enable him to effect the descent of the Coppermine River.

The first point decided on at this station was, that instead of building, according to the letter of their instructions, one large boat for their future expedition, they should construct two of smaller dimensions, a measure to which Mr. Simpson attributes the ultimate safety and success of the party. This portion of the author's narrative exhibits further gratifying evidence of the influence of the Company on the character of the Chipewayan Indians; and of the establishment of friendly relations between this race and the Esquimaux. The wanton and relentless massacre of the latter described by Hearne, is a specimen of the former habits of the natives, conspicuous by its contrast to the

present

present state of things; and the regulations of the Company for the prevention of the sale of spirits, and for the supply of necessaries to the Indian, seem admirable in effect as well as intention.

The expedition set sail from Athabasca on the 1st of June. On the 10th it reached the Great Slave Lake, where for eleven weary days it suffered provoking detention by the ice, and it was not till the 29th that it entered the great River Mackenzie. Fort Good Hope, situated in lat. 66° 16', the most northerly station of the Company, was reached on the 5th of July, and at 4 P.M. of the 9th, the Arctic Ocean burst on the view of the party. The expedition plodded its westward way along the coast surveyed by Franklin in 1826, meeting and overcoming the usual difficulties of such a route, and holding friendly but cautious intercourse with various families of Esquimaux, till it reached Franklin's Return Reef on the 23rd. The weather here became stormy, and the temperature such as to bring the winter-dresses of the party into requisition. The ice drove them occasionally almost beyond sight of the coast, but one happy run of 25 hours effected nearly half the distance between the point reached by Franklin and the Point Barrow, from which Captain Beechey's barge returned in 1826. In this interval the mouths of two considerable rivers were discovered. Of one of these, named by the party the Colville, Mr. Simpson remarks (p. 171): 'That it separates the Franklin and Pelly mountains, the last seen by us, and probably flows in a long course through a rich fur country and unknown tribes on the west side of the Rocky mountains,' Mr. Simpson thinks that it is probably identical with a river of which Mr. Campbell, one of the most adventurous of the Company's servants, who has pushed its establishments into the Rocky mountains and to the confines of the Russian territory, received accounts from the natives; if so, it has a course of at least 1000 English miles. It appears that Mr. Campbell in 1839 narrowly escaped massacre and starvation at the hands of the Nahanie Indians, but that his future operations are likely to be facilitated by a transaction with the Russian Governor, the eminent Baron Wrangel, by which the Russian line of coast as far as Cape Spencer is leased to the Company. On the 28th they hauled up their boats on a cape, in longitude 154°, which they named after Governor Simpson. The ice now rapidly accumulated, and on the 31st Mr. Simpson writes :- 'From the extreme coldness of the weather and the interminable ice, the further advance of our boats appeared hopeless. In four days we had only made good as many miles, and in the event of a late return to the Mackenzie, we had every reason to apprehend being set

fast in Bear Lake river, or at least at Fort Franklin, which would have been ruinous to our future plans. I therefore lost no time in imparting to Mr. Dease my desire of exploring the remainder of the coast to Point Barrow on foot. In order to secure the safe retreat of the party, he handsomely consented to remain with the boats; and as Point Barrow was still distant only two degrees of longitude, ten or twelve days were considered sufficient for my return.' The Author therefore, selecting five companions, started on his pedestrian expedition on the 1st of August. While the boats had been forcing their way through the shore ice to Cape Simpson, the appearance of the ice to seaward had been so smooth and solid that the party had longed for horses and carioles to drive at once to Point Barrow. Our author could not, indeed, resort to this expedient to facilitate the interesting labour of the remaining interval of unexplored coast. He could not call a coach, but he did better, for finding the sea open he called an oomiak-one of the large family-boats of the Esquimaux which bear that name. The incident of his meeting with the family which supplied him with the loan of this invaluable conveyance was certainly one of the most fortunate of his journey. The taste for tobacco acquired from intercourse with the Russians was a passport to their good graces. Among other mutual civilities Mr. Simpson exchanged his travelling service of plate, consisting of a tin pan, for a platter made out of a mammoth tusk, as appropriate to his daily mess of pemmican as pewter to the draught beloved by metropolitan coalheavers. The Esquimaux suffered him without scruple to select the best of three oomiaks for his purpose. These boats float in half a foot of water, and the one selected bounded gallantly over the high waves of an inlet five miles wide, which would have cost him a weary march to circumvent by land. Disregarding the portentous appearance of young ice and the landward flight of wild fowl, omens of approaching winter, and occasionally carrying their light craft over the older ice, they hurried onward to their goal, and reached it with triumph and gratitude on the morning of the 4th.

Point Barrow, henceforth famous as the focus to which British enterprise from west and east has successfully converged, is described as a long, low spit of gravel, some five miles across. It appears to be a place of considerable resort: a kind of Brighton to the Esquimaux, a summer camp, a winter burrow, and a fashionable burying-place. Mr. Elson, in 1826, had been deterred, by the hostile demeanour of the natives, from attempts at intercourse; but Mr. Simpson was bolder, and though the natives were numerous, and their demonstrations at first suspicious, he opened with them a brisk and friendly intercourse, exchanging the ever current

coin of tobacco for seal-skin boots, water-proof shirts of seals entrails, ivory toys, &c. Dances followed, performed by Ceritos in deer-skin unmentionables; and it was not till Mr. Simpson launched again on the ocean, averting his prow reluctantly from a lane of open water which invited him to Behring's Straits, that an attempt to steal his paddles, and some appearance of a disposition to misdirect his course, afforded any ground for apprehending bad intentions. He was soon joyfully received by the party from whom he had borrowed his frail but buoyant and effective conveyance; and as he required its further use, four of them readily consented to accompany him in their canoes. These people displayed acute sensibility to the power of music, listening with delight to the French and Highland boat-songs of the party. This sensibility is shared by the Indian tribe of the Loucheux, but, strange to say, is not found among their neighbours the Chipewayans. These distinctive peculiarities among races in juxtaposition are interesting, and not confined to savage tribes. We doubt whether, in this respect of musical faculty, the Loucheux differ more from the Chipewayans than do the natives of the hilly districts of Lancashire and Derbyshire from those of some neighbouring counties. In discussing the origin of the native tribes, Mr. Simpson (after attributing, as we think, on very questionable grounds, and differing with his predecessors in discovery, an European origin to the Esquimaux) enumerates several distinct families of Indians, whom he supposes to have migrated from Asia, but who have preserved the most decided differences of language and customs. He mentions the practice prevalent in New Caledonia of burning the dead, and of subjecting the widow to various degrading and painful observances, which probably indicate an Hindoo affinity, though not extending to the suttee of Hindostan. Mr. Ross Cox had the opportunity of observing this practice, which we believe the influence of the Company has since nearly abolished. We have lately seen it stated that in the Marquesas Islands the ocean is substituted for the pile, and the widow is sunk with the corpse of her partner. With all respect for the philosophers of the last century, who endeavoured to set up the superiority of savage over civilized man, we prefer the more cumbrous contrivance of jointure, with all its delays to impatient lovers and burthens on heirs.

Mr. Simpson was certainly as fortunate in avoiding collision with the natives as in procuring assistance from them; but the measure of proceeding with so small a party was, with reference to them, one of extreme hazard. The usual source of collision is the inability of the savage to resist the temptation to pilfer. We have seen that at Point Barrow this risk occurred. Mr. Dease

also, while waiting the return of the party, had to protect himselffrom similar attempts. Man hates and fears those whom he has injured. Mr. Simpson justly observes, that should the Russians ever furnish the Esquimaux with fire-arms, the day of discovery with small parties will be over. This was, however, the only juncture at which the natives were met with in force sufficient to create danger; and though it was certainly a critical one, the object in view was one of those which justify a rush at the fence without a scrutiny into the possible ditch at the other side.

While the operations above described were in progress, a party, left behind at Fort Good Hope, had ascended the Bear Lake River, and established themselves on the lake of that name to prepare the winter residence of the expedition. The ascent of the stream, however, had been one of difficulty, conducted between impending walls of ice, in some instances forty feet high. Thirty miles of such navigation had cost a fortnight's labour, and the passage of the lake itself was scarcely less difficult. It was not till the 17th of August, the day on which the coasting party re-entered the Mackenzie River, that the building party reached the scene of its labours, named Fort Confidence. Mr. Simpson's arrival here occurred on the 29th of September. They found their simple and diminutive log dwellings finished as well as the scanty materials of the country allowed, but miserably inadequate to the climate. An express soon after reached them, conveying, among other intelligence, that of Sir G. Back's intended expedition to Wager Inlet, and affording hopes of a meeting with that officer in the course of the summer, which were frustrated by the well known failure of his gallant efforts. The incidents of the winter residence demand little comment. From the 11th of November to the end of January the temperature ranged from 32° to 33° below zero. Occasionally, however, it descended to -50°; and when at -49° the author cast a bullet of quicksilver. which, fired from a pistol at ten paces, passed through an inch plank. The students of Liebig will not be surprised to hear that, when abundance permitted, the daily ration of an individual was from eight to twelve pounds of venison. On some occasions it appears that the allowance to the Company's servants has been fourteen pounds of moose or buffalo. We apprehend that bone is included, but the amount is yet enormous, as compared with the consumption of man in temperate climates. The great chemist clearly explains why this large amount of solid and nitrogenized food should be not only innocent but salutary under an arctic temperature. How far, however, it be necessary, and how great the addition desirable for due enjoyment, or essential to the healthy condition of the frame, apart from the adventitious conet - 19 sequences

sequences of habit, may be doubted. We have at least reason to doubt that the officers of these expeditions, whose education and habits removed them from the influences of idleness and mere sensuality, have felt and had occasion to satisfy any inordinate cravings. Experience and theory alike condemn the use of spirituous liquors as aids to exertion in these climates.*

The 11th of March exhibited the greatest degree of cold observed. A spirit thermometer, more scrupulous than its fellows,

stood at -60°, an older one at -66°.

Had Mr. Simpson's ardent mind and powerful frame been totally unoccupied during his long and wearisome detention, he might have been driven to the remedy which our French neighbours accuse us of adopting for low spirits, and have committed an appropriate suicide with a quicksilver bullet. He was not, however, driven to this resource. His winter excursions, on Great Bear Lake and the neighbouring barrens, exceeded a thousand miles. On the 27th of March he set out, with two men and four dogs, to explore the country between Bear Lake and the Coppermine, their intended pathway to the sea. Buried in the snow-drift of a north-easter, scarcely broken by the screen of a few dwarf spruces, the author naturally felt it difficult to comprehend how people could perish in an English snow-storm in the hot desert of Salisbury Plain, or the tropical regions of Shap Fell.

Indian education begins early. Lewis and Clarke describe equestrians of some two years old using both whip and bridle with vigour and effect. An unweaned member of an Indian family reached Fort Confidence on snow shoes two feet in

length:-

'I must not,' says Mr. Simpson, 'close this part of the narrative without bestowing a just encomium on the generally docile character of the natives of Great Bear Lake. They soon became attached to white men, and are fond of imitating their manners. In our little hall I have repeatedly seen the youngsters who were most about us get up from their chairs, and politely hand them to any of our people who happened to enter. Some of them even learned to take off their caps in the house, and to wash instead of greasing their faces. Their indulgent treatment of their women, who indeed possess the mastery, was noticed by Sir J. Franklin. I wish I could speak as favourably of their honesty and veracity.'—p. 243.

The next great object of Mr. Simpson's instructions was, as we have stated, to trace the unexplored interval from Franklin's point Turnagain to the Tlewocho estuary. For this object he was to reach the coast by the Coppermine River, with the choice,

^{*} We have been assured that in the Russian expedition to Khiva, those who, avoiding the use of spirits, confined themselves to tea alone survived.

as far as his instructors could give it, of spending one or two seasons on the attempt, and of returning by whichever of the two rivers he might prefer. He started on the 6th of June, ascended the Dease River, crossed the Dismal Lakes on the still solid ice partly with the assistance of sails, and launching on the Kendal River reached the confluence of that stream with the Coppermine on the 20th. The rapids of the Coppermine made of the descent and ascent of that river perhaps the two most critical operations of the expedition. Franklin had descended them in July, when at their summer level; they were now in spring flood; but skill and nerve brought the party through. We extract the following passage:—

'The day was bright and lovely as we shot down rapid after rapid; in many of which we had to pull for our lives to keep out of the suction of the precipices, along whose base the breakers raged and foamed with overwhelming fury. Shortly before noon we came in sight of the Escape Rapid of Franklin, and a glance at the overhanging cliffs told us that there was no alternative but to run down with full cargo. In an instant we were in the vortex; and, before we were aware, my boat was borne towards an isolated rock which the boiling surge almost concealed. To clear it on the outside was no longer possible; our only chance of safety was to run between it and the lofty eastern cliff. The word was passed, and every breath was hushed. A stream, which dashed down upon us over the brow of the precipice more than a hundred feet in height, mingled with the spray that whirled upwards from the rapid, forming a terrific shower-bath. The pass was about eight feet wide, and the error of a single foot on either side would have been instant destruction. As, guided by Sinclair's consummate skill, the boat shot safely through those jaws of death, an involuntary cheer arose.'-p. 258.

If it had appeared strange to Mr. Simpson, with his thermometer at—50°, that people should perish of cold in England, during this performance he must have been equally at a loss to account for the destruction of life which so often used to attend the

shooting of Old London Bridge.

From the 1st to the 17th of July the party were detained by the ice at the mouth of the Coppermine. From the latter date to the 19th of August they were occupied in struggling along the coast to the point reached by Franklin in 1821, and here the prospect before them showed that they had drawn a blank in the lottery of arctic summers. On the 16th of August Franklin had seen a perfectly open sea from this point. Before them now to the eastward lay an unbroken barrier of ice, glittering with snow, evidently destined soon to unite with the new formation of approaching winter. Behind them the disjointed masses through which they had forced their way kept closing in under the pressure of violent gales. Mr. Simpson, under these discouraging circumstances.

circumstances, again decided on the experiment of a pedestrian journey of exploration for some ten days with seven of the party, to be followed by Mr. Dease with the remaining five men in one of their two boats, should wind and weather so far change as to permit. This enterprise was well rewarded. Franklin's furthest point was passed on the 21st. From a cape named after that officer, a little beyond that point, land was seen twenty or twenty-five miles to the northward, and stretching from west to north-east. Was this land insular or continental, were the party coasting a bay or the shore of a continuous sea? This interesting question was solved on the 23rd, on which day Mr. Simpson writes:—

'The coast led somewhat more to the northward. The travelling was exceedingly painful. We, however, advanced with spirit, all hands being in eager expectation respecting the great northern land, which seemed interminable. Along its distant shore the beams of the declining sun were reflected from a broad channel of open water; while on the coast we were tracing the ice lay still immovable, and extended many miles to seaward. As we drew near in the evening an elevated cape, land appeared all round, and our worst fears seemed confirmed. With bitter disappointment I ascended the height, from whence a vast and splendid prospect burst suddenly upon me. The sea, as if transformed by enchantment, rolled its free waves at my feet, and beyond the range of vision to the eastward. Islands of various shape and size overspread its surface; and the northern land terminated to the eye in a bold and lofty cape, bearing east-north-east, thirty or forty miles distant, while the continental coast trended away south-east. I stood in fact on a remarkable headland at the eastern outlet of an ice-obstructed strait. On the extensive land to the northward I bestowed the name of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. Its eastern visible extremity I called Cape Pelly, in compliment to the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the promontory where we encamped Cape Alexander, after an only brother, who would give his right hand to be the sharer of my journeys.'

With these discoveries Mr. Simpson for this season was forced to content himself:—

'They were not in themselves,' he observes, 'unimportant; but their value was much enhanced by the disclosure of an open sea to the eastward, and the suggestion of a new route—along the southern coast of Victoria Land—by which that open sea might be attained while the shores of the continent were yet environed by an impenetrable barrier of ice, as they were this season.'—p. 300.

On the 29th they rejoined Mr. Dease and his party, who had continued ice-bound till the day previous, when he wisely judged it too late to attempt progress by sea to the eastward.

The course now adopted by the party is best explained and vindicated in Mr. Simpson's own words:—

The bad weather and advanced season now rendered every one anxious to return to winter quarters, and I reluctantly acquiesced in the general sentiment; but for doing so I had reasons peculiar to myself. I considered that we could not now expect to reach Back's Great Fish River; that by exploring a part only of the unknown coast intervening, our return to the Coppermine must be so long protracted as to preclude the possibility of taking the boats up that bad river; and that by abandoning them on the coast to the Esquimaux we excluded the prospect of accomplishing the whole by a third voyage, with the benefit perhaps of a more propitious season. Three great travellers, Hearne, Franklin, and Richardson, had successively pronounced the ascent of the Coppermine, above the Bloody Fall, to be impracticable with boats; and our people, recollecting only the violence and impetuosity of our descent, entertained the same opinion. Fully aware of the great importance of this point to any future operations, I had with a careful eye inspected every part of the river, and formed in my own mind the following conclusions respecting the upward navigation :- lst. That in a river of that size there must always be a lead somewhere, of depth enough for light boats.—2nd. That the force of the rapids would be found much abated, and that with strong ropes the worst of them might be surmounted .- 3rd. From the fury of the breakers in June I inferred the existence at no great depth of a narrow projecting ledge of rock that, bared by the falling of the waters, would afford footing to the towing-party, without which the ascent indeed must have baffled all our efforts.'-p. 303.

These views proved in the sequel to be just and well-founded. We refer our readers to the narrative to learn how highly indeed the skill and courage of the party were taxed to demonstrate the soundness of the above conclusions. Every danger, however, was baffled, and every difficulty surmounted; and on the 14th the

party regained Fort Confidence in safety.

The summer of 1839 proved more favourable to the task of discovery than its predecessor. On reaching the Coppermine on the 19th of June the party found that the ice had ceased to drift down on the 16th, ten days earlier than the last year. The rapids were passed with far greater facility; and on reaching Cape Barrow, on the 18th of July, they found the wide extent of Coronation Gulf partially open. Threading the ice across the inlet to Cape Franklin, they met with, instead of the unbroken barrier which had foiled them last year, an open channel two miles wide along the main. On the 8th of August they had followed the coast as far as the 99th degree of longitude, i.e., some 11 degrees to the eastward of their point of departure. On the 10th Mr. Simpson writes:—

We proceeded north-eastward all day among the islands, and some began to apprehend that we had lost the continent altogether, till in the evening we opened a strait running in to the southward of east, while the rapid rush of the tide from that quarter left no longer any room to doubt

doubt the neighbourhood of an open sea leading to the mouth of Back's Great Fish River. . . I must candidly acknowledge,' he continues, 'that we were not prepared to find so southerly a strait leading to the estuary of the Great Fish River, but rather expected first to double Cape Felix of Captain James Ross, towards which the coast had been latterly trending. The extensive land on which that conspicuous cape stands forms the northern shore of the strait through which we passed on the 11th; and which led us, the same afternoon, by an outlet only three miles wide to the much desired eastern sea. That glorious sight was first beheld by myself from the top of one of the high limestone islands; and I had the satisfaction of announcing it to some of the men, who, incited by curiosity, followed me thither. The joyful news was soon conveyed to Mr. Dease, who was with the boats at the end of the island, about half a mile off; and even the most desponding of our people forgot for the time the great distance we should have to return to winter quarters, though a wish that a party had been appointed to meet us somewhere on the Great Fish River, or even at Fort Reliance, was frequently expressed.'

A strong wind from the westward rapidly extricated the party from the labyrinth of islands which had long impeded their voyage, and on the 13th, says Mr. Simpson, 'On doubling a very sharp point, that offered a lee spot for the boats, I landed, and saw before me a perfect sandy desert. It was Back's Point Sir

C. Ogle that we had at length reached!'

Here then the author's performance of his duty, as designated by his instructions, was complete; but he was naturally desirous to push his exploration as far to the eastward beyond Sir G. Back's limit as the season would permit. He still considered it possible that the isthmus, the existence of which, in the region assigned to it by Sir John Ross, he had disproved, might be found further eastward. The men assented without a murmur to the unexpected prolongation of their hard service-a circumstance which says much for them, and for the commanders who had won their attachment. The Great Fish River and the other streams which reach this coast flow through unwooded regions, a fact which much aggravates the condition of the coast navigator, who finds no drift-wood for fuel, and on his shivering bivouac is reduced to uncooked pemmican and cold water for his diet. The latter luxury itself was scarce among the islands; strong north-east winds prevailed, and one of Sir G. Back's stores on Montreal Island, to which they were directed by M'Kay, one of that officer's expedition, afforded nothing but pemmican alive with maggots, and chocolate rotten with five years' decay. In the teeth of all these difficulties they persevered, running over from Montreal Island to the eastern coast, to a cape somewhat north of Cape Hay, the extreme point seen by Sir G. Back, to which they gave gave the name of Cape Britannia. Hence, with a fair wind and tossing sea, they made a run of thirty miles to a cape which they christened after the name of Lord Selkirk; and some three miles further, on the 20th, the return of the north-east wind forced them into the mouth of a small river.

'It was now,' says Mr. Simpson, 'quite evident to us, even in our most sanguine mood, that the time was come for commencing our retreat to the distant Coppermine River, and that any further foolhardy perseverance could only lead to the loss of the whole party, and also of the great object which we had so successfully achieved. The men were therefore directed to construct another monument in commemoration of our visit; while Mr. Dease and I walked to an eminence three miles off, to see the further trending of the coast. Our view of the low main shore was limited to about five miles, when it seemed to turn off more to the right. Far without lay several lofty islands, and in the northeast more distant still appeared some high blue land; this, which we designated Cape Sir J. Ross, is in all probability one of the southeastern promontories of Boothia. We could therefore hardly doubt being now arrived at that large gulf uniformly described by the Esquimaux as containing many islands, and with numerous indentations, running down to the southward till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager Bays. The exploration of such a gulf to the strait of the Fury and Hecla would necessarily demand the whole time and energies of another expedition, having some point of retreat much nearer to the scene of operations than Great Bear Lake; and we felt assured that the Honourable Company who had already done so much in the cause of discovery, would not abandon their munificent work till the precise limits of this great continent were fully and finally established.'p. 376.

After all that has been accomplished, the nil actum reputans of Juvenal would be an exaggeration, but we confess we sympathise with the hope here expressed, and are satisfied that the Company might easily accomplish the remaining task, probably by making one of their establishments on the eastern coast, Fort Churchill for instance, the starting place or base of their operation. The mouth of the stream which bounded the last career of the admirable little boats, and received their name, the Castor and Pollux, lies in lat. 68° 28' 23" N., long. 94° 14' W.; or, adopting Back's longitude, which for some reason Simpson could not reconcile with his own, in long. 93° 7' 30". expedition on its return, instead of pursuing the shores of the mainland, coasted the southern shores of Boothia, and their new discovery, Victoria Land: the former for nearly sixty-seven miles, to within fifty-seven miles of Ross's pillar, and within ninety miles of the magnetic pole. Their run along Victoria Land amounted to upwards of 170 miles. Their winds were favourable, their their navigation, though sometimes rough for craft so light, was prosperous, and on the 10th, having triumphantly crossed the strait of fifty miles to Cape Barrow, they revelled once more in the luxury of a drift-wood fire, to which they had been strangers since July. The party regained the Coppermine River on the 16th of September, after the longest voyage yet performed by boats in the Polar sea—in all 1631 statute miles.

It would remain for us to notice the sad and mysterious termination of a life so distinguished by enterprise and honourable service, but the task is distressing; and, as we could do nothing towards elucidating the truth, we leave our readers to read for themselves in the preface the few ascertained particulars of the occurrence. It is more than enough for us to know that Mr. Simpson perished by violence on his way from the Red River settlement towards England. It is just possible that some tardy confession, or some word spoken in the veracity of intoxication, may confirm our own impression that, after killing two of his half-breed companions in self-defence, he was murdered in revenge. Till then the possibility may be, however reluctantly, admitted of the tale as told by the survivors, that insanity was the cause of the catastrophe. More fortunate in one sense than Parke or Hudson, he has left behind him his own record of his own achievements. And we cannot close the volume without once more remarking on its literary merit. For judicious selection of topics and incidents, for clearness and simplicity of description, it is the model of a diary, and, like the masculine and modest character of the man, reflects honour on Mr. Simpson's venerable Alma Mater, King's College, Aberdeen.

ART. VI.—Change for the American Notes: in Letters from London to New York. By an American Lady. London, 1843.

If this book had infected us with any portion of the spirit in which it is written, we could not indulge our malice more effectually than by affecting to give credit to its title-page, and to believe that it is the genuine production of 'An American Lady.' We, however, shall be more candid, and shall set out by at once assuring our readers that this is not the work of an American Lady, nor even of an American woman—that no such letters ever were written—and that, in short, the whole affair is a clumsy fabrication. The fashion of literary masquerading, by which a writer assumes a foreign and fictitious character, to give poignancy to his descriptions of the habits and manners of his own country, has been sanctioned by so many respectable authorities,

ancient and modern-Turkish Spies-Persian Letters-Citizens of the World-Hadgi Babas-Espriellas, &c .- that the severest moralist never complains of an innocent forgery that deceives and means to deceive nobody. But it may be doubted whether the case now before us is equally justifiable. When a publication is of a highly hostile and accusatory nature, good faith would rather require that the accuser should appear in his own proper shape—not skulking away under the fraudulent protection of the petticoat-but making his charges on his own credit and responsibility; and this-fair in any case-would be more especially desirable, when, as in that before us, much of the gravamen of the charge arises out of the assumed character. For instance, there are many things which happen daily and hourly in this, as in every other, busy city which it would be very rude and even brutal to force on the involuntary notice of an American or any other lady-but of which an American man, curious to see the manners of a stranger people and going in quest of such adventures, can have no reason to complain. A civilised audience would be naturally shocked at seeing Mr. Ford cudgel the poor old woman of Brentford, if they did not see, as well as Sir Hugh, that 'there was a great peard under her muffler.'

The morbid sensibility to British criticism, which is so remarkable in our transatlantic cousins, induced us, on a former occasion, to express our unwillingness to see their peculiarities made the object of mere raillery and satire, even though the traveller should give his name, and stake his personal credit to the fidelity of the picture, and it would be natural that we should still more disapprove such an attempt as that now before us, when a fictitious character is assumed for the purpose of detraction; and so we certainly do: but not at all for the same reason. For the fact is, and this writer fully admits it, that the English have no such morbid sensibility and care for all such carpings—'not a jot, not a jot '*—and so we regret such publications as that now before us—not as offensive to England, but as discreditable to America, and as being at once a symptom of their irrational irritability,

and an inflammation of the disease.

But while we thus suggest that this assumption of character is not quite defensible, either on the score of good taste or good sense, we readily admit that, though most minutely and doggedly elaborated, it is, in truth, so awkwardly—so absurdly managed, that nobody, in England at least, can be for a moment deceived by the travesty, and that none can have so much reason to resent

^{* &#}x27;You think if the English knew the strictures passed upon them by foreigners, by quickwitted Frenchmen especially, they would be surprised and hurt; "not a jot, not a jot "—they would attribute all blame to envy or malice," &c. &c.—p. 145.

it as the fair sex in the United States—they may indeed feel justly indignant at so gross a misrepresentation of the manners, language, feelings, and personal decencies of an American Lady.

That, however, is their affair, not ours; and as there are very few pages of the book which do not contain some deliberate misrepresentation or falsification—many of them, we admit, white lies, but many more black enough—we cannot but allow that the imposture of the title-page is a very appropriate introduction to the

systematic deceptions of the text.

Who the real author may be, we know not: the unscrupulous malignity against England, which breaks out so frequently and so violently, indicates a transatlantic spirit, and yet the writer betrays, we think, that his knowledge of America is not very practical, but almost as imperfect and superficial as his acquaintance with England. This and some other slight indications scattered through the volume incline us to suspect that the work is a mere bookseller's speculation, got up on the sudden, and in the wake of Mr. Dickens, in which, for despatch, more than one hand may have been employed, but of which the chief share has been supplied by some Anglo-American, who has been long enough in Europe to have forgotten of his own country everything but its prejudices-and to have learned of ours nothing but the vulgarities. This, however, is mere conjecture. All that we venture to state as certain, and all that we care about, is that the work is, in all its leading features, an imposture-which we should not have thought worthy of our notice, but that, palpable as it must be to every English reader, it may not be equally so in America; and we see so many instances of the credulity and wrong-headedness of mankind, that we are unwilling to run the risk of any of our readers at the other side of the Atlantic, believing for a moment in the details of this-what shall we call it?-libellous romance—these memoirs of the Chevalière d'Eon of Paternoster There are, unhappily, points enough on which the feelings of Great Britain and the United States may be unpleasantly excited without the help of fictitious travellers making imaginary grievances, and inventing visionary causes for additional antipathies.

The immediate motive for this publication is avowedly Mr. Dickens's 'American Notes;' but instead of being, as might be expected, a refutation or even a denial of Mr. Dickens's statements, it turns out to be an attempt at not reply but retaliation. It is indeed very remarkable that in a work undertaken professedly in resentment of Mr. Dickens's publication, there should be not, as we believe, one single instance in which the perfect veracity of his statements is so much as questioned; and it is also worthy of

notice that with every disposition to criticise and sneer at Mr. Dickens, the—(we were about to say—American Lady—but we here once for all discard the unseemly farce of the petticoat)—the author—vir, not virago—has hardly made a point which he had not found ready-made to his hand (though in a far different spirit)

in the Quarterly Review.

We notice those coincidences—which are too frequent and too close to be accidental—not, heaven knows, with any complacency at finding our opinions adopted by such a writer, but because they overturn completely the foundation and object of the work itself; for, professing to vindicate the United States from Mr. Dickens's misrepresentations, it has in fact nothing to allege against his veracity, or even his accuracy; and can only rake up some errors of taste which we, his countrymen, had already indicated. The criticism, therefore, has not even the merit of originality; while the confession that 'the faults of his works are negative'-that is, that he has told nothing but the truth, though he may have left a great deal of truth untold-is as much praise as Mr. Dickens himself would probably claim for his travels; but the truths which he was 'too gentlemanlike-too honourable' -to introduce there, may, in the shape of the Memoirs of Martin Chuzzlewit, enliven a more unreserved picture of American morals and manners, and may be, perhaps, less palatable than even the 'negative merits' of the former work.

But it was just the same with Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope, Amidst a loud and long tempest of complaint and abuse, we do not recollect one instance in which any statement of Captain Hall's, nor even of the still more vituperated Mrs. Trollope, was directly questioned, much less disproved. In some instances they were accused of bad logic, such as arguing from a particular to a universal; and of bad taste, in not distinguishing between the actual manners of low company which they saw, and the possibly better manners of good company which they did not happen to meet; but we cannot call to mind that either have been ever convicted, or indeed so much as accused, of a false fact. Inde ira. Nothing stings like truth; and if Mrs. Trollope or Mr. Dickens had romanced in any part of their narratives-if they had stated anything but what was substantially true—they would have been, not sneered at and abused, but answered-detected-refuted; and would have very soon sunk into oblivion, and made no more permanent sensation in America than Mr. Cooper* has made, or than the 'American Lady' will make in England.

^{*} Since we have happened to mention Mr. Cooper, we must beg leave to revive for a moment the recollection of his work on 'England,' for the purpose of reminding—not Mr. Cooper, who remembers it, we dare say, well enough—but the public of both Europe

Of the details of a work professing to give a personal account of real transactions and actual society, but which is in fact a gross imposture in all its parts and from beginning to end, it would be absurd to enter into any examination. We have neither taste nor time to fight shadows—to defend imaginary Englishmen from impossible offences-to apologise to mock ladies for insults committed by themselves on themselves-to explain imputed incongruities that never existed-to account for events that never happened-and to vindicate the character of English society from misrepresentation rather less amusing, but scarcely less fabulous than the satirical versions of Lilliput or Laputa. But we think it right to give our readers some specimens of the style in which the criticisms of Mr. Dickens are-not met by anything like explanation or denial, but-attempted to be parried by the well-known schoolboy's retort, who, when called 'dirty dog' by one of his playmates, had no better answer than 'dirty dog yourself.' Now though this style of argument amounts to a confession on the part of the American writer, that the original charge is well founded, we can by no means admit either the logical force or substantial truth of the retorts which he attempts to turn upon us. They are for the most part either absurd as reasoning, or false as facts. Let us take for example a few of the leading subjects of discussion upon which, of course, the author has exerted all his ingenuity.

Most prominent amongst the indecencies and outrages to good manners which travellers object to the Americans, is the excessive use of tobacco and its beastly consequences; the American advocate cannot deny the fact—nay, in order perhaps the better to

Europe and America, that we, the 'Quarterly Review,' have a claim on Mr. Cooper as a man of honour which he has not chosen to meet. In Mr. Cooper's work on 'England, printed in 1837, he made two very remarkable assertions, on which we felt it our duty to make some (as we think) equally remarkable animadversions. The first was, that 'one of the greatest Monsters of the Reign of Terror was the tool of England, and had been sent to Paris by the British Cabinet, which story, Mr. Cooper added, 'it is fortunately in my power to prove that I had from Lafayette.' This story we pronounced to be an 'infamous falsehood;' and as Mr. Cooper had volunteered to say that he had proof of having had it from Lafayette, we summoned him to produce his profiered proof; he has never done so. The other assertion was, that 'an American of Mr. Cooper's acquaintance distinctly informed him of the fact that "Mr. Gifford," the former editor of this Review, "had admitted to the said American that articles unfavourable America—tow blackyuard abuse—were prepared under the direction of the English Government and inserted in the Quarterly Review." In answer to this we said, 'to this assertion we give the most indignant denial ** and we therefore, in the most solenn manner, call upon Mr. Cooper to produce the American acquaintance, "who distinctly informed him' of what we denounce to the world as a CALUMNIOUS FALSEHOOD. To this solenn appeal, no more than to the other, has Mr. Cooper made any answer—though, be it always remembered, our questions were grounded on his own voluntary proffer of corroborative evidence—and we have therefore only to repeat that both the stories are CALUMNIOUS FALSEHOODS, and that Mr. Cooper has not ventured to deny that they are so.

support the female character, he affects to be almost ashamed of it (which is one of the many reasons that make us doubt whether the whole work be genuine Yankee), but, en revanche, he finds out that the English have a trick quite as bad—and what do you think that is?—they are not talkative!—that while travelling in railroad carriages they don't strive to outroar the engine and wheels by attempting conversation:—

'They are as fond of taciturnity as the Americans are of tobacco; and for my single self, I cannot see the good of either. Many an American will sit "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" with his weed, but he never forgets the attentions due to the other sex; whilst many an Englishman sits "wrapped in dismal thinkings," forgetful or neglectful

of everything but himself.

"And with each breath he draws, he seems t' inhale Gloom thrice distilled;"

but he dispenses with the potent weed. I care not to dwell upon this subject; but it really appears that the main discovery which clever men have crossed the Atlantic to make, and which ladies have carefully recorded in their diaries, is, that the Americans—I must use the vernacular—spit. Were I asked a national characteristic of Englishmen, I

should say they-sulk.'-p. 31.

Now even if we were so over candid as to admit that 'taciturnity and gloom' were a fair set-off against the American abomination, we fear that the account would still be unbalanced, for if there be anything on which all travellers agree, and on which no native has, that we know of, attempted a denial, it is 'the melancholy monotony of manners and the absence of everything like gaiety and good-humour that seems to pervade all classes of people and in all circumstances.'

'Nobody (says Mr. Dickens) says anything to anybody. All the passengers are very dismal, and seem to have tremendous secrets weighing on their minds. There is no conversation, no laughter, no cheerfulness, no sociality, except in spitting, and that is done in silent fellowship round the stove when the meal is over. Every man sits down dull and languid; and having bolted his food in gloomy silence, bolts himself in the same state—undertakers on duty would be sprightly beside them.'—Dickens, vol. ii. p. 76.

With much more to the same effect on this as well as other occasions. To this individual case, however, the American

makes a special reply; and this is it:-

'Mr. Dickens tells us that during his journey from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, on board the steam-boat, "there was no sociality except in spitting;" in a London omnibus there is no sociality in anything, except in grumbling now and then.'—p. 115.

As if the cases were parallel—as if sociality in an omnibus were as much to be expected as sociality between fellow-travellers in steam-boats—as if 'sociality in spitting' were better than no sociality at all—and, finally, as if British grumbling were any excuse for the American nastiness. It is clear that, after balancing the worst that can be said of the sulky taciturnity of John Bull against the dismal monotony of America, Cousin Jonathan will still have the clear balance of the salivatory horror to account for. But we have not done with the defensive use which the Americans make of this English crime of taciturnity. A very remarkable feature of American manners, in which all travellers are agreed, is the free and easy style in which every individual American thinks himself at liberty to catechise, on the most personal and private details, any stranger he may happen to fall in with. This most offensive system of inquisition our author does not attempt to deny, but exclaims with astonishing self-complacency—

'Better the Yankee inquisitiveness, of which travellers complain, than utter and contemptuous silence; better "an embodied inquiry," an animated note of interrogation with the twist in the mind, than the surly masculine selfishness I have so often met with here.'—p. 29.

Tastes differ; we, for our own parts, are so bigoted to our European foibles, that we should infinitely prefer travelling in a stage-coach with an Englishman who never opens his mouth at all, than with an American who never opens his mouth but to ask you some impertinent question, or to squirt—with whatever dexterity the feat might be performed—a stream of saliva right across your face.

There is another great national disgrace under which the good fame of America at this moment reels—we mean that infamous dishonesty called *repudiation*. In defence of this gigantic swindling not a word can be said; but it is discovered that England had set poor dear, innocent, honest Pennsylvania this 'bad example.'

'The Bank of England, in the recollection of many not very old people, "repudiated" cash payments; and this, I heard, was by direct order from the Government issued on a Sabbath-day."—p. 349.

To be sure, the writer has the grace to add immediately that 'this perhaps was not exactly what is now called "repudiation." '—ib. and candidly wishes that 'the delinquent States would carry out the example set by the Bank of England,' of eventually fulfilling its engagements. We heartily wish so too.

But while the writer is forced to admit that the suspension of cash payments was 'not exactly what is now called "repudiation," he has luckily discovered what he represents as an exact precedent for the American robbery—

'It seems to me, moreover, that when the British rulers, by an arbitrary act, reduced the rate of interest from five to three-and-a-half per cent., they

they "repudiated" a part of the engagement to which public faith was

pledged."-p. 349.

Is it in order to maintain the character of an American lady that the author shows such childish ignorance? In a man knowing anything of the business of the world, this assertion would be neither more nor less than a downright and deliberate falsehood. The British five-per-cents. were never 'repudiated' in any sense of the word—the interest upon them was never reduced-they were paid off in full, according to the exact engagement of the original contract—every holder had the option of receiving in cash and in hand the full amount of his stock, and of disposing of it how he might please, or of re-investing it with an adequate bonus in the 4 per cents. The American writer professes to be very sorry that the Rev. Sydney Smith had occasion to write his stinging letters on the subject of the non-payment of the interest on the debt of Pennsylvania. We easily believe him; and we have also no doubt that Mr. Smith's readers in the City would be very glad if they could put any trust in the very cool and thoroughly American explanation which is here given of the transaction:-

'I understand that in reality Pennsylvania has never "repudiated" one farthing of her debts; and though this and some few of the other states have failed to provide for the interest recently due, there can be no reasonable doubt that all will be ultimately and honourably paid.'-p. 350. And then there follows a repetition of the assertion that those States-'not more than two or three'-have only followed the 'bad precedent of England.' Mr. Sydney Smith's letters have amused the public here, and will perhaps gall some of the less callous consciences (if there be any such) of the drab-coloured swindlers of Pennsylvania; but we expect no other effect. And, although we cannot be suspected of giving any kind of countenance to so nefarious a robbery, we confess that we cannot peculiarly sympathise with many of the British adventurers, whose losses are the consequence of their own speculation. Why did shrewd and knowing men choose to 'repudiate' the funds of their own country and carry their venture to Pennsylvania?—Why? because they got a better interest, to be sure!—6 or 7 per cent... while in London they could have had but 31 or 4. Very well: but why was it that 6 or 7 per cent. were to be obtained in Pennsylvanian funds, and only one half as much in the English? Simply because the Pennsylvanian stock was considered to be in that proportion less safe-the income was greater because the security was less; and those who preferred that precarious profit to a more moderate certainty at home, do not command extraordinary compassion when the calculated and compensated chance

turns up against them. This extenuates in no degree the dishonesty of the Americans, but it sensibly diminishes our interest

for the speculative class of the British creditors.

But to another, and even more serious, subject. There is one fearful word which even the effrontery of the American writer hesitates to utter-but which-as it forms the chief feature of a large portion of American society, and is the chief object of every traveller's observation-cannot be wholly omitted-domestic slavery. 'It is very embarrassing, indeed,—it must be noticed—it cannot be denied-still less palliated-still less excused. What is to be done?' Why—juggle it!—treat it as a conjuror does a card, just show it hastily and imperfectly, and then-hey, prestotransmute the knave of spades into the queen of hearts. In the surprise of the transformation the juggler hopes that you will have forgotten the original knave. So, after a whisper about 'slavery,' we find a slight mention of 'America,' which by a sudden legerdemain is metamorphosed into 'England:' and England, the first and foremost, and most active, and most prodigal, and most successful, in the abolition of negro slavery, becomes somehow implicated in this American wickedness, or in something else which the writer considers as bad. The mode in which this sleight of hand is performed is ingenious, if not ingenuous, and will exhibit, even better than the bolder and more obtrusive falsehoods with which the book abounds, the style and spirit of the author.

Messrs. Combe, Buckingham, and Dickens, in the course of their respective remarks on American slavery, produced a number of advertisements from the American newspapers relative to the treatment, manners, and morals of the slave population, which exhibited that system in all its practical horrors, and excited, we most truly say, the indignation of the civilised world.

Now is it not something more than bold to find the American advocate making this catalogue of crime the first step towards palliating the horrors it exposes? The American Lady pretends a call of charity to an English workhouse, and this visit affords an excuse for proceeding thus:—

'It would be easy to string together a long list of cruellies and wrongs inflicted in workhouses, and give printed authority for each; then append a few pages of philanthropic paragraphs, and let the inference be, that in England poverty was punished more severely than crime—the worn-out pauper, with thews and sinews stiffened by extreme age, worse treated than the healthy young pickpocket; and suppose this inference were not exactly correct, what then? The like has been done in respect to SLAVERY in America; there is good precedent for it, and the English are great people for precedents.'—p. 107.

Thus it appears that the writer looks upon the manacles, mainings,

mainings, mutilations, and murders—evidenced and recorded by the American journals themselves—as matters of pretty much the same moral class as the hardships of an English workhouse!

Again. It is one of the writer's commonplaces to assume that the English are the worst educated and most ignorant people on the face of the earth—but the only proof advanced, in support of these assertions, is that in general they know no more of America than they read of in books, and that they put faith in Mrs. Trollope and Captain Hall. Now to this species of ignorance we must, we fear, plead guilty, and our apology for it is simply that it is no fault of ours. We have no other guides—all the Europeans who cross the Atlantic are in one story; and we, the less adventurous, who remain at home, have no means of knowledge but what these travellers afford us. If we are ignorant, why do not the Americans enlighten us? Why does not the writer, who has assumed the petticoats of an American Lady, instead of compiling anonymous slander and libellous romances about England, come forward in his own proper person and give us a full and true account of his own country, and especially with reference to the more disputed points? Why, instead of vague and general ebullitions of rage against the English travellers, will not the American literati condescend to correct their errors and instruct our ignorance by disproving all the facts—or even some of the facts—or even one of the facts on which Mrs. Trollope, and Mrs. Butler, and Captain Hall, and Captain Hamilton, and Captain Marryatt, and Mr. Abdy, and Mr. Dickens-all coming forward in their proper names and proper persons-have grounded their opinions, andas the Americans allege-misled ours? But supposing our ignorance as black and deep as the Dismal Swamp, we do not see that the following reference to it would be good logic:-

'Mr. Dickens should school his countrymen on this head: he advises the Americans to abolish slavery,—let him tell the English to expel ignorance.'—p. 72.

Mr. Dickens might reply that *ignorance* and *slavery* were not crimes of exactly the same dye, and that after he had retorted on the Americans an exhortation to expel their own *ignorance* (which is not *much* less than that of England), he would still be in a condition to repeat his original anxiety for the abolition of *slavery*.

Again :-

'Sometimes female servants continue many years in one place, but not frequently; the attachment that used to subsist between master and servant, and which in many country-places might be the relic of a feudal clauship, is known no longer, or in only a faint degree; nor do I think there is anything like the attached feeling to the family, often manifested by negresses in the slave states of America.'—p. 121.

Here

Here is the same attempt at evasive palliation; and English maid-servants—poor things!—are introduced to afford a rather unfavourable contrast to the more affectionate fidelity and grateful attachment—and, by a natural inference, to the happier condition—of the 'negresses in the slave states of America.' 'Slave states!!'—'tis their own common denomination, and how big with political inconsistency and moral depravity is that familiar phrase!

But again :-

'I was once remarking how free England was from destructive beasts. "Yes," said a lady present, "and England is free from another thing—slaves!" At least, thought I, for I very rarely argue, unless by post, they do not call them by that name in this country.'—p. 361.

Certainly, if the American Lady considered this stupid sneer as an argument, we approve her reluctance to adventure herself in the unknown latitudes of logic.

And once again. Our readers will recollect a scene on board a Mississippi steam-boat, very dramatically related by Mr. Dickens, in which a 'Brown-forester' bullies the commander of the boat, and insults all the company as 'Down-Easters,' and men of 'Boston raising,' and in return is rewarded by the abject gratitude of all the insulted passengers. Mr. Dickens told the story well, as we have said, as to dramatic effect, but superficially and unsatisfactorily with reference to the real motive and meaning of this most curious scene-which we thought one of the most remarkable and the least creditable to American society of all that Mr. Dickens had described. This, therefore, is to be accounted for and palliated—but how?—the facts, the inferences are not to be questioned—and the only resource is a Tu quoque, and such a Tu quoque! There are, it seems, certain carts driven through the streets of London covered with advertisementsthese, by an astonishing metamorphose, are made the pendant to the scene in the Mississippi steam-boat:-

'The other day I pointed out one of those wheeling advertisements to Lady (!) —, and said I thought such things strange. "O!" she remarked, in a tone no underlinings or notes of admiration can do justice to, "they are from the City." So I believe they are "Down-Easters," as Mr. Dickens's friend from the brown forests of the Mississippi might call them—things of Cockney raising."—p. 172.

When such are the modes of defence and the style of argument on grave and important matters, our readers we hope will excuse our declining to overload our pages with the exposure of petty distortions and pigmy calumnies: and yet we must trespass on their patience for a few examples of the veracity and good

taste of the author, which we shall lay before them almost sans phrase; and indeed what exposure could be more complete than literal quotation of such passages as the following, which we select from hundreds, not as the falsest or most absurd, but as the shortest,

FACTS illustrative of English ignorance:-

"A young lady of this well-trained class was listening to an East Indian officer of high rank, and timed her "Dear mes," and "well, sirs," admirably—the East Indian, who was very prosy, thought he had a most intelligent auditress. "Well, after this strange adventure, as I entered the tent, I heard Sheer Singh, who—" "Pray," interrupted the pretty débutante, "did he sing well?" She expected to hear, perhaps, that he was an Indian Rubini.—p. 88.

'I once heard a man of this stamp [one of an hundred thousand connected with commercial pursuits] say it was well known that *Junius was a Lord Mayor of London*. I was not at all surprised at the statement, but I was, that the *gentleman* knew there had been a Junius at all.'—p. 67.

'I have been asked if New York was built upon the plan of Old York, and if it had as fine a Minster?'-p. 88.

'One old lady who is prouder of her horses than of her wealth, her high birth, her fair daughters, or her jewels, expressed to me great satisfaction, "that the Boundary Question was settled at last, for it must have been so unpleasant when travelling to find your coachman trespassing on a wrong or disputed road, and having to turn back perhaps—so trying to the horses!" '—p. 314.

FACTS illustrative of English ill manners, immorality, and want of charity:-

'The Hon. (!) Mrs. — has just left town; before her departure she presented me, as a souvenir, with a curious Indian fan, and—of all things to one about to cross the Atlantic—Falconer's Shipwreck, with autograph remarks of her own! Boz, in what some of the critics are rude enough to call his caricature vein, talks of "going up St. Paul's in

an omnibus;" the feat were as practicable as to induce Mrs. —— to walk in the path of good humour and contentment."—p. 267.

'I was told by the Hon. (!) Mrs. —, that there were newspapers in London of extensive circulation and considerable influence, of whose very existence a lady must be ignorant. This seems to involve a paradox, but so it is.'—p. 290.

'I am told, by the way, that many ladies of rank are fond of being present at the trials of murderers: they go for a sensation, I suppose; the Opera palls in time—its murders are only simulated.'—p. 76.

'I have heard English gentlemen, whose yearly income-tax would be plethoric wealth to hundreds of thousands, regret that the poor were irreclaimable, and there an end!'—p. 38.

'I have heard ladies in England express great dissatisfaction at Mr. Dickens's account (written in a not unkindly spirit) of the factory girls at Lowell.'—p. 131.

'It is curious to observe with how little inquiry foreigners conclude that the English are a charitable people; the evidence, the many institutions supported by voluntary benevolence. These actually prove the exceptions. The very fact that institutions (especially those of a religious and scholastic nature) must be thus provided, shows that there is not in the people at large a body of kindliness and charity sufficient to influence the legislature to make permanent provision for these wants of the poor.'—p. 386.

FACTS illustrative of the writer's own critical taste and practical accuracy:—

'Spectacles these [felons hung in chains], "like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below."—(Would not above be more correct of a missing star?)'—p. 57.

We cannot resist the pleasure of pointing out the taste of likening a gibbeted skeleton to 'a lost Pleiad,' and the judgment which forgets that a star lost to us here below may be supposed still to exist in the unseen regions above.

'Milton's description of morn is very fine as well as true, and so are the lines of Thomson—

"The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour, To meditation due and sacred song."

I do not clearly understand how, if the hour be due to sacred song, it can be epitheted as silent; but let that pass.'—p. 213.

No, indeed—we cannot let these choice specimens of criticism pass unadmired.

'Dr. Johnson encounters George III. in the palace library; the King asks a few questions about the two Universities; two controversialists—Warburton and South.'—p. 79.

A slight mistake of Charles II.'s witty churchman, Dr. South, and George III.'s Bishop Lowth.

'I, as an Episcopalian Protestant, feel amazed at the proceedings of the clergy here in respect to Puseyism. . . . The Puseyites would introduce alterations into the offertory, and if possible, hold it weekly.'—p. 295.

'Really the Thames Tunnel is marvellous—a long covered way of solid stone, arched something like the cloisters in old abbeys (you have a painting of one at Fountains' Abbey in Yorkshire).'—p. 63.

'Gentlemen wore court suits—a bag-wig, sword, and knee-buckles being the chief variation from their ordinary costume.'—p. 147.

Imagine Mr. Macaulay going to court in his ordinary costume, with only the addition of a bag-wig! a sword, and knee-buckles. It would be a sight almost to rival Niagara.

'At the western extremity of Hyde Park are Kensington Gardens. Here in the mornings are ladies with their books, and gentlemen with their eye-glasses and sillinesses. The English of all people have least the gift to see themselves as others see them. The poets and essayists who have told them plain truths of the national character are considered satirists, and the Englishman continues to believe, and to believe firmly, that he is liberal, humane, and wise!—p. 263.

With this crowning proof—equally true in fact as in logic—that because English gentlemen are to be seen in 'the mornings' in Kensington Gardens 'with their eye-glasses and sillinesses,' the British nation can have no pretence to the character of 'liberal, humane, or wise'—we close our account with this broker of American notes—whose paper, we think, will be now equally honoured, on either shore of the Atlantic, with that of Nathaniel Biddle.

ART. VII —1. Rahel. Ein Buch des Andenkens für ihre Freunde. Berlin. 3 vols. 1834.

 Göthe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde. (Second Edition.) Berlin. 1837.

3. Charlotte Stieglitz. Ein Denkmal. Berlin. 1835.

THERE can be no more astonishing picture of the workings and results of German nature and German education, as seen in the female form, than the three works here before us present. We look to the biography and writings of a woman to show us the interior of a nation as well as of a family, to furnish those secondary evidences and causes of a people's character which men cannot so much be said to overlook as actually not to see; and if we have laid down these books with greater pity, regret, and, we may add, disgust at the social structure of morals and religion now existing in Germany, it has also been with less wonder at its formation.

formation. Show us the occupations and opinions of the female half of a nation, and it is easy to predicate the main features of that other half, of whom they are alternately the leaders and the followers. Not that much leading can be imputed to the women of Germany, for there is not, and perhaps never has been, a nation arrived at the same degree of inward strength and civilisation, where the influence of women operates in so negative and indirect a way—where the ordinary woman has so little type or character of her own, and where the extraordinary one only attains it by approximating to that of the other sex. The German woman is feminine -of this there can be no question-she is that, but nothing else; and startling as this assertion may appear, herein lies the nullity of her influence in a social light. For feminine is an adjective as strictly in the moral as in the grammatical sense-possessing not so much a power or charm in itself, as giving the highest of all power and charm to every quality on which it is reflected-and hence depending chiefly on what is associated with it in the mind to test its real efficacy and beauty. The very jealousy, therefore, with which a German woman discourages in others and stifles in herself the cultivation or exhibition of all those more energetic qualities, uncongenial, as they suppose, to the purely feminine idea, has, in point of fact, only closed that sphere of action in which it can best prove its claim to usefulness and title to respect. Restricted in the development of her highest ideal solely to the indulgence of those impulses of her nature which she holds to be in unison with it, and with which, it must be owned, she has been gifted in no common measure, it is no wonder that we find the German woman more generally represented as the mere creature of feelings, which she has neither the intuitive art to conceal, nor the acquired strength to control, but which, on the contrary, she seems eager to display as the highest evidence of her womanhood. Nay, so little does restraint and reserve seem to enter into the composition of their feminine code, either on the plea of delicacy or coquetry, that, judging from the usual run of German romances, the lady's feelings are far too imperative to allow the gentleman time for any declaration of his. An accidental encounter of five minutes has convinced her that he alone of the friendly smile and earnest look is able to comprehend the secrets of her inmost soul—a glance into the heaven of his eyes solves all further doubt-and before he has time to say the word, she sinks upon his breast, and whispers: 'thine, thine, ever thine!' -upon which they dissolve in bliss, and evaporate in beatitude, and the tale continues in the usual crooked course which true love ever runs.

Be this as it may, however, it requires but short acquaintance with the private history of the German woman, common or uncommon, to perceive that she outvies her sex, not so much in the excess of devotion and self-abandonment, as in the unrestrained indulgence of these impulses. With these alone she acts upon her fellow-man, bearing him along, in their impetuous flow, into that seventh heaven of ecstatic romance which makes the short period of German youth the most poetic in the world; and sinking him down, in their vapid ebb, into that Cocytus of selfish phlegma which is proverbially the most prosaic. Both by choice and necessity the whole extent of her influence is now confined to the lowest departments of female companionship—neither her capacity nor her ambition reach to the participation of his mind:—whose fault, therefore, is it if, in return, he assigns her a position at his side which savours more of the housekeeper than the friend? We are no advocate for the rights of women—their wrongs are very much more to our taste; but there is an indulgence of mere passive indolent devotion, which is as much a selfishness in her as it is sure to engender it where enough and to spare

is generally to be found.

If this accounts for the part she plays in domestic life, it also furnishes a clue for her outward manners in society. For accustomed, as we have seen, to consider the feelings as her sole province, and habituated to no control for them from within, she is the more dependent on that from without; and hence takes refuge in a formality and stiffness of carriage which is both their only substitute and restraint. A German woman has no medium for her heart, as for her person, between the loosest deshabille and the stiffest stays-and knows nothing of that middle region of conventional self-possession, in which a woman is at once most safe for herself, and most dangerous to others. You can never converse with her as you would with another, forgetting her sex, till reminded of it with one graceful touch such as none but a woman can give—if she may tell you she loves you, nobody can be more delightful, but, if not, she has little else to say. All her charm and all her insipidity, all her beauties and all her defects, exist within that compass to which she has restricted the feminine ideal. On the one hand, therefore, we find her strong, patient, enduring -an example of duty, self-forgetfulness, and touching devotion, of which her sex may well be proud-on the other, ignorant, irresolute, and weak-a victim to nerves and nonsense of which her sex ought to be ashamed—at all times without pride, but without dignity-without reserve, yet without refinement-an unskilful hypocrite, and the clumsiest of coquettes.

But if the ordinary run of German women by thus acting within

within the feminine part does no good to her fellow man, the class next above them in intellect, by stepping without it, does much harm. Man requires the resistance as well as the co-operation of his female partner in life-profits as much by the difference as by the sympathy in her nature-negatively, therefore, he is sufficiently the sufferer by the withdrawal of her character; but positively, incalculably more so if she carry it over to strengthen those temptations which are already too strong in his own. We find that in the wisdom of Providence man has been endowed with those powers of reason and judgment which, while they enable him better to comprehend such truths as are here revealed, equally tempt him to explore beyond them; while not only to woman has the possession of such powers in the same degree been denied, but in order to counterbalance the evil resulting from them, she has been supplied with a greater delicacy of feeling and tact-a greater innate strength of persuasion-which tells her the right and the true without perilling her strength to prove it. What man arrives at by superiority of understanding, she attains by superiority of intuition; and if the latter be the better, it accounts for its seeming the humbler way. When woman is therefore weak or wicked enough to cast from her the feelings of conviction supplied to her within, to grasp at weapons of argument she is not competent to wield, she sins doubly against society, inasmuch as she not only defrauds man of that principle of counteraction on which he has a right to depend, but places herself in a position from which she has no means of recovery left. And this, it appears to us, is exactly the dilemma in which the more intellectual woman of Germany now stands. She has helped to confirm her fellow-man in every error to which the pride and presumption of his mere reason could lead him, and has involved herself in a web of delusion-half sentimental, half sophistical-half her own, half borrowed-in which her delicate sense of right and wrong is irrevocably confused. Nor need we add that the only mode for retrieving such results-namely, that recognition of Scripture truth which teaches the fallibility of the reason, and the deceitfulness of the heart-her agency, humanly speaking, is chiefly the means of defeating-indeed, in the awful degree of religious indifference and speculative error which has obtained in Germany, the remissness or perversion of female influence is but too plainly proclaimed.

We may say of society what Madame de Staël says of marriage, 'better one slave than two esprits forts.' If the barbarity of the old times erred in considering man and woman intellectually unequal, the false enlightenment of modern Germany has erred far more in supposing them to be intellectually alike. Not that a VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLV.

German woman either enjoys, or, as we have seen, seeks any intellectual distinction—on the contrary, were she for one instant to tamper with politics, science, or any other department usually engrossed by man, he would be the first to ridicule her weakness and rebuke her presumption. Unfortunately, however, among a people who consider that the highest truths concerning the origin of our being and nature of the Deity have still to be elaborated by human means, the field of religious inquiry is alone considered open to all genders and classes of speculative theorists; so that even the profane and shallow conceits of a free-thinking woman (odious title!) are hearkened to with a respect and attention she

could command in no other sphere.

How vitally the absence of a fixed standard of religious belief must affect the character of the individual-how insidiously the restlessness of incessant speculation must undermine the moral stability of a community, we do not require the evidence of the books before us to tell. Every mind, and especially those of a high order, must, we know, pass through a certain process of mental fermentation, as much to purify the natural qualities as to test their quality and strength; but the error of Germans, and necessarily of all deeply reflective nations where no immutable standard of faith is recognised, is to continue this so-called fermentation either till the whole flavour and power of the noble essence is lost in sourness or vapidity, or, as the reader in the course of this article will have but too much cause to regret, till in its uncontrollable agitation it ends by bursting the earthly but sacred vessel in which it is contained. But it is now time to let the three ladies who head this article speak for themselvesin whose lives and characters, though too original in many respects to come under any general rules, we find ourselves borne out in much that we have advanced-in all a fair display of intellect, feeling, and natural goodness-in all a lamentable absence of religion, principle, and common sense.

We accordingly here present to our readers in successive description the three most lauded women of modern Germany—Madame Varnhagen von Ense, commonly called Rahel—Madame von Arnim, known under the name of Bettina—and Charlotte Stieglitz:—the philosophical Rahel the very German—the impassioned Bettina the very German woman—and the sweet Charlotte the very woman. Bettina, it must be remembered, is the only one strictly responsible for the view of her mind here offered to the public, having herself directed the publication of this work, and being still alive to answer for that and others: while the letters and diaries of Rahel and Charlotte were not given to the world till after the death of each, being edited the one by her

hughand

husband, the other by a friend, who have performed the task con

amore, if with nothing else. .

To begin, therefore, with Rahel Levin-or Rachel Levi-born in Berlin 1771, a Jewess. From the evidence of these letters it appears that the family of Levi enjoyed some degree of affluence and importance, and moved in the general society of Berlin. Rahel was the eldest by many years of a large family, and displayed early in life an originality of thought and singularity of opinion and conduct which, while it made her an object of interest to many of the beaux esprits of the time, drew upon her, as might easily be expected, the suspicion and disapprobation of her own immediate circle. Unlike the generality of unmarried women, and especially of those of Germany, it is obvious that she enjoyed from her earliest years the greatest independence of all controlmoving hither and thither with perfect liberty-making acquaintance where she liked, and corresponding with whom she pleased. Her summers were generally spent in the different bathing-places of Germany, in the enjoyment of such chance but delightful society as those resorts afford-and in the winters she gathered round her a large circle, from Prince Louis Ferdinand, the King's brother, downward, including much of the talent, celebrity, but also notoriety, that Berlin could offer. At the same time, these letters make no secret of frequent interruptions of harmony between Rahel and her family; in consequence of which it appears she passed one winter in Paris, and also occasionally resided, when at Berlin, in separate lodgings. This was the tenor of her life till the age of thirty-seven, when she formed an engagement with M. Varnhagen,* then a medical student, and thirteen years younger than herself, whose attachment, notwithstanding this disparity of years, survived all the trials of time, distance, and, he adds, of misunderstandings, and who eventually married her after a delay of six years. As to the precise period of her conversion to Christianity, it is as difficult to fix its date as to define its nature. The surname of Levi she appears to have borne long after her family had assumed that of Robert; while at a later period, and after her marriage, she substituted for her patriarchal name of Rahel the more modern one of Frederike.

For both Rahel and M. Varnhagen the period of their engagement, which comprised the most eventful incidents of the war, was one of the most stirring and anxious interest. Upon the first breaking out of hostilities he quitted his University, and

^{*} M. Varnhagen subsequently assumed the additional name of Fon Ense. He states himself to be descended from an ancient family so called, but that his predecessors for some generations, moving in the sphere of medical practitioners and parish-pastors, had thought it expedient to drop their nobler designation.

volunteered in the Prussian army; and he appears to have taken part, under Generals Bentheim and Tettenborn, in all the active service between 1808 and 1814, with gallantry and distinction. Rahel, whose reputed strength of mind seems generally to have abandoned her in all cases where a little common sense or personal courage was required, fled, at the first approach of the French army to Berlin, alone to Prague; where she better vindicated her title to a soldier's bride, by assisting in the care and attendance of the wounded with whom that city was thronged. During her residence at Prague, therefore, and performance of the duties of a Sour de Charité, the reader is carried on by something like positive interest, in a collection of letters in which it is obvious the writer intended he should have no such unfair advantage, and which we have laboured through, vainly hoping for a clue to that reputation which both correspondent and correspondence have acquired in Germany. Upon the declaration of peace in 1814 the marriage was immediately solemnized, when Varnhagen quitted a military life, and entered the civil diplomatic service. They then took up their residence principally in Carlsruhe, returning eventually to Berlin, where she continued till her death, which occurred in 1833. Her letters, including aphoristical fragments from her diary, were published the year after her death, being pretty equally divided between the thoughts of her mind and the ailments of her body-both such as have occurred to few ladies in this world before her. The correspondence comprises a large circle of relations and friends, among whom we may mention Gustav von Brinckman-Wilhelm Humboldt and his wife-Baron and Baroness de la Motte Fouqué-not forfetting those two illustrious nobles of the literary word, the Marquis de Custine and Prince Pückler Muskau-&c., and in all amount to three awfully thick volumes of the worst German paper and the closest German print. They are prefaced by a short notice from the pen of M. Varnhagen, in a strain of conjugal panegyric which leaves no question as to the prevailing felicity of their union, and where, after giving a minute account of her last illness, which may be considered to close the physical side of her biography, he sums up the mental one in words too characteristic of Rahel and her entourage to be omitted. In self-defence we keep as close to the original as possible.

^{&#}x27;A woman who has attracted the attention of the world neither by her rank, name, beauty, nor brilliancy of circumstance—nor by any literary or artistic merits, but solely by the easy and equally balanced control over an, in itself, ever true, and withal good and awakening personality—who has acted upon the world around her solely by her simple daily life, and therein, nevertheless, stood upon an equality with the first characters

characters of her time—who has everywhere made such a deep and peculiar impression, and gained so constant an attention and so affectionate a respect—yea, so universal a favour—such a woman may in all times venture to assert her place as a rare and worthy apparition.'

These words, much as they overflow their meaning, are perhaps the best preface to our brief notice of a set of letters which are neither interesting nor extraordinary, nor intended to be interesting nor extraordinary, save as the opinions of a private individual, utterly undistinguished in any of the usual walks of fame, upon various subjects in life, and especially upon herself. Such being the case, while we look for much that is interesting and original, we also prepare for more that is useless, partial, and egotistical. Rahel's mind was of a deeply philosophic cast-or rather of a deeply German-philosophic cast-being more especially distinguished by that which is at once their glory and their reproachthat most pernicious of all mental epicureanisms, which finds more pleasure in the process of thought than in the result, Lessing said, that if God Almighty were to offer him truth in the one hand, and the inquiry of it in the other, he should choose the last; and, to compare great people with small, the same may be said of Rahel. A simple demonstration gave her no pleasurethe plain fact that two and two make four was nothing to her, till she had measured and compared it by the rules of her inward self, and worked it by an algebraical process of her own, of such labyrinthine confusion, that it is no wonder if five were occasionally the result. Instead, therefore, of that picture of life and manners, or history of the times, which one naturally looks for in a correspondence extending over a space of more than forty years, and including a period unexampled in history for interest, importance, and variety, we are only met by a series of vague reflections and sentiments, which belong neither to place nor time-where the mind finds no purchase—the imagination no food—the heart no comfort, and the understanding no satisfaction; and where we labour on with a livelier sense of the immense difference between a German and an English public than of anything which the work itself contains.

All her arguments directly and indirectly revolve round two centres—her personality and her humanity—in other words, that which was proper to Rahel alone, and that which is common to all Rahels—and revolve for ever, for they never approach nearer the solution of either. As to the humanity, this question is summarily got rid of, for Rahel had a particular objection to the doctrine of original sin, as far as respected herself, and attributed all the evil in the world to a kind of voluntary perversity and stupidity on the part of her neighbours. But the personality was a more self-

self-complacent field, and accordingly the reader is presented with a series of inward experiences and convictions, which the true philosopher of human nature will be noways surprised to find mainly consisting of mere moods, feelings, and tempers—morbid discontents, visionary expectations, and unbounded vanities, mixed up with much power of head and goodness of heart, which were

unfortunately never employed to direct or control them.

For a mind of her cast, the schools, both literary and philosophical, in which she lived had a powerful and most prejudicial influence. Goethe was then the ascendant star in the literary horizon, and it is well known how unscrupulously he availed himself of the authority of that fame which his great powers had given him, to thrust on the public a species of writing morally and intellectually unworthy of them. Nor were there many to tell him, like his friend and critic Merck of Darmstadt, upon receiving his Clavigo: 'You must not write such stuff again—anybody could do as well as that.' For the ladies of Berlin especially, all he wrote had equal charms—they were pledged his admirers for better and for worse-and influenced, principally, we are willing to suppose, by one of the handsomest persons authorship ever put on, vied with one another, as we shall have some occasion to show, in writing the most fulsome nonsense in his praise. As to the influence of Goethe's writings upon the young and inexperienced of both sexes in Germany, a long chapter might be given, but sufficient evidence direct and indirect may be gathered from these works of what it really was. To Rahel's idolatry of him there were no bounds—the plain English of her adorations is somewhat startling. In the absence of any higher expression she generally calls him 'a God'-says that life and Goethe are the same to her-that she is not in love with him, but only adores him. 'He is Goethe, and what appears to him, and what he says, is true.' 'When I bring him before me in thought, tears stand in my eyes:—other men I love with my own powers—he teaches me to love with his My poet!' &c. &c. (vol. i. p. 259.)

While, therefore, much of the better Goethe school may be traced in the vigour, brevity, and oracular strength of a few passages which occur, we cannot help suspecting that the gross egotism and ludicrous vanity which pervades the rest was equally a leaf out of his book. To judge from all, save a very few of these letters, one would think that for Rahel's friends there was but one object of interest in this world, and that was Rahel's self—that their strength depended on increasing assurances of her extraordinary talents, and their consolation on perpetual confessions of her transcendant virtues, and that any modesty or reserve in the manner or extent of her disclosures, was a species of weakness unworthy of herself,

treasonable to her friends, and fraudulent to mankind in general -in short, we are continually reminded of somewhat similar strains in 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.' Nor was the system of philosophy to which she principally devoted herself without influence. The basis of Fichte's philosophy, differing from the Kantean doctrines of the duality of the soul and the senses, rests upon the proposition that a man's self, or, as the Germans term it, his 'I,' is the one sole and absolute principle in the world:that all the outer creation, every object out of the I, or, as they designate it, every 'not I,' is only recognised by the perceptive powers of the I, and as such has no separate existence, at least none that can be proved, but only exists in, by, and through that very I:-nay, that it is only by the inward and sole consciousness of the I that man knows himself to have an I, and is certified that he is bona fide himself, and no one else. And so on, into a sea of 'I's' and 'not I's,' before which we pause and gather shells in reverence; no longer wondering at Rahel's preference for this letter before every one else in the moral alphabet. Now we can readily admit that Rahel had a very clever I of her own, as indeed she must have had to make anything of her Fichte, but the misfortune was that she looked at it so unceasingly that at length she could see nothing else; whereby the whole perspective of her mind became deranged. A boasting genius is somewhat of a contradiction-but what shall we say to a Miss who not only has done nothing, but proclaims her resolution never to enter any of the usual lists of mental contention, yet coolly looks on and assures the world that she could do better than any there? What shall we say to such words as these addressed in sober seriousness by a young lady to a male friend?-

"What a friend have you chosen, found, and felt! I understand mankind—you entirely—I am capable, two-fold organised, as it were, of lending my soul; and possess the enormous power of doubling my-self, without entangling myself (!). I am as unique as the greatest that ever appeared on this earth—the greatest artist, philosopher, and poet is not greater than I. We are of the same element, and belong to the same rank. No one can console me. No such wise man exists. I am my own consolation—[and Trumpeter].—If you lived in the same town with me you would have an endless enjoyment—you have no idea of the everlasting blossoming of my life.'—vol. i. p. 266.

'Do you suppose that anything important, clever, or good can pass unobserved by me, as it does by other people? Impossible! This is my great value—by which I know myself to be I, and distinguish myself from others. Do you the same, I beg of you—trust quite to me. You would lose too much if you did not—of this you may be certain, that there never yet was the opinion of any person, upon anything, or under any circumstances, that ever had influence over my thoughts.'—vol. i. p. 238.

'Oh! the gifts that I have—one has not for nothing—I have much to suffer for them. My acute knowledge, penetration, and discrimination—the great sea in me—my precise, profound, and great harmony with nature—and then what little consciousness I possess of this! All this costs me much.'—vol. i. p. 358.

Again, lamenting that Goethe had seen so little of her, she says: 'I pity Goethe—this was wanting to him—this enjoyment the gods granted him not—this Fate denied him—I have had end-

less good from him-he none from me!'

But no separate passages that we can quote can give an idea of the arrogant presumption that pervades the whole, nor of the perfect bonhommie with which it is given. No matter how distinct the subject, or sudden the emergency, the I is never left behind. She seems to look upon it as a kind of house of refreshment at which all mankind were privileged to find an open table, and that to shut up the door of 'l' would be nothing less than starvation to her fellow-creatures. How far these latter subscribed to these sentiments-in what light the possessor of such a remarkably uncommon I was regarded by the mere mortals who had the honour of breathing the same air with her, is another question, and we are not surprised at finding indications of great perplexity as to how they were to treat her. In truth there was something very formidable in a genius who was equal to Plato, Raphael, and Shakspeare put together—and very suspicious in a young lady who took nobody's opinion or advice, and performed the astonishing gymnastic of doubling herself without entangling herself! They were embarrassed too at being openly told that they had never seen such a being before, and never would again-that her acquaintance was all that was wanting to make them happy, and her example to make them good. Moreover they were hard to convince that she praised herself only for their edification, and turned herself wrong side outwards only for their good; and, lastly, were not by any means to be brought to understand why she could not study her own 'personality' in peace, without levelling the grossest personalities at theirs. The consequence was that Rahel was very unhappy. In the words of her husband, though meant as a proof of her solitary grandeur: 'In the midst of a great circle she stood alone—neither understood nor appreciated—neither loved nor cherished.' (Rather contradictory, by the way, to what he said before.) Nor can we say we are much surprised at it. For instance, her friends must have been greatly obliged to her for this :-

^{&#}x27;How disgusting, degrading, provoking, insulting, nonsensical, mean, and low, are those with whom I am surrounded!—those from whom I cannot escape, and who, so long as I cannot, cease not to persecute me.

A partial

A partial escape does not help me; one single contamination, one touch, makes me dirty—disturbs my nobility. This conflict lasts for ever—as long as I have lived and shall live. How should it end? And the conviction, not that it shall continue, but that all my convulsions are in vain, and yet that they can only end with my being, brings me near to madness. The women whom I see bear me utterly down—physically—my nerves! They completely slacken my thoughts. They are so astonishingly stale, almost idiotical from want of coherence—and then they draw comparisons between themselves and me with such confidence, that only running out of the room can save me.'—vol. i. p. 359.

Insolent creatures! what business had they to have I's as well as she?

Again, in the delirium of her agony, she talks of 'cool burning tears,' and says: 'If I were to wear my wounds for outer display, as others do their scratches, it would be a perfect slaughter-house.' Fortunately the effects of this butchery quickly passed away, for the 'thousand wounds' of the morning never interfered with the ball or theatre of the evening. Like most ladies of exquisite sensibilities, who are exposed to sufferings and mortifications beyond the power of speech to express, the worst cut of all was that Rahel lived to tell them. Indeed she hints more than once that the relinquishing of life was the sign of a low order of intellect, and that people had no occasion to die at all if they had but the strength of mind to keep alive. 'A person like me can only die

out of inadvertance-this I feel in the most lively way.'

Perhaps the most melancholy feature of the book is the lofty tone with which she affects to treat those inconveniences, which her own arrogance and vanity brought upon her, only as the natural price for her immeasurable superiority to the rest of man-That species of self-made persecution which a certain class of individuals allege in proof of their religious faith, Rahel simply assigns as that of her genius. But in the wise words of old Christopher North, in his most beautiful Morning Monologue, 'All who sin suffer-whether they have genius or no.' What can be more truly melancholy than to trace the reckless disorder of fancy—the mere tête montée state of exaltation which she mistakes for the holy laws of her being? No help from without, no restraint from within-all disorder-all excitement-dreams. philosophy, nerves, feelings-in one page the most morbid repinings at the state of life into which it had pleased God to call her-in the next, the most high-stalking protestations of an equanimity which it was impossible for her, of herself, to maintainthe mere mental machinery left to run riot as it would, and as such interesting to the Christian philosopher—but how painfully

As to the circumstance of Rahel's being a Jewess, and the kind of interest which naturally attaches to a woman of talent belonging to this people, the reader has by this time probably found out that Rahel was too strictly the German to be anything, whether Jew or Christian. She seems on some occasions to have suffered a little from that prejudice which, rightly considered, is far more inexcusable in the so-called liberal German of the present times than the hottest zeal of religious persecution was in his forefather; for she exclaims, 'How disgusting it is to be a Jewess!' and speaks with bitterness of her 'false birth.' But, in general, she treats it lightly enough, and now and then as if she were in fact proud of the distinction. No such inconsistencies can surprise us. Of her conversion to Christianity, we can safely say there is not a trace of it in these letters. She signs herself Rahel Levin, May 7th, 1811, and Rahel Robert, on the 8th of June following, without any allusion to the intervening change, though writing to an intimate friend. She devotes, nevertheless, many weary pages to long-winded arguments upon religion-places Jesus Christ and Frederick the Second in the same category - and sums up a chapter of incomprehensibilities with this profound sentiment :- 'Thus I fancy religion to be-the moment you want it,

The Germans have said that Rahel's opinions had nothing to do with Christianity, which we perfectly admit; and that she nowhere attacked Scripture, which we could as easily deny. But, granting it to be true, it were better if she had; for the silence on this subject of a writer who professes to devote her whole thoughts to inward inquiry and examination, presumes that there was no occasion for her to refute what nobody troubled themselves to maintain. She was enough of a philosopher to know that one opposite necessitates another, and that doubt could have no place where belief had none.

This following letter to a female friend is one of the highest character in the correspondence. She writes best and easiest to women; for while Rahel denied the existence of that delicate and indescribable difference of manner which every woman assumes on addressing a man, she proved it beyond all question by the forced tone of freedom she could alone substitute for it. But, as

usual, the mainspring is the same.

' To Madame ----, Dresden.

' Berlin, Sept. 14, 1810.

That you have not gained more by my society is as much a surprise to me as to you; and this it is which oftentimes provoked me when I appeared to be angry with something quite different. Not but what you have immeasurably gained since our acquaintance. The whole horizon

of your ideas is enlightened-a whole desert of old opinions, judgments, and wishes driven aside—whole fields sown with new seed—your mind is become more pliable and independent—your eye is filled with a new world—an absurd and delusive one rolled away. Nethertheless, in the general tenor of your being, you have not gained. And how is it possible to admire an honesty of mind in another without immediately acquiring the same?—without being the same? Power of exercise, capability of mind, strength of head, goodness of heart, its sensibilities and wealth-good-all this one can admire without possessing; but how can you admire and prize an earnest striving to bring this all into harmony, a true knowledge of the inmost soul and conscience, without always and for ever practising that which you admire! Man can hardly aright explain what the will is; but every one sees, looking within, and every one hears, listening within, that there is in him an uttermost will, distinguished from the various split fragments—a will which harmonises with our best convictions, which is the purest, and, as far as is known to us, the best will. This, in harmony with all our efforts, with all our outer actions, makes truly love-worthy, is alone love-worthy. If you, therefore, my friend, love me, this point must attract you, this sun warm and lead you. I have not that extraordinary mind which people so extravagantly impute to me-[Where's the poet?]-or, rather, thousands and thousands of people have the same. Understanding, most people, and hundreds of my acquaintances, possess more than I-[Where's the philosopher?]. -- Acquirements and talents, I have none at all- Where's the artist?] .- Nevertheless, a certainty of opinion, a right and peculiar judgment about all these things, I have. In the strength of my honesty, in the great and pervading harmony of all my qualities, in the inextricable coherence and indissoluble coalition of my mind and my disposition, in my never-ceasing watchfulness over all of them, in my unintimidated boldness under any extravagant results of my opinions or conduct (so soon as I have recognised both to be right), -in this is my whole attraction, and this only earns love. Whoever loves me for anything else, deceives me or himself-lies, or is silly. Therefore it is that assurances of love so seldom please me; but, rather, often provoke me. But how does my heart run over, losing itself in another, when I really am convinced that it has been touched and moved by mine!

'In the name of all that can be called friendship in the world, take not this letter amiss. It is the best I have ever written you. I will explain to you. I thought till to-day, or properly till yesterday, till your letter came, that I could never tell you the whole truth; that it was to harsh; that it referred too personally to your inward self—that I should wound and not alter. But your letter was so naïve, that it gave me hopes of finding admission—and, unhoped-for by myself, here is this letter. I have never spoken to you so much of yourself before, but if you look back to every line I ever wrote you, you will find this letter the foundation-text of all. I bore it always in my soul, only I occasionally flattered, because I would not wound. But often I bordered close on the truth. If possible, things shall become otherwise between us—better—

truer.'-vol. i. p. 480.

Fine sentiments, perhaps, but helpless in practice, and useless in advice. The friend did not comprehend them, and Rahel never acted upon them. This letter is tolerably distinct, but usually when Rahel gets among the uncertain shadows of her inward I. she loses her reader and herself in a jugglery of words and mystification of sense, in which we detect nothing but that unfailing national symptom—the cloudy spectrum upon the understanding which results from the overstraining of the mental sight. these moods, therefore, she is utterly untranslatable-her thoughts are of too large and rambling a pattern for the mind to take in at once-the eye cannot keep open to the end of an idea, and while we are winking it from sheer exhaustion, the beginning has escaped us. Nor is this all; for the reader has to contend with every outward disadvantage as well. Careless writing-false printing-all the parts of punctuation helter-skelter, as if they had been dusted indiscriminately on the page-new words coined -old ones spelt wrong-compound words some of which eat their own meanings before they have done, and others, like ladders tied together to a giddy height, make you shudder to climb them. We have often thought that German was the last language with which a German was fit to be trusted, and never more so than now. She says herself, 'More German, more confused letters than mine, no one can write.' And again, in her ineffable modesty: 'Neither I nor Jean Paul can write!'

At the same time, while she would spend a world of words without a single idea, no one can occasionally condense an idea into fewer words. Goethe-like, she hits here and there upon a truth, and gives it as she finds it—a seedling thought in a bed full of useless or noxious weeds. We select these from a number of aphorisms:—

- 'Why should I not be natural?—I know nothing better to affect.'
- In the lowest chamber there is a romance, if we knew all hearts.'
 I no longer envy any man, but for that which no man has.'
- A stone may have a history, but only a creature with consciousness a destiny. Most men have only a history.'
 - One becomes lonely in life, in spite of the many new children.
- 'It may almost be said that only those individuals grow old, who were nothing more than young.'
- 'What is rightly understood, and rightly expressed in the present, suits also for past and future, and by that sign may be known to be true.'
- ⁶ To think is to dig, and then to measure with the plummet. Many have no strength to dig—others no courage or handiness to lower the plummet.²
- Rahel appears to us, if we may say so, the very worst mother to her own mind—so befooled with admiration for everything it said.

said, that she lost the power of distinguishing when it was giving her real gold, or putting her off with tinsel. She could dig, but whatever she turned up was the same to her—a patch of mud and a diamond are ticketed with the same care, e. g.:—

" 'Always to love the same, or something else, is constancy!—not to be able to love inconstancy.'

A highly popular sentiment in practice, though no one, that we remember, had ever the frankness to admit it in prose before,

'R. is a very ignorant man. He only knows what he has learnt, and that is little, because one can only learn what one already knows.'

'A thought has almost hammered my head in two—namely, that the future does not come towards us, does not lie before us, but streams from behind over our heads!'

This must surely have been hammered out upon some occasion when Rahel was walking backwards!

' Do you know how I define fondness? The wit of love.'

'Innocence is beautiful:-virtue, a plaster-a scar-an operation.'

If this last has any meaning, it is very little to Rahel's credit. In another of her aphorisms the sense is unfortunately too plain:—

'A ready-packed travelling carriage, or a dagger, every one should have at hand, that, when he feels inclined, he may instantly depart.'

Her description of Jean Paul is good—the reader swallowing first the usual dose of vanity:—

'On Sunday Jean Paul was with me. I was humorous. I had exactly eight humorous days, full of curious expressions and bon-mots—not he—that was right. He has something particularly tranquillising about him. Never was a man's exterior so utterly different to what I had imagined it—not an idea of the comical. He looks acute, and his forehead battered with thoughts, as with bullets. He speaks earnestly, softly, composedly, and orderly—listens so willingly, I could almost say sweetly and parentally, that I could never have believed it was Richter.'

By and bye she sees him again, and we are favoured with this piece of mock solemnity, in explanation of a certain mood which she supposes to be a phenomenon peculiar to herself: namely, that feeling of the 'altered eye' with which we regard scenes we are about to leave:—

'A few days before my departure for Paris, I was looking out of the window with Jean Paul, towards the Jäger Strasse, and said to him, "I can't make it out. I shall set off for Paris in a week, and since my journey has been quite settled all the most familiar objects have become, as it were, strange to me. I no longer recognise the corner over the way. It is as if I were looking into a strange street.' It was true. Thereupon he said, quite lost in himself, and almost with a shake of his

head, "That is a great fantasie—you have a great fantasie!" "How so?" said I. He, however, kept silence, and so did I.'—vol. i. p. 368.

And so do we—possibly from the identical reason that influenced Jean Paul. But what an indefinite grandeur there is in this almost shake of the head—Lord Burleigh's nod was nothing.

It was somewhat difficult to speak the honest truth to a lady who considered herself appointed to utter and not to hear it; but as far as the restraints of a short acquaintance, and the courtesy of a gentleman would permit, the amiable Richter gave those monitory hints and cautions, which, to us, seem the plainest index to his real opinion. Fearful of the loss he might incur by not being made aware of those talents which others were apt to pass over, she had desired that some of her letters should be shown him, and in a short note hereupon, he says:—

'May your heart not be misunderstood—but also not by — yourself. May your fellow-creatures, since you often, as I believe, act equally as you write, without orthography, may your fellow-creatures not overlook your intellectual worth.'—vol. i. p. 369.

It is in vain to expect much of the external world from one, who, in the first place, stripped everything of its bones and muscles for the mere vanity of stuffing it out with pegs and skewers of her own, and, in the second, noticed nothing but what affected her person, or redounded to her praise. Nevertheless, the utter absence of all external topics, in times and places when it must have required the greatest ingenuity, or the most egregious indifference, to avoid mentioning them, is one of the most marked characteristics in the book. The simoon of the French Revolution had swept across Europe-its atrocities were fresh in every heart and mouth—but, excepting a disgusting brag that she would lay her head under the guillotine if such and such an idea, too trivial to mention, ever occurred to any one but herself, not an allusion is made to the times in which she lived. She spends a winter of the first consulate of Napoleon in the saloons of Paris, where everything reminded her how recent was the then structure of society, and how bloody had been the fall of that preceding it, but, excepting once calling her sister 'dear citoyenne,' no hint is given of the scenes around. On such occasions the philosopher, poet, and artist are all mute alike, or break silence only in a way which does none of them credit. For the most profound remark that she has to offer-the sum of her intensest thoughts-is, that Paris appears to her 'a crowded-together Germany.' Begging Rahel's pardon, we humbly conceive that it would take a good many 'crowded-together Germanies' to make one Paris or anything like it. We know no degree of compression that can resolve choke-damp into laughing-gas.

Even

Even when she does affect to describe outer scenes, it is merely a list of items without colour, light, or shadow. She tells us that a party consisted of so many individuals—that they laughed—ate anchovies—that she was charming—and that the sun set—and then complacently adds, 'there you have the evening, framed and glazed.'

As we have said before, the only episode of any positive interest throughout these weary 1800 pages, occurs during her residence at Prague, when her thoughts were diverted, as far as in them lay, from the ceaseless adulation of self, no less by the objects of suffering around her, than by her anxiety for the fate of M. Varuhagen, and of one who, it is evident, was far more dear. This was Alexander von Marwitz, whose position towards her, as the betrothed of another, was such as poor English matter-of-fact people can as little comprehend as approve. For it requires no remarkable sagacity in such matters to perceive that her letters to Marwitz are written in a strain of tenderness and passion with which her calm and discreet effusions to her more legitimate lover contrast so strongly, that we are equally puzzled to account for the principles of the bride who could pen, as for those of the widower who could print them. But let this be—it would be far more puzzling if those who are wrong in their religion could be right in their As for young Marwitz himself, his share in this transaction appears to have been very blameless, and indeed from some of his own letters which are inserted, and from his subsequent history, it is impossible not to feel the strongest interest in his fate. Endowed with those feelings and talents, which, in the absence of a healthy direction, become a torment instead of a pleasure to their owner-now aiming at a degree of perfection beyond the power of human nature to attain-now, at the commonest impediment, weary of life before its race had begun-fanciful in health, morbid in temper - wild, excitable, romantic, and four-and-twenty-Rahel was just the last person on earth fitted to become his friend and adviser. The chief attraction on his part towards her, therefore, seems to have consisted in the liberty of expressing those diseased feelings, which only gained mastery over him by the act of utterance: while she rhapsodizes in return on the 'unutterable vulgarity' of all things under the sun-the unheard-of tortures she had suffered before her moral lungs could breathe the coarse atmosphere of human nature—the wonderful discoveries of her mind, and the enormous capacities of her heart, of which latter she gives him sufficient demonstration in manifold tender reproaches and enamoured protestations, which, at forty years of age, were more safe than creditable to indulge.

Nor is this the only instance of that confusion of right and

wrong.

wrong, to which a harsher name might be given, which occurs in these letters. Rahel's acquaintance with royalty, in the person of Prince Louis Ferdinand, brother to the late King of Prussia, was evidently, and naturally, a matter of no small pride to her; unfortunately, however, the best way she can devise for convincing her correspondents of her excessive intimacy with the Prince, consists in assuring them that he even consulted her upon such matters, too common in Prince Louis' life, which a modest woman would as little have stood to listen to from a king's brother as from a tinker's! We have no intention of impugning that perfect respectability in Rahel, for the security of which various outward causes seem to have strongly provided; but, with such facts as these before us, we are justified in pronouncing that it sprung rather from circumstance than principle. In the words of Scripture, 'She condemned herself in the things she allowed.'

To return, however, to Marwitz. Plunged in a state of the most pitiable mental depression, he appears to have paid as little attention to the more personal parts of Rahel's letters, as to her complaints at his indifference. So desperate, in truth, was the derangement of his mental health, that at one time he confesses the temptation to suicide to have been busy within him, though withheld by the horror of laying profane hands on what he acknowledges to be 'a holy and beautiful vessel.' Soon after this all Germany rang with the fate of the wretched Henry von Kleist, a friend of Rahel's, who first committed murder, and then suicide; and thus we find her writing to one, the nature of whose own inward struggles had been so recently revealed to her;—

'I should have written to you lately, but I was taken up with Henry Kleist's death. When life is over, nothing further can be said. In Kleist, this act did not astonish me. Life was harsh with him—he was true—and suffered much. You know how I think of suicide. I cannot bear that the wretched should suffer to the dregs. The truly great and infinite, if one conceives it, one can approach in all ways—none of us can comprehend it. We must rely on the Divine Goodness, and shall that cease immediately after a pistol-shot? Shall unhappiness of every kind assault me—shall every miserable fever, every log, every roof-tile, every accident be allowed to destroy me, and not I myself? Shall I be condemned to languish upon beds of misery and sickness, and, by particular favour, live to be a happy imbecile of eighty, and from thirty see myself grievously deteriorate? I am glad that my noble friend, for friend, in my tears, I bitterly call after him, did not endure the unworthy.'—vol. i. p. 576.

She adds, however, with a sort of Lady Sale coolness,—'I know nothing of Kleist's death, except that he first shot a woman, and then himself!'—However shocked, we have no business to be surprised

surprised at the awful impiety of this letter. What wonder if those who rely only on their own strength should quit the combat when that fails them!

No matter, also, that in all this tirade there was no fixed principle; that, a few letters after, we find Rahel preaching unqualified resignation, and herself as its sublimest example; her words had gone forth; and, though guiltless of the blood of Marwitz, they returned to her, after many years, stained with that of one of the loveliest and most deeply-tried of her own sex, the hem of whose garment she was not worthy to touch. But of that tragedy hereafter.

After a period of utter mental stagnation, after forming numerous plans of life, and rejecting them all in turn, Marwitz's energies suddenly kindled at the sufferings of his country, and, rousing himself from his lethargy, he threw himself into that army of defence which held many an enthusiastic volunteer like himself. We lose sight of him till he re-appears thus in Prague:—

'Yesterday my door opened, and Marwitz stood before me, his arm in a sling, very thin, but otherwise well, with eight wounds. At Kosswig, not far from Dessau, his horse was shot under him, and fell upon his thigh; he could not rise, his troup passed on. The Poles fell upon him, pierced him with their lances, beat him with their clubs, so that the sword fell from his hand, struck him a great wound in the head, three wounds on the right arm, and others elsewhere. A Polish lieutenant saved him; his name Skrynecki; to him be good done wherever he be found; offered him his purse, and took him prisoner. So they took him to Wittenberg, where he was locked up with eighty more in the most horrible way. Thence to Leipzig, and so round; he had given no parole, and escaped after long adventures one night in the pouring rain. Germans helped him, and so he came through a part of Bavaria, through Weimar, Saxony, and arrived here yesterday, with a piece of black bread in a coarse handkerchief, and a peasant's slop on his shoulders....... What do you say to Marwitz's luck? The best I have forgotten. As he lay wounded, a Pole clapped his musket to his forehead, pulled the trigger, but it missed fire.'-vol. ii. p. 111.

The return of Marwitz was now the signal for thousands of similar scenes.

"We have had, since the affair of Dresden,' she writes, 'a countless number of wounded. These sons of misery lay by thousands crammed together in the narrow streets, some in carts, others on the bare stones, under a pouring rain. I shall never forget the time. The government was not prepared for so many, one would have thought for none. The inhabitants did as in the old patriarchal times; they bound them up, they fed them in the streets, and on the floors of the houses. Jewish maidens were the most skilful. One woman bound three hundred in a day; in short, the impossible was done, but there was no stopping the misery."—vol. ii. p. 120.

Rahel now appears in a much more amiable light. She binds the wounded, comforts the sick, collects money, cooks provision, scrapes lint, and, except for an occasional lament over the loss of an invaluable idea, which nobody had any time to attend to, and a certain egotistical habit of phraseology, informing us how often she wept, &c., seems to forget herself in the pressing misery. The women of Germany came forward to assist with a willingness of heart and hand came forward to assist with a willingness of heart and hand soon resolved itself into the well-known Wohlthätigheit's Verein, or Benevolent Association. Their charitable emulation, and the patience of the poor sufferers, form a touching picture. She thus writes to Varnhagen:—

"Ah! you should see our Prussians—the modesty! the wounds!—and they think it must all be so! They won't even take a shirt, and never return after you have once helped them. "Ah! how can I accept so much?" says the commonest soldier; "You do too much for me." And then I tell them that I am only an agent for others. Everybody tries to have Prussians to help; I weep! We do what is possible. Have you heard from Berlin? Rich people cannot procure the wounded to succour; they are snatched away. Everybody takes some. The impossible happens there. Madame Halle made known that she had still room for six, and received answer that none more were to be had for money. I weep much! O God, guide that one heart! [Napoleon's?]. Let the good triumph! No war! peace, benevolence! Adieu, Auguste!"—vol. ii. p. 127.

Meanwhile, Marwitz had regained health, but not strength. Nevertheless, he insisted on rejoining the army, and entered, November, 1813, as staff officer in the first brigade of Blücher's corps, though, as Rahel mournfully observes, 'with an arm still too weak to hold his horse.' At first she heard of and from him, then all intelligence ceased, equally of him and of Varnhagen, and a period of great anxiety for her intervenes. At length, in the April of the following year she hears of Varnhagen safe at Paris, and writes in her joy, 'Now only Marwitz fails, but I hope. Depend upon it he will find his way once more to me, with his limbs and his linen both pierced through.' But her presentiments were false. Where he fell no one knew, but the brave Marwitz was never heard of more!

With the termination of the war Rahel's style somewhat changes. She married immediately, and either in the comfort of a settled home, or in the necessity of submitting for the first time in her life to the will of another, seems to have bid adieu to her imaginary sorrows, or to have learned the lesson of concealing them. She became humbler in her opinion of herself, and more charitable in that of others, but as for plain truth or sound wisdom we must own we find as little of it in Madame Varnhagen as in Made-

moiselle

moiselle Levin. Here and there we hit upon a feeling or a sensible passage, but generally the net of words is too thick for any idea to be extricated—too many leaves for any blossom, much less fruit, to be expected. The Germans talk much of the wonderful charm she exercised over the minds of others, the skill with which she advised the doubtful and consoled the afflicted; -but we are slow to believe in a mode of consolation which neither proceeded from nor pointed to the only source, or that the blind could lead the blind without both falling into the ditch. They also say that from an enlightened Jewess she became a mystic Christian-what this latter means their well-beloved Dr. Strauss may explain.* So much of her Jewish doctrines, however, still adhered to her that she looked for a third revelation, and believed that all power might be summed up in one cabalistic word, the Tetra-grammaton of her forefathers; and that this word was 'the Word spoken of in the Bible!' At the same time she professed herself a follower of the St. Simonian doctrines, inveighing loudly against those bonds of marriage which she had just entered, so that her opinions altogether present a rich medley. The letters to M. Varnhagen, who was, of course from necessity, much absent from her, are nevertheless full of affectionate protestations; but there is a straining after intellectuality, an arguing, and speechifying, which ill replaces the ease of conjugal equality, and tells of that disparity which every year only increased.

M. Varnhagen is known in Germany as the author of three agreeable volumes of 'Reminiscences'—volumes which present in variety and interest of topic, and frequently in unaffected vigour of language, a striking contrast to the inane rhapsodies now before us.† He informs us that the picture of his late wife can only be completed by a larger exhibition of her letters, and that such may be looked for in the course of some years. We earnestly hope before then he may be engaged in a second marriage.

And now for the picture of another lady, who, in comparison with Rahel's weary pace, dances so lightly and nimbly before us, that it is hard to say whether the pleasure of the exchange be most owing to the bright thoughts we have gained, or the dull ones we have escaped. The transition is too sudden from the sickly, awkward, overstrained old woman—from whose halting, stumbling, and confused perorations as little rhyme as reason is to be got—to the healthy, merry, mischievous young creature

The most able account and also refutation of this writer, and others of his class in Germany, will be found in the appendix to the first volume of Milman's 'Christianity,' p. 115.

[†] The descriptions of the battle of Wagram, of the Congress of Vienna, and of Napoleon himself at Paris, do especial credit to M. Varnhagen's talents. We are surprised that his 'Denkwurdigkeiten' have not been translated into English.

whose flowing and brilliant effusions need but the wand of a poet to arrange themselves into verse. Even Bettina's worst nonsense is refreshing after Rahel's best sense, Frau von Arnim's most impudent lies delightful after Frau von Varnhagen's most pompous truisms. Rahel's mind was a heavy complicated machine, difficult to set a-going, and always out of repair; Bettina's a logan-stone, which a child's hand could put in motion. One can hardly imagine that they had both drunk from the same fountain, and wereboth infected by the same poison; the action is so different—to the one an exhilarating draught, to the other a narcotic dose.

Bettina Brentano was born at Frankfort, rather earlier, we are informed, in the last century than a lively imagination usually allows her to suppose. She came of a family well-known for great talent, being granddaughter to the celebrated Sophie de la Roche, sister to the novelist Clemens Brentano, and cousin, in no remote degree, to that brilliant and highly inventive writer Baron Münchhausen, whose mantle, in the division of the family

property, fell upon her at an early age.

The name of Bettina is celebrated, wherever modern German literature has extended, for its connexion with Goethe, her correspondence with whom, under the title of 'Goethe's Correspondence with a Child,' forms the chief subject of this notice. Setting aside the prestige of Goethe's name, this work is too remarkable not to have attracted much notice, and provoked much discussion; and those have been equally wrong who have endeavoured to deny its beauties as those who have sought to defend its principles. To do it at all justice, they must be considered separately. Judging the book, therefore, apart from the duties of life and laws of society, we see in it only the picture of a young, gifted, feminine mind, dashing its thoughts out before it in the first fling of health, hopes, and spirits; deterred by no warnings of experience, nor fears of consequences; but pelting on, just as the humour took it, with a stream of ideas, unbroken, unforced, clear, full, and sparkling; now lulling us with its dreamy sounds, now flinging the spray in mischief in our faces, but in every mood making such sweet music of words, that we wonder, perhaps, but stop not to inquire, where they all come from. Description is Bettina's forte: whatever she touches becomes visible to the eye, or musical to the ear. Be it the simplest object in nature, or the most distorted creation of fancy, she always leaves a picture behind. What matter, then, if the source of the fountain be sometimes a mere fable, and that Bettina, in default of real adventures, amuses herself with inventing a number of fictitious ones, merely as themes for her imagination to improvise upon; what does it signify if she gives us long descriptions of how she climbs trees, leaps chasms,

and plunges into torrents; tells about writing letters in cattle-cribs, falling asleep on tops of walls till the cockchafers awake her, and passing the night alone on mountain tops; or relates how she hid herself on the bleaching ground, and was watered under the linen, or crouched beneath Goethe's great coat, and peeped at the Duke of Weimar through the arm-holes; with endless other feats, of which no one, we conclude, believes a word?—We look upon them all merely as a succession of poetical episodes, or picturesque vignettes, too true to nature to make it of any importance whether they be true to fact; as a set of amusing stories, in short; and only wish she had had the good sense to give them out for nothing else.

In truth, it is not the imaginations but the realities of these letters which are the offensive part. The moment we are compelled to believe what we read, all defence for Bettina vanishes. Had Goethe's name been expunged from the work, and her rhapsodies addressed, as far as the public was concerned, to an imaginary lover, they would have been judged by the laws of the imagination; but as it is, their very flesh and blood makes them disgusting. The mere putting down in black and white a description of such feelings, without the cover or the licence of poetry, gives them a grossness from which the purest mind or the most voluptuous taste would equally shrink. But when we bring before us the picture of the old blasée matron, with whom folly is no longer innocence, nor licence ignorance, peering with grey hairs and spectacled eyes over the passionate effusions of her youth, correcting the spelling here, and adding a comma there, and then sending forth her levities and frailties, without a rag of palliation, bare to the world, we lose all remnant of consideration or sympathy for the young girl, in disgust for the old fool who has so little respected her.

And what, we ask, have these letters gained by their connexion with the name of Goethe-except to show him forth in a more heartless and unprincipled light than even the worst of his works had hitherto done? For him Bettina was a mere experiment. Here was a young heart with woman's first and passionate love in full play, and all woman's modesty and reserve utterly cast aside (a novel picture, it is to be hoped, even in Germany)—and Goethe with his note-book looking coolly on, to take down whatever it could or would say. No matter that the stream of her heart's blood came faster and faster, bearing with it innocence as well as peace of mind, and leaving behind the fever as well as the exhaustion of passion-it was in surgical phrase 'a curious case,' and further than that Goethe had no interest in it. Does any one ask, how could this be? we answer, he was writing his Wahlver-

wandschaften-(' Elective Attractions')-at the time.

But will the Germans really endeavour to persuade us that the almost sexagenarian Goethe, ripe in this world's experience and knowledge, was not as aware of the natural course and consequence of a lawless attachment as the simplest Christian who rests his conviction on a text?—or that the practised observer of mankind did not perfectly well know that that development of her mind, for which alone he affects to have permitted these errings of her heart, was only to be reached, on such a road, through the portals of guilt or sorrow? What woman was ever the better for a misplaced affection, except in a way which he who could encourage one would either have despised or ridiculed? Not that Goethe encouraged her, they will say-oh! no-When the Duke of Saxe Weimar approaches, he desires her to have done with her play; and when her letters become too importunate, answers them by the hand of his secretary; but otherwise, his cry is like the daughters of the horse-leech, 'more, more!'

As for Bettina, her countrymen and women have endeavoured to set up a defence for her, by alleging that her love for Goethe was not of a real but of a platonic nature; but in urging this, instead of palliating her false position, they, in point of fact, take

away its only excuse.

This is Bettina's account of her own history as far as relates to these letters. We give it also as a specimen of German life and She was living, a mere child, with her grandmother at Offenbach, when she made the acquaintance of Gunderode, a young canoness, or lay sister, attached to a convent at Frankfort; and became so fond of her, that she ran daily from Offenbach to see her, peeping through the key-hole of the convent door till it was opened-or, if it was closed for service, Bettina, according to her own account, climbed a poplar close to the chapel window, mounting a branch higher at every fresh verse, and reading in the mass-book downwards through the windows. This Gunderode Bettina describes as a lovely being, with soft blue eyes, and tender fair skin, and a mind to correspond-who wrote verses, and wandered along the corridors of the convent, with the black robes of the order flowing around her, more like a spirit of air than a creature of earth. The two friends read 'Werter' together, and talked much of suicide-and Gunderode said, 'Much would I learn, much grasp with my mind, and then die early:' and these words Bettina never forgot. After 'Werter' had been swallowed, Gunderode, as was natural and proper, thought it high time to put her young pupil upon a course of philosophy.

"What she thus communicated to me she required that I should understand, and then write it down again in my own way. This I did; but when

when I brought my treatises to her, she was filled with astonishment! There was never the remotest idea in them of what she had told me! I insisted, however, that I had so understood her, and she called these treatises revelations, heightened with the sweetest colours of an ecstatic imagination.'—vol. i. p. 87.

Then they separate, and Gunderode writes Bettina long letters, in which she assures her, for her comfort, that the world will never understand her-and talks of mines of soul, and fountains of thought, and new auroras, and magic caves, and deep wells, and crystal palaces, and bridges of sunbeams, &c., all which Bettina frankly owns was as incomprehensible to her young mind as the philosophy which had preceded. Nevertheless, she endeavours to answer in kind-her imagination becomes excitedshe lives in a new world—colours and tones are mixed up wonderfully together-the ball of heaven rolls itself round her —the stars dance in armies before her—flowers start up and reach to the firmament, casting golden shadows—a silvery music rings in her ears—she no longer distinguishes the real from the imaginary world-no longer knows whether she is waking or sleeping-her feet quit the ground—she skims along the air! In this state she writes to Gunderode, she knows not what—the young canoness comes instantly to see her-looks anxiously in her eyes, and, in a few days, as might reasonably be expected, Bettina lies on her bed, raving with fever. In a fortnight the delirium leaves her; and Gunderode vows never to teach her philosophy again.

The next time the friends meet, Gunderode came joyously towards her, with sparkling eyes, and said, 'Yesterday I spoke to a surgeon, and he told me that it was very easy to kill oneself'—upon which she opened her dress, and showed Bettina the vulnerable spot. At this, alarm took possession of the child, and she wrung her hands in passionate sorrow and anger, entreating her friend not to leave her—but Gunderode remained 'cold and pale, with quivering lips.' At length, after a scene in which Bettina storms and weeps herself tired, she persuades herself that it is all a joke, and, next day, brings to the convent a young French hussar officer, with high bear-skin cap—the handsomest man in Frankfort; and, introducing him to Gunderode, says, 'There—I have brought you a lover; he shall make your life dear to you!'

Again they meet: and this time Gunderode shows her

^{&#}x27;a dagger with a silver handle that she had bought at the fair; she was delighted with the polished steel and sharp edge. I took the dagger in my hand, and tried it on my finger—blood followed instantly: she was terrified. I said, "Oh, Gunderode! thou art so faint-hearted, and canst not bear the sight of blood, and yet goest about with an idea that demands

demands the greatest courage. I am convinced that, of the two, I were the most capable of daring such a deed—and yet I would never kill myself. If, however, it were to defend thee, or myself, from danger, for that I have courage enough. See, if I were only to press upon you with this dagger, how afraid you would be!" She drew anxiously back: my old anger returned under the semblance of the wildest mischief—I pressed upon her closer and closer—she ran into her bedroom, and got behind a leather chair. I stabbed into the chair—I tore it into pieces—the horse-hair flew about the room. She stood beseeching behind the chair, and begged me not to hurt her. I said, "Rather than suffer you to kill yourself, I'll do it for you." "My poor chair!" she said. "What of your chair?" I cried, "I'll blunt your dagger upon it;" and I gave it stab upon stab without mercy, till the whole room was a cloud of dust. Then I threw the dagger far from me, till it fell clanging under the sofa. I took her by the hand and led her into the garden into a vine-bower. I tore a young vine up, and threw it at her feet—I trampled upon it, and said, "Thus maltreatest thou our friend-ship!" "—vol. i. p. 102.

After this scene, which, whether true or not, is thus acted powerfully before us, we find that Bettina accompanies her family to Marburg. Hence she writes to Gunderode—no answer;—she writes again in passionate entreaty—all is silence. Bettina becomes, as she says, 'blind, deaf, and unconscious with anxiety.' At the end of two months she returns to Frankfort.

'I ran to the convent-opened the door. There she stood and gazed coldly upon me. "Gunderode!" I cried, "may I come to thee?" she "Gunderode! say but one word, and I lay myself at gave no answer. thy feet." No," she said, "come not nearer. Go back again-we must part." "What means this?" "It means that we have been mistaken in each other, and no longer suit together." Ah !- I turned away -ah! this first despair—this first cruel blow to a young heart! I, who had known nothing but devotion and abandonment to her-I, to be cast back thus! I ran home for Meline; I begged her to go to Gunderode, to see what ailed her. If I can but once more see into her eyes, I thought, I shall compel her to love me again. We ran through the streets-I remained standing at the convent door-Meline went in alone, I waited, I trembled, and wrung my hands, in the narrow passage that had so often led me to her. Meline came back with weeping eyes, and led me silently away. For a moment grief overpowered me, but instantly I recovered my feet. Well, thought I, if Fortune won't smile, let 's play ball with her. I was cheerful, I was merry, I was excited; but the nights I wept in my sleep. The second day after this I took the road to the convent, and came past the house of Goethe's mother, whom I had never known nor visited. I went in-"Frau Rath" (i.e. 'Mrs. Councillor'), I said, "I want to make your acquaintance. My friend Gunderode is lost to me, and you shall replace her." "Let's try," she said; and I came day by day to her, and sat myself down on a little stool, and made her tell me stories about her son.'-vol. i. p. 113. This was the first step in Bettina's eccentric course; but is this a child who writes? As for the unfortunate Gunderode, in whom the reader may be interested, she added one more to the many victims whom the teachers of Germany have remorselessly thrust into the funeral pyre of their own tumultuous passions. About three weeks after Bettina's last scene with her, she stabbed herself on the very spot which she had shown her. The deed was committed one night, at Winkel upon the Rhine. The real cause was an unhappy attachment to a Professor at Heidelberg; which 'Werter' had helped to foster, and philosophy failed to control. Alas! for the warm and restless hearts which have no other food!

Bettina's work is divided into three compartments—her letters to Goethe's mother, her correspondence with him, and her 'Journal of Love.' The first is in every respect the most interesting, for here her high-flown rhapsodies about Wolfgang seem as much assumed to give breathing-room to her own overflowing wit and merriment, as to flatter the partiality of Mrs. Councillor's heart. Their very extravagance makes them healthy at this age; and the old lady laughs and scolds alternately, in maternal self-complacence. Old Madame Goethe's character is too much the mother of his not to make the picture of her, which her own and Bettina's letters offer, most interesting. The same powerful, vigorous, and arrogant mind-a stern, dogmatical, coarse old matron-who played the part of Madame Mère at Frankfort with burlesque solemnity, and, like her son, never seems to have felt for her fellow-creatures more than it was perfectly convenient to bear. Her few letters are brief, racy and original, and infinitely better worth reading than Like Rahel, however, the old lady seems to have had a predilection for changing her name, and puzzles us with her alternate Catherinas and Elizabeths.

With her Bettina now spends all her time; feeding her lively imagination, and exciting her ardent feelings with pictures and stories and thoughts of the divine Poet, till she was ready to fall in love with him at the shortest possible notice. A visit to Weimar soon offers this. She performs the journey in man's clothestravels for three days and nights on the coach-box without sleeping -climbs up trees to reconnoitre the road-fires off pistols to frighten away robbers—helps to harness and unharness the posthorses-and, in short, makes herself generally useful. at Weimar, her sister and brother-in-law, who on this and every other occasion leave her to her own devices, first eat their dinner and then fall asleep on the sofa. Bettina can't eat,—the clock strikes three-she fancies she hears Goethe's voice calling her, and, running down stairs, she makes the best of her way to his house. house. The Privy Councillor receives her stiffly—conducts her ceremoniously to a sofa, and a somewhat awkward pause ensues—when Bettina springs from her seat, and cuts the matter short by jumping upon his lap, and falling asleep on his bosom. How long she slept there is not for us to inquire, but when she awoke 'a new life had begun.'

This tableau vivant serves as frontispiece to a correspondence. in which Bettina's enthusiasm and devotion as much mitigate her culpability, as Goethe's hollowness and coldness increase his; and where she pours out a treasure of self-forgetting affection, which he, who could not return, was doubly a wretch not to respect. At first his answers are guarded and wary—the cautious Goethe did not know what to make of the little brown-eyed gipsy who flung her heart thus freely at his feet; but soon perceiving how ideas could be caught, melodies tuned, and verses turned at this young and genial lyre, he encourages her to write all she thinks and all she feels. In truth, whether considered as specimens of lyrical composition, or idyllic beauty-of sportive wit, or graceful sentiment—as anything, in short, but the voluntary effusions of a young and delicate female to one who was the husband of another. these letters are astonishingly beautiful. This is one which Goethe transposed into verse, but we like its rhymeless beauties

Ah! ask me not why another page lies open before me, since nothing more have I to say—true it is that I know not wherewith I should fill it—but this I know, that at length it shall find its way to thy dear hands; therefore breathe I to this paper all that I would have breathed to thee did I stand before thee. I cannot come: let then this paper bear to thee my undivided heart—filled with the joy of days that are past, with the hopes of those that are to come—with longing and pain for thee, to which I know neither beginning nor end.

'From this day forth would I tell thee nothing more, for how can I free myself from wishes, hopes, and dreams? How should the faithful heart, which turns from all to thee alone, speak its fulness? No, I must be silent, as on that day when I stood before thee, gazing upon thee—ah! what could I then have uttered?—I had nothing more left to desire.'—vol. i. p. 182.

And again this, which Goethe versified almost without a change:—

"A look from thy eyes into mine—a kiss from thy lips upon mine—teaches me better than all beside. What is there more worth the learning for one who, like me, has experience of these things? I am far from thee. My own have become strange to me—I have nothing left but to turn in thought to that hour when thou heldest me in the soft snares of thy arms—and I began to weep—but unconsciously my tears were dried. He loves me in the hidden stillness around—why should not my

ceaseless longing reach afar off to him? Do thou only take what my heart says to thee—ah! it overflows with low-breathed sighs, all whispering to thee, that my only happiness on earth is thy friendly will toward me. Oh, friend! give me but one sign that thou art present with me. Thou writest to me that thou willst drink my health. Ah! I grudge it not to thee—leave not one drop behind. Would that I could thus pour myself into thee and thus refresh thee! '—vol. i. p. 195.

And these are what the Germans call platonics! Yes, compared with other passages in the same book which we decline giving, we grant they are. It reminds us of what Molly Seagrim says of Philosopher Square in the play of 'Tom Jones':—

When Mr. Square first came to me, He talked about philosophy. Thinks I, what can be this? At first, I own, it puzzled me; But soon I found it out to be A hard name for a kiss!

Oh, Bettina! you were no child when you wrote these letters, or the very forwardest little minx this world ever saw. It were well, however, if her adorations went no further than this earth; but, unfortunately, she ventures upon ground for which the most love-sick disorder could plead no excuse. From being immoral she becomes profane. These are a few of her impious aberrations:—

'Through thee shall I enter into immortal life.—The loving one enters through the beloved into the godly—into salvation. Love is the overstreaming into salvation.'—vol. i. p. 236.

'I was already in bed, and had turned on my side, and wanted to fall asleep in thee—in thoughts of thee. What does this mean, "to fall asleep in the Lord?" Often does this text occur to me when thus between waking and sleeping I feel that I am occupied with thee.'—vol. i. p. 155.

And what does Goethe call these blasphemies?—the same that he called Rousseau's Emile—' Nature's Gospel!'

But we must now show Bettina in some of her merry, mischievous moods to which we have referred, before she had utterly lost the compass of right and wrong within her. The following letter refers to Goethe's mother, whom she describes with unflagging vivacity—whether with equal truth is another question:—

'I was to present Dr. Gall, the phrenologist, to her—instead of whom I brought Tieck under his name. She instantly threw off her head dress, seated herself, and insisted he should examine her bumps, to see whether the extraordinary talents of her son had not originally sprung from her. Tieck was in the greatest possible embarrassment, for I did not give him a moment to explain the mistake. Meanwhile the real Gall came in, and was announced by name. Your mother

knew not which to believe, especially as I protested vehemently against the right one. At length Gall made good his title by delivering a fine speech upon the great qualities of her cranium. I received my pardon, and was obliged to promise not to trick her so again. A few days after, a delightful opportunity for revenge occurred. I had to introduce to her a young man from Strasburg, who had shortly before seen you. She politely inquired his name; but, before he could speak, I said, "The gentleman's name is Schneegans (Snow-goose), he has seen your son in Weimar, and brings you many messages from him." She looked daggers at me, and said again in the blandest tones, "May I inquire your worthy name?" Before he could say a word of explanation I was out again with the famous name of Schneegans. Quite enraged at the vulgarity of my conduct, in calling a gentleman by such a name of all others as this Schneegans, she begged his pardon, told him that my mischief knew no bounds, and sometimes even was carried to folly. I said, "But the gentleman's name is really Schneegans." "Oh! hold your tongue!" she exclaimed, "What man in his senses would bear the name of Schneegans?" At length, when the poor man could make himself heard, and owned that he actually did glory in the name of Schneegans, it was rich to hear the compliments and confusions, and assurances of entire consideration which flowed on both sides. They became excellent friends—as if they had known each other for years, and, as he took his leave, your mother ejaculated with an heroic swell, " Fare you well, Herr von Schneegans!" For my life I could not have pronounced the name.'-vol. i. p. 131.

Her best letters are those written from the Rhine. She spent there the summer months of 1808, and many were her madcap expeditions among its hills and valleys, at all hours of the day and night, to the great risk of her health, and wear and tear of shoe-leather. This is a morning's walk, after a night's rhapsody

about her love, which it is as well to let alone:-

'Thus sound my evening sighs, but with morning they change their tones. Then stirs the thought restlessly within me, and drives me out, as if to meet some long-expected news. I can already manage the little boat alone, and it is my favourite matin-prayer to loose it stealthily from the chain, and manœuvre it across to the opposite shore. I have always to learn afresh, and the freak, begun in mischief, ends in devotion, for I thank God when I am safely landed. Every time my heart throbs with expectation—every time is it answered—now with the all-spanning distance which opens upon me from above—now with the bursting sun, which wakens nature from her sleep.

which wakens nature from her sleep.
'I climb the rocks above me. Cleanly moss and delicate tracery wander over their sides—darling little caves, made for resting-places, invite me to stop and take breath. There, in the dark clefts, shines a purer green! In the midst of the wilderness I find a hearthstone of blooming flowers—God's simple household—a flower-inclosed altarplace—surrounded with slender priestral nymphs, who pour libations from their chalice cups, and fling incense around, and, like the Indian

maidens, scatter gold-dust in the air. But what is it I see glittering yonder in the sand? Is it a diamond that chance has brought to light? If it be, to thee will I send it, and picture to myself thy surprise at the treasure of our Rhine rocks. Then I cast myself down with burning cheeks on a shady spot, and gather courage to climb on to where the lime-tree gives out its fragrance. On the cross path, by the offering-box of St. Peter, who, with the great keys of heaven, stands locked up within the little grated shrine, I stretch myself upon the soft grass, and search in vain, Oh heaven! in thy arch of blue, for the hole to which that key might fit—for the door which leads to light and liberty! I hear a rustling and a chirping behind me, and there, close below, sits the little chaffinch on her nest, and looks plaintively at me.

"These are the charming little adventures and troubles of my present days. Homeward-going I made acquaintance with the little girl who keeps the geese—she shone from afar with her inch-long black eyelashes. The other children were teazing her, and saying that everybody laughed at her for having such long eyelashes. She, poor little thing, stood all abashed, and at length began to cry. I comforted her and said, "Because God has appointed thee to tend the beautiful white geese, and thou goest always into the meadows where the sun burns the hottest—this is why He has given thee such long shades to thy eyes." The geese gathered round their little weeping mistress, and hissed at me and the other children. Could I but paint, it would be a pretty picture.'—

vol. i. p. 248. And so it is anyhow, and the first volume is full of them; but, with the second, the poison begins to work—the edged tools have cut the hand that ventured to toy with them-her lively fancy flags-impatience, jealousy, and despondence break forth-she labours in long, Rahel-like dissertations upon wisdom, beauty, music, and religion—complains of hasty letters, and long silences, and Goethe evidently begins to think her-a bore. As we have said before, this work has done more to tarnish him as a servant of God, and lover of his kind, than any he ever wrote himselfbad as some of them be. A wild, romantic, and imprudent, but an innocent and an orphan girl had thrown her heart before him; instead, however, of availing himself of those very feelings, to take that position, and teach those lessons, which his experience authorised, and his age permitted-instead, in short, of turning her immoral idolatry into filial gratitude and affection-he fostered every unwholesome emotion—quenched every modest instinct-like a second Veiled Prophet, only poisoned the mind he had contrived to dazzle-nor ever discouraged the attachment that had cost her heart so dear, till the selfishness of his own had tired of it. She gave him her feelings fresh and innocent, he returned them withered and debased. Not even that which can best restore a marred and disappointed spirit, namely a healthy and lawful attachment, seems to have availed her; for years after she had become a wife and mother, we find her addressing Goethe in strains for which the most debased

sophistry could find no excuse.

As to the 'Journal of Love,' which serves as a waste-water pipe to carry off those overflowings which the letters could not contain, there are, perhaps, even in this country, some young ladies in their last boarding-school half-year, whom the charms of a strolling actor or recruiting lieutenant might betray into similar rhapsodies; but this we are certain, that none of them would

publish them.

It may be observed that Bettina's own estimate of her work is consistent with its contents. She regards it as the most complete grammar of the heart that has ever been produced, and recommends it especially to the careful attention of all female beginners in that language, of any age from twelve to twenty. 'How old is your daughter?' she asks Countess M. 'Just fifteen.' 'Oh, indeed! Sweet, innocent creature! I'll send her my book.' Taking into consideration also the benighted condition in which the youthful hearts of England are kept by the obstinate refusal of a celebrated lady-translator to render her letters into English, she herself prepared a translation of them, and transmitted it to the late Mr. Longman, with a dedication, of which we can only

say that it was worthy of the book.

Bettina continues to publish. Her last work, dedicated to the King of Prussia, must be a valuable acquisition to his Majesty, both in the government of his kingdom, and in the elucidation of the Book of Genesis! To speak seriously, it must be no small matter of surprise to the many religious friends of the King of Prussia in this country to hear that a work treating the Scriptures, and especially the observance of the Sabbath, not only with ridicule, but with the grossest ribaldry, can be openly dedicated by one of his own subjects to that monarch. On reflection, they will probably conclude with us that the impudence has been overlooked simply because Bettina is considered to have more of childhood about her now than she had in the days of the ' Elective Attractions' and the Privy Councillor's lap. The last story we heard of her was, that having one night at the theatre exceeded her usual hour, she leaned her wig with sweet simplicity on the shoulder of a young officer in the next box, and murmured 'Bettina is sleepy!'-Requiescat!

We pass on to the third and last heroine of this article, one who, unlike her predecessors, neither appeals to our admiration for powers falsely directed, nor to our sympathy for feelings wrongly bestowed. Charlotte Stieglitz stands before us—a monument of the strength of woman's devotion, and the weakness of human

reasoning—whose virtues were a ceaseless illustration of the Scripture doctrines—whose error was the natural consequence of their denial. The biography of this admirable, but misguided creature has been unfortunately committed to the pen of one who, from a mistaken respect to her memory, has clothed it in such a bewildering web of false sentiment and empty philosophy—ascribing the most simple actions and most obvious motives, alternately to elementary influences, atomic fortuities, and dæmonological inspirations—all given in a jargon of mythical and metaphysical, mythological and hyperbolical mystification—that it becomes a somewhat difficult task to evolve the plain narrative of a life

which, in itself, requires no supernatural clue.

Charlotte Sophie Willhoft was born at Hamburgh in 1806, and brought up in the house of an elder sister, the wife of a wealthy citizen, at Leipsic. From her earliest years she gave great promise of intellectual superiority—pursued her studies with avidity, and was a general favourite in the household. At the same time her disposition, it appears, was strongly tinctured with a kind of dreamy melancholy, very unnatural at her age, which, as far as the absurdity of the style will allow us to judge, proceeded from a too precocious development of that religious inquiry, which only a sound Scriptural education could have directed and satisfied. In her fifteenth year, however, her biographer proceeds to inform us, a wakening and irresistible taste for music 'loosened the enigma of her soul-the incomprehensible metaphysic of her life transposed itself within her into soothing sounds—the gloomy night-side of her being vented itself in reconciling tones from her lips, and this musical ecstacy was the first vernal messenger of that love, which shortly after helped to complete the emancipation-work of her maiden heart.' (p. 6.) Love generally, both in prose and poetry, is considered to enthral rather than emancipate a heart—but let this pass. In other words, Charlotte had reached the age when the mind receives a fresh impulse, and when life, for once, offers its enjoyments without its cares. Her talents, both for poetry and music, to which was added the possession of a magnificent voice, were of a high order, and in the employment these gave her, her feelings took a more healthy tone. With accomplishments of this nature, a cultivated mind, powerful intellect, sweet disposition, and great personal beauty, it is easy to imagine that Charlotte was not a being of every-day occurrence in Germany.

In 1822 Henry Stieglitz left the University of Göttingen with the white Burschen cap on his head, to pursue his studies in Leipsic—where, being a young man of respectable connexions, and already known for poetical talent, he soon became a welcome visitor in the house where Charlotte resided. An intimacy now quickly ripened between the two young people, which, for a while, they persuaded themselves subsisted only on a brotherly and sisterly footing; till, one moonlight evening, seated tête-à-tête in a vineclad bower, they discovered, to their mutual surprise, that their feelings no longer merited that cold denomination. Charlotte was now a Dichter-Braut-a poet's bride-to her enthusiastic fancy the summit of happiness; for her worshipping biographer profoundly observes that the deficiency of the philosophic capacity in the female mind is never more strikingly exemplified than in her exaltation of the individual over the universal !- in her preference for the single person of one poet to the whole idea of the Art of Poetry! He means to say, the woman who loves one man in particular, better than all mankind in general, is not calculated to become a German philosopher. We bow to the decision.

Soon after their engagement Stieglitz removed to Berlin, where he devoted himself especially to the study of Oriental Literature, and to the cultivation of his poetical talents—sending his compositions, as he threw them off, to Charlotte, whose affection did not always blind her judgment. It may easily be supposed that the girl of sixteen and the boy of nineteen were not considered competent to enter upon the duties of life—several years, therefore, elapsed, during which Charlotte's warm feelings were much tried by the death of her sister, which was soon followed by that of a child she had bequeathed to her care. The brother-in-law now formed a second union—Stieglitz felt that it was time to claim his bride—and succeeded in obtaining the necessary means of existence in the situation of Librarian to the University at Berlin.

And now we come to a dark and mysterious page in Charlotte's life, and one which is never again quite lost sight of. Whether in the late severe afflictions her mind had received a shock which it was not able of itself to recover, or whether owing to any other latent cause, we do not pretend to say, but certain it is that Charlotte, in the very flower of youth and happy love, was beset with the temptation to suicide. The thought that a poet, who, in the false language of German sophistry, ought to be emancipated from all the dull laws and mean realities of life, should be chained down to the commonest of them, and that to earn her daily bread—the idea that her Henry's genius, which was the highest pride of her heart, should suffer by her very association with it-preyed upon her mind, till she conceived herself called upon to sacrifice a life which might be thus prejudicial to one whom she loved far better. She too had read Goethe's 'Wahlverwandschaften,' and determined, like Ottilia, to abstain from all food, and had carried her plan

plan partly into effect, when she was seized with violent illness, of which this morbid melancholy had probably been the forerunner; and with her real danger and slow recovery the love of life returned. The biographer adds that she never spoke of this

period in after years.

Meanwhile Henry, without being misled by any false refinement of self-abandonment, was, in reality, in a far more unsettled and alarming state. A highly nervous and excitable temperament, which the restless spirit of a student's life had equally fostered and concealed, now felt itself ill at ease beneath the restraints and requirements of social duty; he entered upon his new and methodical employment with ill-concealed disgust, and arrived at Leipsic in a state of irritability and depression which augured but ill for the happiness of the bride. The preparations for their marriage restored both to some degree of cheerfulness. The wedding ceremony was to be followed by a wedding tour. Henry, sought for some weapon of defence in case of danger, and Charlotte, the day before their union, went out and bought him a dagger.

And thus two young people entered upon life, both equally disordered in their views of it, and each resembling the other too much in extravagance of principle and unfeasibility of practice, to give either the spur or the check which each required. But Providence has ordained good to come out of evil—two similarly failing dispositions will not long continue so together—and Charlotte, in the ever returning and increasing depression of her husband, felt a motive for cheerful exertion which she had never possessed before. The effort to counteract his mind for a while

sustained her own.

And this effort was required but too soon. During the short period of their wedding tour, the temporary elevation of Henry's spirits, added to an habitual indecision of character, had excited him to feats of travelling for which the strength of his delicate companion was very inadequate; but as soon as his official duties had to be resumed at Berlin, he relapsed into a state of despondency, in which, declining the philosophical and astrological solutions offered by the biographer, we see little more than the evidence of a character unfortunately constituted by nature, and worse regulated by habit. This was a sad beginning for the young wife—her days were spent in a small lodging at Berlin, in a solitude which the thought of his return did not cheer; and when he did appear, it was to increase his gloom by finding her spirits languid, and her eyes red with weeping.

But this did not continue long—both could not despond to-

gether. Too much possessed also with the idea that a poet must necessarily differ from the rest of the world in conduct and manners to impute any blame to him, and ready, as we have seen, to reproach herself as the innocent impediment to his freedom of position, she felt the more bound to alleviate the supposed burden by every means in her power, and set about performing the difficult task of wife to a man of morbid imagination, with all the energy the most devoted pride and affection could inspire. Everything that woman's heart could devise to render man's home attractive was now devised by Charlotte. She took part in all his poetical pursuits-was ever ready to applaud his success, encourage his industry, or cheer his disappointment. She copied, corrected, and revised-nay, even her own cheaply held, but finely tuned powers were employed to help-and more than once the passage, or the plot he had lost patience and temper over, was happily finished during his absence by her pen. Cheerful friends were summoned to give him society—her beautiful voice was exerted to gladden his solitude - sprightly raillery was used when gentle reasoning would fail-verses were written to procure him a surprise-his poems were travestied to cheat him of a smile-nothing, in short, omitted in that labour of love, which his vacillating moods alternately rewarded and required. Whenever these means failed, or that some trivial cause or accident had frustrated them, or that reason or raillery alike refused to break the spell that bound him, she would leave an affectionate note on his desk, where generally some sprightly line or couplet welcomed his return from the library, and, like a skilful nurse with a wayward patient, seek to diminish the irritation by sharing the blame. This is one :-

Receipt for us.

'As long as we live, ergo, love one another, let us mutually seek as much as possible to strew our path with cheerful flowers. The least weed (be it only a slight cold or a broken lamp) we must exterminate with careful hand, but for Heaven's sake never magnify it into a weeping willow, or what shall we have left to plant over the graves of our real afflictions? Let us mutually enliven, strengthen, encourage, help, and elevate one another, and withal be cheerful. Let us be sure that if we sow the right seed, fruit cannot fail, and that the seed that lies longest in the ground brings the richest return.

—p. 47.

'Thy Charlotte.'

Nevertheless, in spite of all her affectionate care, her husband's fits of depression returned so frequently as materially to affect his health. Little excursions and temporary change of air had been tried, and though these proved in some measure serviceable, yet it was evident that, without some total change of life, his malady, for such it had now become, would eventually gain the

upper hand. Unknown now to her husband, Charlotte took counsel with his nearest and most influential relations; among whom Baron Stieglitz, the well-known banker of St. Petersburg, stood foremost. Even in her letters to this gentleman, which are otherwise models of judicious reasoning and sensible purpose, an affectionate sophistry at her own expense occasionally breaks forth. Speaking of the constant irritation caused by the unpoetical monotony of his daily employment, she says: 'You will readily believe that I have occasionally felt scruples, even against my better judgment, whether in this it would not be better for Henry, in order to be emancipated from all the cares of life, to stand utterly alone. As, however, whenever it may prove necessary, I am prepared to provide for the necessities of our little household upon the smallest possible allowance, I endeavour to

tranquillise myself on this head' (p. 149).

Entirely owing to her representations, means were now supplied for relieving him for a while of the duties of the library, without sacrificing a situation on which their means of subsistence mainly depended. Thus set free, the young couple took their departure, in the spring of 1833, for St. Petersburg; where, under Baron Stieglitz's hospitable and intellectual roof, they spent several months of perfect relaxation and cheerfulness. Henry visited those parts of Russia most worth seeing, refreshing his mind with new objects, and laying in a store of materials which assimilated in every way with his Oriental tastes and pursuits. This happy summer seemed at length to have banished the enemy from their hearth. Stieglitz returned to his library, invigorated in mind and body; and Charlotte never looked so beautiful, nor sung so sweetly, as in the winter of 1833-1834. She now took a more conspicuous position in the society of Berlin, for this sunbeam of happiness had chased away her natural timidity; and, both for her talents, accomplishments, and personal attractions, became an object of great admiration in the best literary circles.

After what we have seen of Rahel's much-extolled letters and aphorisms, we feel somewhat mistrustful of another, who, like her, tested her claims to public approbation in no other way. Not that we would for one moment place these ladies on a par, for Charlotte was as much Rahel's superior in intellect as in principle, and as different from her, in every other respect, as the woman who never thought of herself must be from one who never thought of anything else. But, upon the whole, there is nothing, either in her correspondence or journal, to surpass those of many others of her own sex in this country, which never go beyond the small circle of friends to which they are best restricted. Not that the individual who has undertaken the task of this bio-

graphy was likely to select such specimens of her style and opinions as would do either justice. To judge from the strain of fulsome flattery or sentimental adulation, in which all his own descriptions of her character and person are clothed, we are puzzled whether to look upon the unknown biographer in the light of a hired panegyrist or of a disconsolate lover; which latter idea, much as, to a German taste, it may enhance the pathos of her tale, appears to us the most scandalous injustice to her memory. But to return to these specimens of her writing: unfortunately, too many of them are cumbered with that far-fetchedness of words which the Germans mistake for profundity of thought; but here and there occur passages of much feeling and observation of human nature. For instance:—

'Many individuals, like animals, possess only the present moment—neither past nor future.'

'With some natures you can't, as it were, give yourself out; they

clip your thoughts close off, till you lose breath.

With some individuals you cannot express thoughts, only matters of fact.

'I don't call that resignation the making yourself a mere clod for grief to trample upon. No; resignation is the making yourself the master of it.'

Where there is no restraint, there is also no charm: so in society-

in friendship-everywhere.'

'There are people without handles that one can't get hold of.'

'To which masters are servants most attached?—To those who have most tact.'

'This forms a line of demarcation between man and man, that the one asks what the other is, and the other how he pleases him.'

' Has not every poet his Jacob's ladder, on which angels mount and

descend?

' Women best understand to hallow and make friends with grief; and that, in return, bears them with a strong arm above all the petty cares and troubles of life.'

'One ought to break with a friend with whom one has no longer the

interest to restrain oneself. Such ruin the character.'

As the tree, by the backward and forward rocking of the wind, is prevented from too hasty a growth, and compelled to take deeper root—so man, tossed in the storms of life, throws out deeper roots in his character. A hot-house plant shoots waveringly on high, without strength.

'Everything, tree, flower, plant—all nature—is satisfied in itself—seeks to be nothing else: the rose to be no lily, the lily to be no rose, the wild flower to be no exotic. Only man is dissatisfied, and seeks to be other than he is; and yet only is, and can be, in being himself.'

Charlotte's reading appears to have been chiefly of a modern kind. Goethe she placed as high as he deserved, but she makes

free with the solemn puerilities of his later years. Rahel's letters, most of them, she frankly owns she cannot understand; a note, however, is added, which we do not believe, to assure the reader that she changed her opinion. But the letter upon suicide, which we have quoted, she dwells upon with responding bitterness. The biographer condescendingly adds, that even in the perusal of the Scriptures Charlotte found some satisfaction; but too many passages prove that she knew as little of their real nature as most of the wise men and women around her.

Her letters are spirited and sensible, and those written from Russia very entertaining; but their chief interest, as far as concerns this biography, consists in the touching affection for her husband which pervades them throughout, and in the delicacy and tenderness with which, even when necessarily describing to an intimate friend the most painful features of his malady, she

always makes him appear in an amiable light.

The spring of 1834 passed peacefully over, but as the summer advanced, the clouds of domestic misery again gathered over their heads. Henry relapsed into his former despondence; first the mind preyed upon the body, and then the body reacted on the mind; and all that the skill of medicine could suggest, and the tenderest of wives do, failed to help. The effort from within was wanting. Far be it from us, however, to cast the additional burden of reproach upon those morbid and heavy laden temperaments, which seem appointed to suffer that which, in the happier maniac, insanity relieves. The extent of their responsibility or helplessness, let no mind blessed with health presume to determine. If the unhappy Henry Stieglitz was accountable for the misery he occasioned, awful has been his punishment. But his is the history of too many, to whom, not genius, but the mistaking of a clever precocity for genius, has been the stumbling-block through life—raising hopes they have not the power to fulfil, and bringing disappointments they have not the strength to bear, and unduly elevating and depressing the mind as each feeling predominates. In this respect, also, Charlotte's affectionate pride in her husband contributed to nurture his malady. Stieglitz's abilities were never such as to justify the expectations that both had formed of them; and the very care with which she supported his hopes, and cheered him to fresh attempts, only fed the evil, which sooner or later too surely fell back on herself. The whole secret of Henry's self-torment lay in believing himself capable of doing that which in reality he failed to do. So that, in self-justification, he was driven to attribute to outer causes that disappointment which proceeded solely from within. Thus error engendered error; and, as the mind lost selfself-satisfaction and self-control, the more extravagant became its devices of self-excuse; till, as with most mental sufferers, nothing remained for him but the preposterous idea that the whole world

was leagued to torment him.

First, as we have seen, the duties at the library, which to another would have been welcome as a wholesome means of restraint, were eagerly fastened upon as the sole impediments to his poetic success. Again the kindness of his relatives interfered to relieve him; but, alas! in removing the imaginary seat of the evil, they only shifted it to a more vital part. In the uninterrupted leisure of his own writing-room the Muse remained equally unpropitious; and now his quiet home and gentle wife became the bugbears of his imagination. In vain did the poor distressed Charlotte banish every friend and hush every sound; the more she studied his wishes the wilder they became. He longed now for such quiet as no home could give, and such solitude as no mind could bear. Only, he fancied, in the retirement of a hermitage or monastery would his poetic powers find that tranquillity which was necessary to their development. This idea took firm possession of his mind, and a few weeks found him in a state of boisterous irritation, or hypochondriacal depression, which, if not insanity, was infinitely worse.

Partly to favour his diseased ideas, and partly to conceal from all eyes the spectacle of her husband's state, Charlotte now provided all things necessary for a long seclusion, and shutting up her house, remained several weeks with him in perfect solitude. The result may be easily anticipated. Henry's malady gained strength with indulgence, and Charlotte's health and spirits sunk utterly beneath the task she had imposed upon them. Friends now interfered; and, as much for her sake as for his, a journey to the baths of Kissingen, though late in the season, was undertaken. Here the change of air and scene, and the agreeable society of a few literary friends, more perhaps than the waters themselves, contributed to restore Charlotte's health. Even Henry, at times, seemed to partake of these beneficial influences. He varied from day to day, and the very variation was a relief. Nevertheless, after five weeks spent in alternate hopes and disappointments, Charlotte was compelled to acknowledge that not one step towards his real recovery had been gained. They now quitted Kissingen, taking a circuitous route, and visiting Hanover and other places, where friends and relations resided.

Meanwhile Charlotte's manner had altered; she was more composed, but also more absent, and seemed to have returned somewhat to the dreaminess of her early girlhood. She appeared no longer to fasten her happiness so unconditionally on the hope

of his recovery, or, at any rate, to have some other thought which divided her mind with that. Her husband she encouraged more to look for better times, but herself less; and while she redoubled her affectionate attentions, seemed to have some interest independent of them. Speaking to him of the beauty of reserve even with the most intimate friend, she said:—

'Thou art the only individual to whom I am unreservedly open, and yet there is one secret I keep from thee. It concerns thyself, and perhaps will one day be unfolded for thy good; but it looks somewhat gloomy.'

And she wrote also in her diary:-

'The world appears to me most beautiful now that I have given it up, and look back upon it from above, much as it looks when coloured with the last glow of evening light before sunset.'

And again this, addressed to her husband:-

'The walk of life is that of a soldier in battle—always death-firm, and death-ready, till it becomes second-nature. But the time will come when one of us must fall. My dear and faithful comrade! thou must with double energy and courage press forward, should the first ball hit me.'

Towards the end of November they returned to Berlin; and Henry crossed his own threshold in a worse state than he had left it. On the 18th of December he had a strange dream. He dreamt he saw his wife sink into the river that flowed under their window: he plunged in after her—he struggled—he dived—but Charlotte rose no more. But he dreamt further, that after the first bitterness of despair, a calm which he had never known before took possession of his soul. He was alone in the world—he had nothing to hope, but also nothing to fear; and he seemed to have cast an old life behind him, and to begin a new with fresh courage. The influence of this dream even affected his waking thoughts. The next day he was tranquil in manner, so much so that Charlotte for a moment thought the weary corner had been turned that led to his recovery. Then he told her his dream.

'Is it so?' she said, with a mournful smile. 'Can that help thee? Well: it is right—only from the depths of sorrow—only from the strength of resignation can we derive that genuine self-control—that high repose of the mind without which nothing great can be done. Only believe this, and it will be.'

From this day the frightful idea, which had so long pursued her, took rooted possession of her mind. She went through the usual duties of life and society with method and gentleness, but she was thoughtful and abstracted, with a lassitude and feebleness of frame which was foreign to her nature. Even the slight occasional gleams of cheerfulness in her husband failed to animate

her as before: she seemed to be weaning herself from him; and he was too utterly engrossed in the misery of his own existence to

remark her alteration of manner.

The dagger which she had given him the day before their wedding hung upon the wall. About this time she took it down, and drew it from its sheath. Henry attempted to take it from her; but she simply said, 'Leave it with me, I won't play with it.' It was not restored to its place: but the circumstance made no im-

pression upon him, and he forgot it.

By and bye his state of mind was such as to make her again sink back into seclusion, only admitting the visits of a few friends. Henry relapsed utterly into self-tormenting despondence. Both of them soon felt the want of that stated occupation which he had been so eager to dismiss. The days, December days, passed wearily over; the clock ticked, the furniture creaked, no sound of joy came near them-the wretched couple sat in their lonely dwelling the live-long day like stricken creatures; and stronger and stronger grew the feeling within that feminine breast, that only one way remained to rouse him from his apathy, and that way the sacrifice of herself. She had deeply studied her husband's character; she persuaded herself that, though a poor struggler amidst the common current of human sorrows, he was one of the few that prove buoyant in the whirlpool. To all the gradually gathered clouds of affliction-to the ruin of their fortunes-the suspicion of the world-and, above all, to the deep misery of his faithful wife, he had long been indifferent; she firmly believed that only in the reaction of feeling after the prostration of sorrowonly in the glow of the soul after the ice of despair-was his restoration to life and himself to be expected. She felt that the blow, to be effectual, must be sudden and stunning-and she rejoiced, in the subtlety of woman's affection, that to her it was granted to deal it-though with her last breath! Desperate sophistry of evil for good to come!-awful concurrence of the two passions most hostile to the knowledge of truth, the speciousness of reason, and the enthusiasm of feeling-but she knew no other law. Alas, poor creature! she was sorely tried-hope was gone, and health was gone—the spirit was faint, and the flesh was weak-and the selfishness which in others protects the laws, which faith only should enforce, had been by her long offered up!

Yet outraged nature demanded her price—the languor of the day showed the struggle of the night—and Charlotte owned that she dreaded her bed for the fearful thoughts that beset it. Meanwhile she had contrived to see all those friends for whom she entertained real regard, and they were struck with the affectionate

pathos of her manner in quitting them, but otherwise thought her more hopeful—nor did she now avoid society. Christmas-Day arrived, and with it all the domestic festivities so universally observed in Germany. Henry and Charlotte passed the evening in the circle of a family who lodged below them. She was silent and gentle, but seemed to take her usual amiable interest in the joy of the children. And at an evening party on the 27th she was remarked to be pale, and her large black eyes unusually bright; but she was cheerful, and took part in conversation with her usual power and felicity of expression.

The nine-and-twentieth of December was a dark, gloomy day. Henry was more than usually excited, and in a fit of ungovernable self-torment refused to eat. After dinner, however, came an invitation for that evening to Ries's Concert—and it was accepted. Charlotte now became suddenly abstracted. About six o'clock she laid herself upon the sofa, said she required rest, and begged him to go without her. She reminded him to be composed, and that only in self-control lay his hope of recovery.

He kissed her on the forehead, and left her.

Charlotte now called in their only maid, and gave her, with her usual firm voice, various commissions, chiefly referring to the provision for the next week, and then dismissed her to the kitchen.

She was now alone. We almost shrink from following the course of the next two hours—and they were not idle ones—for she had much to do for which no opportunity had been afforded her. She arranged her various papers—tied up letters in parcels for their owners—closed the accounts of her little housekeeping—and laid the money, which was always in her keeping, with other valuables, upon his desk. Then she wrote the following words:—

'Unhappier it is impossible for thee, much-loved one, to become; but, on the contrary, happier through real affliction. With deep sorrow comes often a wonderful blessing—this will not fail to thee!! We have both suffered a deadly suffering. Thou knowest what I endured in my heart; but never let a reproach come upon thee, for thou hast loved me much. Thou wilt be better now—much better. Why? I feel it, without knowing words for it. We shall meet again, freer, lighter—but thou must live out thy life here, and grapple courageously with the world. Greet all whom I loved, and who loved me.

' To all eternity, thy CHARLOTTE.

'Show thyself not weak—be firm, strong, and great.'

Many tears had fallen upon this sheet, which she now laid on the self-same spot on his desk where words of kindness, raillery, and affection had so often met his returning eye. Then she hurried into her bedroom, and locked herself in. Here we must cut short—Suffice it to say, that she prepared herself for rest with her customary neatness and care—and then, laying herself in bed, plunged the dagger with frightful certainty into her heart.

She had strength to draw the weapon from the wound, laid it by her side, and gathered her garments decently around her—and so she hoped to have died; but the noise of the rattling lungs alarmed the servant—and, as the door was broken open, the erring

martyr yielded up her breath.

We should not thus have ventured to harrow the feelings of our readers, did we not look upon the fate of Charlotte not merely as a melancholy instance of the evil of a German education, but as the highest refutation of all its alleged good. We see so much philanthropic principle and Christian practice in many Germans, especially women, who profess no other guide than the strength of their reason and goodness of their hearts, that we are tempted to forgive the false light, in the deeds done by it. But here was one fairer, wiser, better than all, who living witnessed to the sufficiency of that law, but dying condemned it. Hers was no common virtue, and no vulgar crime. It was done with the deliberation of conscience-not with the hurry of passion. She sought not to escape from life, but to offer-it up. Her sophistry was not to excuse herself, but to save another-and that other, her husband! Vain the sacrifice! presumptuous the attempt! The wretched Stieglitz fled from the face of man, as if the brand of Cain had been upon him-his mind tortured with real, instead of imaginary agonies—his powers crushed—his peace gone—and condemned to wear out a miserable existence upon earth, with the hand of love withdrawn, and the finger of scorn and reproach pointed in its stead.

It is with real pain that we retrace the principal features of this article—that we behold intellectual, feeling, and virtuous women devoting their heads, hearts, and even lives, to that justification of false ends which is worse than the ends themselves. Sin and error we know must be-we know too well that we have enough of both at home; but it is very terrible to think that there is a highly. a most highly intellectual nation, among whom moral evil of many a dark variety dares openly to claim not pity, not pardon, -but pure One would think that we had been relating fables and not facts—that these could never be the lives and writings of women, held up for the young and inexperienced of their own sex to admire and copy. In this, however, we refer not to the lamented Charlotte Stieglitz, whose life was an example all may imitate, and whose death a warning none can mistake—but we refer to the Rahels and Bettinas with whom Germany overflows, and in whom Germany proclaims her pride-to whom have been given all those powers of mind and gifts of fancy, which, rightly directed, have produced a Hester Chapone, a Hannah More, and that long line of literary benefactresses to whom both old and young in this country are indebted.

'But if the light that be in ye be darkness, how great is that darkness!'

Altogether there is much in the mingled talent and unhealthiness of these works to remind us of the French writers of the present day—the difference consisting solely in the distinction of the national characters; the French being more scandalous in their results—the Germans more sophistical in their theories. In each we find the same senseless, useless, and aimless encouragement of the mixed produce of the natural mind—the same indiscriminate worship of all, good and bad, it may please to throw up:-every lawless thought, every idle dream, every dangerous imagination suffered to run their unhealthy race, to end as they may in folly, impiety, or impurity:-piety professed without religion, and virtue without principle—the dictates of the reason their theory, and those of the heart their practice—and wild work made between them. Of the two, however, the Germans must be considered the most dangerous. An infidelity which does not with perpetual brazen audacity overleap the outward forms and decencies of society is much more to be feared than one which does.

ART. VIII.—History of the Conquest of Mexico, with a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortes. By William H. Prescott. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1843.

In his excellent history of Ferdinand and Isabella, Mr. Prescott had the advantage of entering upon ground not preoccupied by any of the great modern historians. He now ventures to measure his strength with the Spaniard De Solis, and with Robertson. De Solis, whose swelling style was so peculiarly congenial to the Spanish ear, by the higher merits of his work, his skilful arrangement, his animation and dramatic power, as well as by the inextinguishable interest of his story, commanded considerable popularity even in the English Translation. The narrative of Robertson has all the charm of his inimitable style. The conquest of Mexico is but one chapter, indeed, in his history of America; but it seems to have been laboured with peculiar care, till every vestige of labour has disappeared, and the story flows on with the ease and gracefulness of a romance.

Yet ancient Mexico, and the adventures of her Spanish conquerors, may still afford full scope for the labour and the genius of an historian, who may aspire to tell the story in a more Christian and enlightened spirit than the bigot De Solis; on a more extended scale, and with a full command of the stores of knowledge which have accumulated since the time both of De Solis and of Robertson. If, indeed, we are to judge from the astonishment expressed by some persons, who at least might be supposed familiar with such works as Robertson's, at the discoveries of Mr. Stephens among the ancient cities in Mexico and the adjacent provinces, it might appear full time to revive the history of the conquest in the public mind. This surprise seemed to imply an utter forgetfulness of the state of the country at the time of the Spanish conquest; that it was not a wild forest wandered over by savage hunters, or a land peopled by simple and naked Caribs; but the seat of more than one, comparatively ancient, powerful and wealthy monarchy, containing many large and populous cities, embellished with vast buildings, chiefly temples; and advanced to a high state of what we may venture to call, without pledging

ourselves to its origin, Asiatic civilization.

Mr. Prescott possesses high qualifications, and some peculiar advantages for the execution of such a work. He has a high sense of the obligation of an historian to explore every source of information relating to his subject; to spare neither industry, nor, we may add, expense, in the collection of materials; and his extensive acquaintance with Spanish literature, and the name which he has already established in connexion with Spanish history, have, perhaps, enabled him to command sources of knowledge unattainable by an unknown author. In his disquisitions on the political state and the civilization of the Aztec kingdoms, he is full and copious, without being prolix and wearisome; his narrative is flowing and spirited, sometimes very picturesque; his style has dropped the few Americanisms which still jarred on our fastidious ear in his former work, and is in general pure and sound English. Above all, his judgments are unaffectedly candid and impartial; he never loses sight of the immutable principles of justice and humanity, yet allows to the Spanish conquerors the palliation for their enormities, to be drawn from those deeply-rooted and miscalled Christian principles, which authorised and even sanctified all acts of ambition and violence committed by Europeans and Christians against barbarians and infidels. His general estimate of the character of his hero appears to us singularly just. an adventurer the bravest, the most enterprising, the most persevering, who set his foot on the shores of America; Cortes was, as a commander, rapid and daring in forming his resolutions; undaunted

undaunted and resolute in their execution; beyond example prompt and fertile in resources; unappalled by the most gigantic difficulties; unshaken by the most disastrous reverses; accomplishing the most inconceivable schemes with forces apparently the most inadequate, and, as he advanced, creating means from what might seem the most hopeless and hostile sources; and with a power of attaching men to his service, which might almost look like magic. He combined under one discipline the rude and reckless adventurer, who began by thinking only of gold, but gradually kindled to the absorbing desire of glory; the jealous enemy who came to overthrow his power, and before long became its most stedfast support; the fiercest and most warlike of the natives, whom he bent not merely into obedient followers, but zealous and hearty Avaricious, yet generous, and never allowing his avarice to interfere with his ambition; with address which borders close on cunning, reading men's hearts and minds, and knowing whom to trust and how far; he was not without humanity, but when war was raging and as peculiar exigences seemed to demand, utterly remorseless and utterly reckless of the extent of carnage, hewing down human life as carelessly as the backwoodsman the forest; and withal as stern a bigot as Spain ever sent forth in cowl or in mail, to propagate the doctrine of the Cross by the Mahometan apostleship of fire and sword.

Mr. Prescott, in his collection of materials for his work, has laid all accessible quarters under contribution. The Spanish archives, which were closed against Dr. Robertson, have been freely opened to him; or rather, we should say, he has had liberal access to the rich collections made by Don Juan Baptista Muñoz, the historiographer of the Indies; to that of Don Vargas Ponce, whose papers were chiefly obtained from the archives of the Indies at Seville; and that of Navarrete, the President of the Academy, whose work on the early discoveries of the Spaniards is well known. These three collections are in the possession of the Royal Academy of Madrid; Mr. Prescott was allowed the selection and transcription of as many as he might choose; and the result has been a mass of MS. documents amounting to eight thousand folio pages. Mexico has furnished some unprinted and some printed documents, among the latter those edited by Bustamente, especially the valuable history of Father Sahagun, which appeared nearly at the same time in Mexico, and in Lord Kingsborough's great collection of Mexican antiquities. Mr. Prescott mentions other private libraries and collections, among them that of the Duke of Monteleone, the present representative of Cortes which have been courteously placed at his command.

Among printed works that of Clavigero had not appeared when

when Robertson published his history. Clavigero, indeed, professed that the object of his writing was partly to correct the errors of Robertson. Since that time, England and France have sent forth the magnificent volumes of Lord Kingsborough and the French 'Antiquités Mexicaines,' and many of the Muñoz MSS. which have appeared in the translations of M. Ternaux Compans. We have mentioned the history of Father Sahagun. The 'Historia Antiqua' of Don Mariano Veytia, the executor of Boturini, a most adventurous but injudicious collector of Atzec antiquities, was published in Mexico in 1838. To these printed works Mr. Prescott adds as his authorities: I. The MS. History of India. by the celebrated Las Casas, the bishop of Chiapa, a name which commands our highest veneration, yet who wanted some of the first requisites of an historian, impartiality and judgment. The good bishop has all the amiability, all the ardour, and all the prejudice of an Abolitionist. II. The works of the Tezcucan historian, who rejoices in the magnificent name of Fernando de Alva Ixtlilxochitl, according to Mr. Prescott, the Livy of Anahuac. These are still in manuscript, but have been consulted by some of the Spanish historians. The Historia Chichemeca, the best of his Relaciones, has been rendered into French in Mons. Ternaux Compans's collection. III. The Historia General de las Indias, by Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo é Valdez. Oviedo passed some time in the Spanish Indies, in Darien, and afterwards in Hispaniola. On his return to Spain he was appointed 'Chronicler of the Indies.' It is understood that the Royal Academy of History at Madrid are preparing this work for the press. IV. The History of Tlascala, by Diego Muñoz Camargo. Camargo was a noble Tlascan mestee, and lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century. 'His work supplies much curious and authentic information respecting the social and religious institutions of the land at the time of the conquest. His patriotism warms as he recounts the old hostilities of his countrymen with the Aztecs; and it is singular to observe how the detestation of the rival nations survived their common subjection under the Castilian voke.

Yet it is chiefly on the institutions, manners, and polity of the kingdoms of the New World, that these masses of published and unpublished documents throw light. The great facts of the invasion and conquest; the life and character of Cortes himself; the triumphs and disasters, the gains and losses, have long been before the world. The principles and motives of these warriors, who were at once too rude and too proud to dissemble or disguise their designs and objects, are manifest from their actions. There is no secret history which is not immediately betrayed by the event. Success or failure reveals the subtlest policy of Cortes. The large

works of Herrera and Torquemada contain, in general, a full and accurate account of the actual exploits, dangers, escapes, and victories of the adventurers. The despatches of Cortes, which have been long before the world, show us the course of events as they appeared to the leader himself, and as he wished them to appear before his master and before Europe.* They are bold and honest 'Commentaries,' for neither would Cortes condescend to. nor feel the slightest desire of concealment; nor would he have found a more favourable hearing with the Emperor or the court of Castile, if he had softened or disguised any of those parts of the history which most offend the moral and Christian feelings of our day. Besides this we have the frank and gallant, however rugged, Bernal Diaz, chronicling, from recollection it is true, but still with the fidelity of honest pride and the complacent satisfaction of an old soldier, day by day, the occurrences of the whole war; speaking out without fear or hesitation the living feelings, the hopes, and even the fears, the passions, the superstitions of the camp. Bernal Diaz avowedly wrote to vindicate for the soldiers of Cortes that share in the common glory, which Gomara, the other great authority for the war, has ascribed too exclusively to the general. Gomara was the chaplain of Cortes on his return to Spain, and derived his information from Cortes himself (though the book was not written till after his death), from his family, and from some of the other distinguished actors in the great drama. Yet after all the character of Cortes comes out still more strongly in the chronicle of Diaz. Though Diaz is asserting the independence and voluntary subjection of the soldiers, they are only more manifestly under the despotic rule of the master mind; for that is the most consummate authority which persuades its obedient instruments to imagine that they are free agents. Honest Bernal Diaz seems to have made himself believe that he had a leading voice in the destruction of the ships. It is on this introductory portion of Mexican history, and on the character, institutions, manners, and usages, of the conquered empire, that Robertson's brilliant episode is meagre and unsatisfactory. His calm and philosophic mind was not much alive to the romantic and picturesque; and he was so afraid of being led away by the ardent imagination of some of the older authorities, who had been dazzled by the external splendour of the Mexican monarchy, that he was disposed to depreciate to the utmost its real state of advance-Mr. Prescott has availed himself of his superior advantages, and done more ample and equal justice to the subject His

^{*} A very respectable and useful Translation of these Despatches, by Mr. George Folsom, has been published at New York (1843). We have availed ourselves of this translation in our extracts.

preliminary view of the Aztec civilization is a full and judicious summary of that which is scattered in numerous, large, and we may add, expensive volumes, those of the printed and unpublished works of the older writers, and the modern publications of Clavigero, of the invaluable Humboldt, and the English and

French Mexican Antiquities.

On the great and inexplicable problem as to the origin of this singular state of civilization, Mr. Prescott has wisely declined to enter in the opening chapters of his history: he has reserved the subject for a separate disquisition, in his Appendix. His conclusions are those of a sensible man, and a lover of truth rather than of brilliant theory. Among the great tests and trials of an historian's honesty, and therefore of his due sense of the dignity of his office, is the acknowledgment of ignorance; the steady refusal to admit that as history, which has not sufficient historical evidence. Mr. Prescott sums up the whole discussion thus: -First, the coincidences are sufficiently strong to authorise a belief that the civilization of Anahuac was, in some degree, influenced by that of Eastern Asia. And, secondly, the discrepancies are such as to carry back the communication to a very remote period; so remote, that this foreign influence had been too feeble to interfere materially with the growth of what may be regarded, in its essential features, as a peculiar and indigenous civilization.

Unquestionably, the general character of the great Mexican empire has an Asiatic appearance; it resembles the great Tartar or Mongol empires, as they offered themselves to the astonished imaginations of the early Christian missionaries, or the merchant Marco Polo. Montezuma was most like Kubla Khan, or that splendid but evanescent personage, always heard of but never found, the magnificent Prester John. The analogies with Jewish and Christian customs and notions so fondly sought, and so readily believed by religious zeal (the inspiration which fortunately gave birth to the costly publication of the late Lord Kingsborough, was a fancy about the Jewish origin of the Mexicans), resolve themselves almost entirely into common or wide-spread Oriental customs and opinions. But when we would derive, according to the most probable theory, the American civilization from Eastern Asia, there remains this insuperable difficulty. To transplant the civilization of one distant country to another requires either the simultaneous migration of a large body of the people, or a long and regular intercourse, a constant immigration from the parent race. A few adventurers from the most civilized region of the world, accidentally thrown upon a remote shore, or wandering to it through immeasurable tracts of forest, and savannah, and swamp, cut off from all communication with the mother country, and struggling to bring a new land into cultivation, would almost inevitably degenerate, or acquire new habits and usages adapted to their new circumstances. Whether this Tartar, Mongol, or Chinese, or, at any rate, Oriental race, found its way across the Pacific, or slowly descended southward, leaving vestiges of its passage in some of the curious monuments in North America; its preservation of so much of its peculiar character in all the vicissitudes of its fortunes seems scarcely conceivable. And language, which in general, at least in its elemental forms and simplest sounds, is the fine but enduring thread which leads us back to the parent stock, is here utterly broken and lost. If originally Asiatic, or connected with any of the dialects of Eastern Asia, it has diverged away so completely as not to retain a vestige of its origin. In its words and in its structure, though split up into innumerable dialects-nay, as it should seem, innumerable independent familiesthe language of New Spain has baffled all the attempts of the most profound and ingenious philologists (and they are not easily baffled) to connect it with any of the tongues of the Old World. Yet either a great length of time, or a total change of social condition, appears absolutely necessary to obliterate every vestige of affiliation from cognate languages; and it is remarkable, that variable usages should survive that which is usually so much less mutable, the elements and the structure of speech. Nor is it unimportant to remark how comparatively recent appears the whole civilization of Anahuac. Even if, as is not improbable, the race who peopled Mexico and Tezcuco were ruder and fiercer tribes, who descended upon an older civilization, and yielded to its subduing influence (like the shepherds in Egypt or the Tartars in China); yet that which we are able, on the authority of the earliest traditions, to throw up into the highest antiquity, comes far within the historic times of the Old World. This recent origin effectually cuts off all possible connexion with the West; even Plato's Atlantis, and the Phœnician voyagers, are tales in comparison of hoary eld; and it renders any permanent intercourse with the East, at least with the greater empires, highly improbable. Clavigero indeed, who would by no means incline to take a low view of Aztec antiquities, fixes the descent of the Toltecs-the earliest race to whom the vague tradition, which by courtesy is called history, assigns any important influence on the civilization of this part of the New World-in the year 648 of our æra; -the foundation of Mexico, probably far better ascertained, in the year

Are we not, then, thrown back upon the previous question, whether man at earlier social stages has not a tendency to develop his VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLV. social being in the same manner? May we not be required by true philosophic investigation, as far as it can lead us, to inquire how far similitude of polity, usage, law, manners, really proves identity of origin, or even remote affiliation; how far certain customs grow, not out of tradition but out of our common nature : how far, in the almost infinite varieties of human culture, there is not, up to a certain point, a necessary uniformity, which ensures a general resemblance, or, at least, by limiting the range of accident, caprice, climate, habit, enforces the adoption of kindred institutions where there is no kindred blood, and no mutual intercourse? So many curious coincidences occur, where it is impossible to imagine either common descent (except from our first parents, or from the ark) or communication; such wayward and fanciful usages, such strange deviations from the ordinary principles and feelings of man, grow up in such distant regions, and such disconnected tribes, that we become extremely cautious in receiving such evidence as showing even the most remote relationship of race. It might seem that human nature has only a limited number of forms in which it can cast its social institutions, and that, however variously it may combine these forms, it is almost impossible but that points of the closest similitude should exist, where there can have been neither imitation nor common tradition.

Yet, while the institutions of the Aztec civilization may have been but the development of the common principles of justice; the necessity of mutual protection and security may have led to the establishment of the monarchical government, distinction of ranks, regular tribunals of law, fixed rules for the tenure of property; the ordinary usages of life, the invention and application of the useful, and indeed necessary arts, may have been the spontaneous, as it were, and but recent evolutions of the common wants and faculties of man: there are some few very remarkable traditions, which can scarcely be traced but to some original connexion with the brotherhood, apparently, of the Asiatic nations. Some of these are religious, the most remarkable of which is that universal one of the Deluge, the authenticity of which seems recognised by Humboldt, and admitted by Mr. Prescott. Most of the others, especially those which show too close a resemblance to Christianity, fall under the suspicion of having been invented, or, at least, of being native traditions, coloured into similitude by the zeal of the new converts, anxious to propitiate the favour of their teachers, and fondly welcomed without examination, or after an examination strongly biased by the profound but natural prejudices of the unenlightened monkish teachers.

One or two of the scientific analogies are still more singular, particularly with regard to the Aztec calendar. The system of intercalation tercalation may indeed have forced itself upon different peoples, when they had arrived at the knowledge of the time of the sun's annual course; and nature itself might seem to establish, especially in the period of superstition through which all nations seem doomed to pass, that period of mourning which followed the sun's declension, and of rejoicing after the winter solstice, when the lengthening days gave the hope of another revolving year with all its fruits and blessings. But, in the words of Mr. Prescott, after he has noticed the remarkable analogy of the Mexican cycles of years with those of the Mongol nations:—

'A correspondence quite as extraordinary is found between the hieroglyphics used by the Aztecs for the signs of the days, and those zodiacal signs which the Eastern Asiatics employed as one of the terms of their series. The symbols in the Mongolian calendar are borrowed from animals. Four of the twelve are the same as the Aztec. Three others are as nearly the same as the different species of the animals in the two hemispheres would allow. The remaining five refer to no creature then found in Anahuac.'

The note gives the names of the zodiacal signs used as the names of the years by the Eastern Asiatics (of the signs of the zodiac the Mexicans probably had no knowledge):—

'Among the Mougols, 1. mouse, 2. ox, 3. leopard (Mantchou, Japanese, &c., tiger), 4. hare, 5. crocodile (Mantchou and Japanese, dragon), 6. serpent, 7. hare, 8. sheep (Mantchou, &c., goat), 9. monkey, 10. hen, 11. dog, 12. hog. In the Mexican signs for the names of the days, we also meet with hare, serpent, monkey, dog. Instead of the leopard, crocodile, and hen, neither of which animals were known in Mexico at the time of the conquest, we find the occlot, the lizard, and the eagle. The lunar calendar of the Hindoos exhibits a correspondence equally extraordinary. Seven of the terms agree with those of the Aztecs, namely, serpent, cane, razor, path of the sun, dog's tail, house. [Mr. Prescott gives but six.] These terms are still more arbitrarily selected, not being confined to animals.'—vol. iii. p. 345.

We cannot but suspect that all these signs arose out of hieroglyphic or picture writing, but this by no means explains the curious resemblance. There is another point of considerable importance, which tends to show that the more civilized tribes of Southern America were of a different family of mankind from the common savage races of the islands and continent. The crania disinterred from the sepulchral mounds in those regions, as well as those of the inhabitants of the high plains of the Cordilleras, differ from those of the more barbarous tribes. The ampler forehead intimates a decided intellectual superiority, and bears a close resemblance with that of some of the Mongol tribes. We are inclined to think the habit of burning the dead, familiar to the Mongols and the Aztecs, no very strong evidence of common descent.

The departure from the strange habit of burying the dead in a sitting posture, practised, according to Mr. Prescott, by most, if not all, the aborigines from Canada to Patagonia, is a more convincing proof of the independent origin of those more savage races. The latter argument tends, as far as it goes, to establish an identity of race with the Eastern Asiatics; the other singular coincidences of the calendar and the names of the days might possibly be ascribed to the casual visit of a few strangers from the Asiatic coasts, who may have imparted their superior knowledge and There was, however, no such distheir religious traditions. tinct tradition among the Aztecs, as among the Peruvians, of a Mango Capac, who, suddenly appearing among a barbarous race, from his superior intelligence and knowledge, was hailed with awe and reverence as a deity, as a child of the sun, and to whom is ascribed the whole framework of the social polity, and all which may be called civilization. The Mexican traditions relate to the migration of tribes rather than to the power or influence of individual chiefs or sages, unless perhaps that beneficent God, supposed to have re-appeared in the person of the Spaniards.

We have glanced thus rapidly at some of the more prominent points in this curious but, we must confess, unsatisfactory discussion, because this appears to be the strongest case in history of a spontaneous and indigenous civilization growing up without foreign influence, and within a recent period. Whatever traditions the natives of Anahuac might inherit from their Asiatic origin, if Asia was indeed the cradle of the race, have survived, what seems incredible, the total extinction of every sign of relationship in the language. The only faint traces of etymological resemblance have been found or imagined in the Otomic, the language of one of the most barbarous tribes, which is supposed to offer the nearest analogy, and that with the Chinese. Besides this, it is acknowledged that far the larger part, and that which gives its general Asiatic character to the Mexican civilization, is to all appearance but of late development. Even their legendary or mythic history is modest in its pretensions; neither Mexico nor Tezcuco claim any high or mysterious antiquity. The account of the foundation of both cities, as we have seen, is probable and recent. Let us take a very hasty survey of this introductory

chapter of Mexican history.

The Toltecs are the Pelasgians of this civilization of Anahuac. They were an agricultural race, skilled in some of the mechanical arts, and to them are ascribed the buildings of the greatest solidity and magnificence, the monuments of Transatlantic Cyclopean architecture—yet neither they nor their buildings aspire to any formidable age. Even if we ascribe the ruins of Palenque and

Uxmal, and some of the structures in the adjacent provinces. described by Mr. Stephens, to this race and to their descendants. there is no considerable difference, either in the style, the form, or the construction, or what we may conjecture to have been their uses, from the buildings found by the Spaniards in the Mexican cities, from the temples and fortresses of the existing people; there is nothing to throw the one upward into a more remote antiquity; nothing like the wide distinction between the architectures of Egypt and Greece, or even between the Pelasgian or Cyclopean masonry and that of the Hellenic tribes. A period of a very few centuries will connect the two races, even if we admit to the utmost the only evidence of a certain degree of antiquity in the older ruins, the growth of trees of enormous size within their precincts, which must have taken root after the buildings had been abandoned either as habitations or places of worship. In all these cases we must know more accurately the ordinary growth of such trees, since some kinds of timber in that climate and in that soil are known to increase with extraordinary rapidity.

Mexican history, however, as we have seen, did not scruple to assign, if a vague and uncertain, yet certainly no very remote period for the disappearance of the Toltec population, and the settlement and growth of the Aztec races, who were in possession of the country at the time of the Spanish invasion. The league between the great leading tribes of Mexico, of Tezcuco, and the smaller state of Tlacopan, in which these three kingdoms had combined, is a singular example of a national confederation. The league was both defensive and offensive; and the spoils and conquests torn by the combined forces from their more barbarous neighbours were divided upon a fixed scale. Yet with this dangerous element of jealousy and discord the league had continued

for a considerable period in perfect harmony.

Mexico, when the Spaniards landed, was the leading state in wealth and in power. But Tezcuco had attained to a much higher, and, if we are to credit the native historians, a much more enlightened state of civilization. The most curious and interesting passage in Mr. Prescott's history of the earlier state of Anahuac describes the rise and the reign of the great king of Tezcuco, with whose awful name we shall not appal our reader's eyes or ears till it is absolutely necessary. Whether read as sober history, or as mythic legend, or as a kind of Aztec Cyropedia, it is equally extraordinary, resting as it does on the authority of a native Livy, who at the beginning of the sixteenth century combined into a regular history or histories the hieroglyphics, the songs, and traditions of his native land, as well as the oral testimony of maged persons. Ixtlilxochitl, whose name we have before noticed, a descendant

a descendant of the royal race, became interpreter to the viceroy; his high situation gave him command of all the ancient documents in the possession of the Spanish government, to which he added large collections of his own. He wrote in Castilian, and Mr. Prescott observes that 'there is an appearance of good faith and simplicity in his writings which may convince the reader that, when he errs, it is from no worse cause than national partiality.' But it would seem almost incredible that even under the inspiration of the most ardent reverence for his ancestors, the ideal of a Mexican educated under Spanish influence, and living among either statesmen or friars of that period, should take this remarkable form. Our Aztec Livy must indeed have possessed a noble genius, if he could imagine some of the social and political institutions which he ascribes to the Numa of Tezcuco.*

The rising fortunes and the civilization of the Acolhuans, who entered the Valley and founded Tezcuco about the close of the twelfth century, were checked and interrupted by the subjugation of the city and territory under the Tepanecs, a kindred but more barbarous tribe:—

'This event took place about 1418; and the young prince, Nezahual-coyotl, the heir to the crown, then fifteen years old, saw his father butchered before his eyes, while he himself lay concealed among the friendly branches of a tree, which overshadowed the spot. His subsequent history is as full of romantic daring and perilous escapes as that of the renowned Scanderbeg, or of the "young Chevalier." '—vol. i. p. 146.

These adventures, of which Mr. Prescott gives a brief but stirring account, terminated with the defeat of the Tecapecs, the death of Maxtla, the last king of their race, the accession of Nezahualcoyotl to his ancestral throne, and the establishment of the federal league between Mexico, Tezcuco, and Tlacopan:

'The first measure of Nezahualcoyotl, on returning to his dominions, was a general amnesty. It was his maxim, "that a monarch might punish, but revenge was unworthy of him." In the present instance he was averse even to punish, and not only freely pardoned his rebel nobles, but conferred on some, who had most deeply offended, posts of honour and confidence. Such conduct was doubtless politic, especially as their alienation was owing, probably, much more to fear of the usurper than to any disaffection towards himself. But there are some acts of policy which a magnanimous spirit only can execute.

'The restored monarch next set about repairing the damages sustained under the late misrule, and reviving, or rather remodelling, the various

[•] We would observe that the reign of this lawgiver of Texcuco had been before given at some length, not to say prolixity, by Torquemada, in his 'Monarchia Indiana;' and the resemblance of the incident in his life, which will hereafter be noticed, to the narrative of Scripture could not escape the ecclesiastical writer.

departments of government. He framed a concise, but comprehensive, code of laws, so well suited, it was thought, to the exigencies of the times, that it was adopted as their own by the two other members of the triple alliance. It was written in blood, and entitled the author to be called the Draco, rather than the "Solon of Anahuac," as he is fondly styled by his admirers. Humanity is one of the best fruits of refinement. It is only with increasing civilization that the legislator studies to economize human suffering, even for the guilty; to devise penalties, not so much by way of punishment for the past as of reformation for the future.

'He divided the burden of government among a number of departments, as the council of war, the council of finance, the council of justice. This last was a court of supreme authority, both in civil and criminal matters, receiving appeals from the lower tribunals of the provinces, which were obliged to make a full report, every four months, or eighty days, of their own proceedings to this higher judicature. In all these bodies a certain number of citizens were allowed to have seats with the nobles and professional dignitaries. There was, however, another body, a council of state, for aiding the king in the dispatch of business, and advising him in matters of importance, which was drawn altogether from the highest order of chiefs. It consisted of fourteen members;

and they had seats provided for them at the royal table.

'Lastly, there was an extraordinary tribunal, called the council of music, but which, differing from the import of its name, was devoted to the encouragement of science and art. Works on astronomy, chronology, history, or any other science, were required to be submitted to its judgment before they could be made public. This censorial power was of some moment, at least with regard to the historical department, where the wilful perversion of truth was made a capital offence by the bloody code of Nezahualcoyotl. Yet a Tezcucan author must have been a bungler who could not elude a conviction under the cloudy veil of hieroglyphics. This body, which was drawn from the best instructed persons in the kingdom, with little regard to rank, had supervision of all the productions of art and of the nicer fabrics. It decided on the qualifications of the professors in the various branches of science, on the fidelity of their instructions to their pupils, the deficiency of which was severely punished, and it instituted examinations of these latter. In short, it was a general board of education for the country. On stated days, historical compositions, and poems treating of moral or traditional topics, were recited before it by their authors. Seats were provided for the three crowned heads of the empire, who deliberated with the other members on the respective merits of the pieces, and distributed prizes of value to the successful competitors.

'Such are the marvellous accounts transmitted to us of this institution; an institution certainly not to have been expected among the aborigines of America. It is calculated to give us a higher idea of the refinement of the people than even the noble architectural remains which still cover

some parts of the continent.'-vol. i. pp. 152-155.

The Monarch himself, like some other great potentates of the East

East and West, aspired to be a poet—the burthen of his song seems to have been that 'vanity of vanities,' of King Solomon, which is echoed along the course of Eastern, at least of Mahometan poetry, with more or less touching melancholy, and more or less grave epicurean advice to enjoy, while we may, the pleasures of this fleeting and uncertain life. The King of Tezcuco may take his place among royal and noble authors, not merely from traditionary fame, but from a translation of one of his Odes into Castilian. Mr. Prescott has subjoined a translation of the Castilian into English, 'by the hand of a fair friend.'—

'But the hours of the Tezcucan monarch were not all passed in idle dalliance with the Muse, nor in the sober contemplations of 'philosophy, as at a later period. In the freshness of youth and early manhood he led the allied armies in their annual expeditions, which were certain to result in a wider extent of territory to the empire. In the intervals of peace he fostered those productive arts which are the surest sources of public prosperity. He encouraged agriculture above all; and there was scarcely a spot so rude, or a steep so inaccessible, as not to confess the power of cultivation. The land was covered with a busy population, and towns and cities sprung up in places since deserted, or dwindled into miserable villages.

'From resources thus enlarged by conquest and domestic industry, the monarch drew the means for the large consumption of his own numerous household, and for the costly works which he executed for the convenience and embellishment of the capital. He filled it with stately edifices for his nobles, whose constant attendance he was anxious to secure at his court. He erected a magnificent pile of buildings which might serve both for a royal residence and for the public offices. It extended, from east to west, 1234 yards; and from north to south, 978. It was encompassed by a wall of unburnt bricks and cement, six feet wide and nine high, for one half of the circumference, and fifteen feet high for the other half. Within this enclosure were two courts. The outer one was used as the great market-place of the city; and continued to be so until long after the Conquest, if, indeed, it is not now. The interior court was surrounded by the council chambers and halls of justice. There were also accommodations there for the foreign ambassadors; and a spacious saloon, with apartments opening into it, for men of science and poets, who pursued their studies in this retreat, or met together to hold converse under its marble portices. In this quarter also were kept the public archives, which fared better under the Indian dynasty than they have since under their European successors.

'Adjoining this court were the apartments of the king, including those for the royal harem, as liberally supplied with beauties as that of an eastern sultan. Their walls were incrusted with alabasters and richly tinted stucco, or hung with gorgeous tapestries of variegated featherwork. They led through long arcades, and through intricate labyrinths of shrubbery, into gardens, where baths and sparkling fountains were overshadowed by tall groves of cedar and cypress. The basins of water

were well stocked with fish of various kinds, and the aviaries with birds glowing in all the gaudy plumage of the tropics. Many birds and animals, which could not be obtained alive, were represented in gold and silver so skilfully, as to have furnished the great naturalist Hernandez with models for his work.

'Accommodations on a princely scale were provided for the sovereigns of Mexico and Tlacopan, when they visited the court. The whole of this lordly pile contained 300 apartments, some of them fifty yards square. The height of the building is not mentioned: it was probably not great; but supplied the requisite room by the immense extent of ground which it covered. The interior was doubtless constructed of light materials, especially of the rich woods, which, in that country, are remarkable, when polished, for the brilliancy and variety of their colours. That the more solid materials of stone and stucco were also liberally employed is proved by the remains at the present day; remains which have furnished an inexhaustible quarry for the churches and other edifices since erected by the Spaniards on the site of the ancient city.

'We are not informed of the time occupied in building this palace; but 200,000 workmen, it is said, were employed on it! However this may be, it is certain that the Tezcucan monarchs, like those of Asia and ancient Egypt, had the control of immense masses of men, and would sometimes turn the whole population of a conquered city, including the women, into the public works.—The most gigantic monuments of architecture which the world has witnessed would never have been reared by the hands of freemen.

'Adjoining the palace were buildings for the king's children, who, by his various wives, amounted to no less than sixty sons and fifty daughters. Here they were instructed in all the exercises and accomplishments suited to their station; comprehending, what would scarcely find a place in a royal education on the other side of the Atlantic, the arts of working in metals, jewelry, and feather-mosaic. Once in every four months the whole household, not excepting the youngest, and including all the officers and attendants on the king's person, assembled in a grand saloon of the palace, to listen to a discourse from an orator, probably one of the priesthood. The princes, on this occasion, were all dressed in nequen, the coarsest manufacture of the country. The preacher began by enlarging on the obligations of morality, and of respect for the gods, especially important in persons whose rank gave such additional weight to example. He occasionally seasoned his homily with a pertinent application to his audience, if any member of it had been guilty of a notorious delinquency. From this wholesome admonition the monarch himself was not exempted, and the orator boldly reminded him of his paramount duty to show respect for his own laws. The king, so far from taking umbrage, received the lesson with humility; and the audience, we are assured, were often melted into tears by the eloquence of the preacher. This curious scene may remind one of similar usages in the Asiatic and Egyptian despotisms, where the sovereign occasionally condescended to stoop from his pride of place, and allow his memory to be refreshed with the conviction of his own mortality. It soothed the feelings

feelings of the subject to find himself thus placed, though but for a moment, on a level with his king; while it cost little to the latter, who was removed too far from his people to suffer anything by this short-lived familiarity. It is probable that such an act of public humiliation would have found less favour with a prince less absolute.'—vol. i.

pp. 158-164.

The villas of this Western Sultan were no less splendid, tasteful, and luxurious, and the history of his domestic life is, for another reason, even more surprising. The harem of these Sovereigns, as we have seen, was no less amply peopled than those of the most gorgeous Oriental potentates. But the law of Tezcuco allowed only one lawful wife, to whose children the crown descended by immemorial usage. The King had been disappointed in an early attachment—the princess who had been educated for his wife had been given to another; and the just prince submitted to the decree of the Court, which awarded her to his rival. His lawful wife, however, he obtained in a manner so strangely resembling the Old Testament history of David and Uriah, that we should not be satisfied by less than the solemn protest of the historian, that it was related on the authority of the son and grandson of the king. This act is recorded as the great indelible stain upon his character; and national partiality and ancestral reverence would here have struggled against any unconscious bias towards assimilating the life of his great forefather to that example in the Sacred History which he might have heard from his Christian instructors.

But Nezahualcoyotl was likewise the Haroun Alraschid and the Akber of the West. He not only resembled the former in his magnificence, but in his love of disguise, in which he went about discovering the feelings of his subjects in regard to his government, and meeting with adventures which in like manner tried his barbaric justice. Some of the stories are as pithy and diverting as the 'Arabian Nights,' which we are obliged to remember were not known in Europe till very long after the Tezcucan historian had been gathered to his forefathers. The resemblance to the great Mahometan sovereign of India is the superiority of the Acolhvan to the religious creed of his ancestors. There is something, to those familiar with the old Oriental legends of the Talnud or the Koran, singularly and unaccount-

ably similar :-

'He had been married some years to the wife he had so unrighteously obtained, but was not blessed with issue. The priests represented that it was owing to his neglect of the gods of his country, and that his only remedy was to propitiate them by human sacrifice. The king reluctantly consented, and the altars once more smoked with the blood of slaughtered captives. But it was all in vain; and he indignantly exclaimed,

claimed, "These idols of wood and stone can neither hear nor feel, much less could they make the heavens and the earth, and man, the lord of it. These must be the work of the all-powerful, unknown God, Creator of the universe, on whom alone I must rely for consolation and

support."

"He then withdrew to his rural palace of Tezcotzinco, where he remained forty days, fasting and praying at stated hours, and offering up no other sacrifice than the sweet incense of copal, and aromatic herba and gums. At the expiration of this time, he is said to have been comforted by a vision assuring him of the success of his petition. At all events, such proved to be the fact; and this was followed by the cheering intelligence of the triumph of his arms in a quarter where he had lately

experienced some humiliating reverses.

Greatly strengthened in his former religious convictions, he now openly professed his faith, and was more earnest to wean his subjects from their degrading superstitions, and to substitute nobler and more spiritual conceptions of the Deity. He built a temple in the usual pyramidal form, and on the summit a tower nine stories high, to represent the nine heavens: a tenth was surmounted by a roof painted black, and profusely gilded with stars on the outside, and incrusted with metals and precious stones within. He dedicated this to "the unknown God, the Cause of causes." It seems probable, from the emblem on the tower, as well as from the complexion of his verses, as we shall see, that he mingled with his reverence for the Supreme the astral worship which existed among the Toltecs. Various musical instruments were placed on the top of the tower; and the sound of them, accompanied by the ringing of a sonorous metal struck by a mallet, summoned the worshippers to prayers at regular seasons. No image was allowed in the edifice, as unsuited to the "invisible God;" and the people were expressly prohibited from profaning the altars with blood, or any other sacrifices than that of the perfume of flowers and sweet-scented gums.'vol. i. pp. 173-175.

If we are to trust the verses which the king composed in the midst of the astronomical studies of his old age—with this higher view of religion, nobler and more consolatory thoughts of the future state of being had dimly dawned upon his mind:—

"All things on earth have their term, and, in the most joyous career of their vanity and splendour, their strength fails, and they sink into the dust. All the round world is but a sepulchre; and there is nothing which lives on its surface that shall not be hidden and entombed beneath it. Rivers, torrents, and streams move onward to their destination. Not one flows back to its pleasant source. They rush onward, hastening to bury themselves in the deep bosom of the ocean. The things of yesterday are no more to-day; and the things of to-day shall cease, perhaps on the morrow. The cemetery is full of the loathsome dust of bodies on the morrow. The cemetery is full of the loathsome dust of bodies on the morrow. The subject of the loathsome dust of bodies on the subject of the loathsome dust of bodies on the subject of the subject of the loathsome dust of the subject of

But these glories have all passed away like the fearful smoke that issues from the throat of Popocatepetl, with no other memorial of their existence

than the record on the page of the chronicler.

"The great, the wise, the valiant, the beautiful,—alas! where are they now? They are all mingled with the clod, and that which has befallen them shall happen to us, and to those that come after us. Yet let us take courage, illustrious nobles and chieftains, true friends and loyal subjects,—let us aspire to that heaven where all is eternal, and corruption cannot come. The horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the Sun, and the dark shadows of death are brilliant lights for the stars."

'The mystic import of the last sentence seems to point to that superstition respecting the mansions of the Sun, which forms so beautiful a contrast to the dark features of the Aztec mythology.'—vol. i. pp.

175-177.

We must leave the death of the great Tezcucan monarch and the reign of his son in Mr. Prescott's pages. Mexico was to Tezcuco as the sterner and more warlike Rome to the more polite and cultivated Greece. Like Venice, founded by a few wanderers and fugitives on the swampy islands of the great lake, it became a powerful city—the centre of a great nation. The city rose, with rapid progress, to strength and splendour; it connected itself with the land by its strong and solid causeways. bridged over at intervals; and its situation would have been impregnable to less than Spanish valour, European arms, and European vessels. Mexico was an elective monarchy: the choice of the sovereign rested with four of the chief caciques, who were bound to select one of the brothers, or, in default of brothers, one of the nephews of the late king. The king was a despot; in him was vested the whole legislative and executive power in war and peace; yet there was a powerful nobility of caciques, who held their estates by different tenures, but all might be summoned -perhaps required no summons-to attend the sovereign, with their people, when he went out to war. Their judicial system might excite the astonishment of the Spaniards of that age: it sometimes draws forth a sly expression of envy from their older writers, on whose authority, as well as that of the hieroglyphic paintings, it is described. In each city and its depending territory was a supreme judge, appointed by, and maintained at the expense of, the crown, but entirely independent, holding his office for life, and with no appeal, even to the king, from his tribunal. He took cognizance of all great causes, both civil and criminal. A capital sentence was marked in the hieroglyphical paintings by an arrow drawn across the figure of the criminal. Below the supreme judge there were inferior tribunals for minor causes, down to a kind of police-offices, each of which was to watch over a certain number of families, and report any breach

breach of the laws to the tribunals. Bribery in a judge was punished with death. It was death to usurp the insignia of a judge. The laws were barbarously prodigal of human life. Murder, adultery, some kinds of theft, destruction of the landmarks of property, altering the public measures, unfaithful guardianship of the estate of a ward, even intemperance in young persons, were capital crimes. Barbarism and civilization mingled still more strangely in the law of slavery. Prisoners taken in battle were reserved as sacrifices to the gods; but no one could be born to slavery in Mexico. Criminals, public defaulters (for the system of taxation was rigorous and well organised), persons in extreme poverty, either became slaves by law, or sold themselves into slavery. Parents could thus deal with their children. The services, however, of such slaves were limited; their lives and persons protected; they could not be sold, except in case of extreme poverty, by their masters; their children were born free. The law and the usage seem to have been equally lenient. They were often emancipated, as in Rome, at the death of their master.

The Aztecs of Mexico were a martial race; their leading institutions and the national spirit, the splendour of dress, of ornament, and the pride and glory of Aztec, were centered in war; their legions consisting of 8,000 men, not without discipline. Montezuma had been a distinguished warrior and conqueror. The peculiarity in their mode of fighting was that they did not seek to kill, but to make prisoners, and these prisoners were to be solemn votive offerings to the gods. They did not scalp their enemies, like the North American Indians, and esteem their prowess by the number of scalps they had won: but their valour was tested by the numbers which they furnished for the horrid human heca-

tombs on their teocallis, or temples.

It was the unspeakable barbarity of this part of their religion which so strongly and darkly contrasted with the justice and, in some respects, mild humanity of their civil institutions. All that we know of human sacrifices in the Old World, from 'Moloch, horrid king,' and the kindred superstitions of older Asia, the self-immolations under the car of Jaganaut, with the other bloody rites of Siva and of Durga in India, the wicker-cages in which our ancestors the Druids consumed their victims; all these terrific scenes shrinki nto nothing before the amount of human beings regularly slaughtered on the altars of the Mexican gods, with the revolting circumstances which accompanied their sacrifice. These rites seem to have been peculiar to the Aztec races, and among the Mexicans rose to a more dreadful height, and were more inveterately rooted in their habits and feelings. Tradition ascribes to the older Toltecs that milder character which usually belongs to the agricultural

agricultural races. They offered only purer and bloodless sacrifices to their deities. We have seen that the enlightened sovereign of Tezcuco strove to mitigate, though he could not abolish, this national usage. There can be no doubt that human sacrifices formed a regular part of some of the eastern religions; in the remoter East, as well as in Syria and in Carthage. The instances recorded in later times, in the more polished nations of antiquity, were in general single victims, and offered when the public mind was darkened by the dread, or suffering under the infliction, of some tremendous calamity.* It may be questioned whether the burning alive of men among the Druids was not judicial rather than religious-execution rather than sacrifice; for the Druids were the judges as well as the priests of the ancient Gauls and Britons. But there is nothing like the refinement (if we may use such a word) of cruelty which, among the nations of Anahuac, made it part of the law of war that the prisoner should be spared on the battle-field, and deliberately and in cold blood offered to the god of war. The priest, as it were, held the hands of the warrior, in order that himself might have the exclusive privilege of slaughter.

Mr. Prescott, with pardonable, and indeed enforced incredulity, makes large deductions from the estimates of victims thus regularly sacrificed on the altars in Mexico. Numbers command but little confidence in older histories, whether poetical or traditionary, or, like those of Mexico, chiefly hieroglyphical.+ But one fact, he observes, 'may be considered certain. It was customary to preserve the skulls of the sacrificed in buildings appropriated to the purpose. The companions of Cortés counted 136,000 in one of these edifices. Without attempting a precise calculation, therefore, it is safe to conclude that thousands were yearly offered up, in the different cities of Anahuac, on the bloody altars of the Mexican divinities.' The circumstances of these horrid rites were, if possible, more revolting than the amount of the hecatombs. The flesh runs The more distinguished victims were cold at the account.

Our force seldom much exceeded four hundred men; and even if we had found the multitude he speaks of bound hand and foot, we had not been able to put so many

to death,

The Roman prohibitory law against human sacrifices, quoted by Mr. Prescott from Pliny, is manifestly directed against foreign and Oriental magical rites. Livy's words relating to such rites, 'more non Romano,' and both the Iphigenias of Euripides, in one of which the victor is saved by the intervention of the deity, in the other it is the altar of the barbarous Scythian Diana where such offerings are made, show the predominant feeling on this subject in Greece and Rome. Two notes in Milman's 'History of Christianity,' vol. i. p. 27, mention the recorded exceptions of later times.

† There is something very honest in old Bernal Diaz, who accuses Gomara of enormously exaggerating the numbers slain in the different battles under Cortés himself.

fattened, as it were, were indulged in every kind of luxury and enjoyment till the day of sacrifice arrived. It was the great national spectacle, the most solemn religious festival. The high pyramidal temples appear to have been constructed for the express purpose of exhibiting the whole minute detail of the torture, and the execution, to the largest number of people. Our abhorrence is increased by the manner in which the priests officiated in the ceremony, groping among the entrails with their bloody hands for the heart of the victim. But in the darkest depth there is even a darker depth. Some paradoxical writers have attempted to dispute the proofs of cannibalism; which, if less common than is supposed, appears to us to rest on incontestable evidence in so many quarters of the world. The most amiable scepticism can. we fear, encourage no doubt that in Mexico both priests and people feasted on the flesh of the victims, which was cast down among them. It seems to have been a part of the sacrifice; just like the feasting on the slaughtered bulls and goats of other religious sacrifices. Alas for human nature, that such things should be in a land where Providence was so lavish of all its bounties; where man was so far advanced beyond the savage-had learned to improve the blessings of God by the arts of civilization, and in so many respects had submitted himself to the softening influence of regular social order, of just and humane institutions, even of many of the domestic virtues.*

Had the Spaniards appeared in the cities of Mexico solely as the champions of humanity—as commissioned by the common Father of mankind forcibly to put down these unspeakable abominations—not as asserting the sovereignty of a foreign emperor, who had no more right to the supremacy over Mexico than over France or England, on the preposterous claim of a papal grant: had they raised the banner of the cross only to save the thousand victims of this ferocious superstition from their unmerited fate—not to compel, by fire and sword, the adoption, we must not say the belief, of that religion emphatically termed the religion of mercy,—in this case, though the strict justice of such interposition might have been questionable, the stronger sympathies of men would have hailed their triumph. Though their own hands might not be clean, though their own autos da fé might rise up against them, as in one respect more

^{*} Let the reader turn to the advice of an Aztec mother to her daughter (the first article in Mr. Prescott's Appendix); and though that deepest well-spring of tenderness, a mother's heart, is never dry, even in the lowest condition of humanity, and the 'advice inculcates conjugal fidelity, not merely because God, who is in every place, sees you, but because the law punished adultery with death; yet it seems almost incredible that such pure and gentle, though simply expressed, sentiments could prevail among a people whose altars, whose lips, recked with human blood.

appalling—as more utterly alien to the spirit of their religion—yet no one would have disputed the merit of ridding the earth, and that with such surprising valour, of such a monstrous super-stition.

Let us look, however, at the question in another light. Consider the ferocity which a people must have imbibed from these bloody spectacles, and the evidence which is furnished of the warlike character of a nation which could thus feed its altars with thousands of prisoners, from tribes as strong, if not as well armed, as themselves, and our astonishment at the conquest achieved by this handful of Spaniards is immeasurably increased. Consider the dread in which the Aztecs must on this account, as well as on others, have been held by the surrounding nations. It is even more extraordinary, notwithstanding the wide-spread discontent at their tyranny, and the proneness to rebellion or to war of the neighbouring tribes, that Cortés should find or make allies who should adhere to him in disaster as well as success—in defeat as well as in victory. It was this mighty empire, or rather confederation of empires, which Cortés, with a few hundred Spaniards, did not hesitate to invade, and hoped to subdue. It was not long, indeed, before he discovered the dissensions which existed in the country; that, besides the valour, and arms, and horses of his own few soldiers, he might array some of the most powerful tribes against the empire of Montezuma; that the revolted subjects of Mexico, weary of their emperor's tyrannical sway, would be his best allies. In the first city which he conquered (Cempoalla), the inhabitants of the town and of the neighbouring province, who, according to his statement, could bring fifty thousand men into the field, willingly, as Cortés writes to Charles V., became the vassals of his Majesty.

'They also begged me to protect them against that mighty lord (Montezuma) who used violent and tyrannical measures to keep them in subjection, and took from them their sons to be slain, and offered as sacrifices to his idols, with many other complaints against him, in order to avoid whose tyranny they embraced the service of your Majesty, to which they have so far proved faithful, and I doubt not will continue so, since they have been uniformly treated by me with favour and attention.'—Dispatches of Cortes, p. 40.

In another passage he says,-

'I was not a little pleased on seeing their want of harmony, as it seemed favourable to my designs, and would enable me to bring them more easily into subjection. I applied to their case the authority of the evangelist, who says, "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be rendered desolate." - Ibid., p. 64.

Cortés very early in his career received intelligence of the hostility tility of the powerful republic of Tlascala to the empire of Mexico, and entertained hopes of turning this to his own advantage; but, though at the same time with the arduous and appalling nature of their enterprise, these more reasonable means of accomplishing it opened upon the minds of the invaders—they had already plunged headlong into the adventure, and the resolute heart of Cortés seemed wound up to accomplish it, or to perish in the In his first dispatch to the emperor (the lost dispatch, but to which he appeals in the second), he 'had assured his Highness that he (Montezuma) should be taken either dead or alive, or become a subject to the royal throne of your Majesty' (p. 39). It was a warfare in which they engaged without counting the cost or the hazard, because it was a warfare of conquest and of glory for Spain, still more because it was a holy warfare—a warfare against infidels. It was not that they knowingly alleged the pretext of religious zeal to cover the nobler passion of ambition, or the baser one of avarice. There can be no doubt that this of itself was a great, if not the great, dominant impulse. The thirst for gold and for power were so inseparably mixed up with this lofty and disinterested bigotry that they themselves never paused to discriminate between the prevailing motives; nor could they have discriminated, if they had ever so scrupulously examined their own hearts.

It was, as Mr. Prescott calls it, a crusade; it was one of the last, but not least, vigorous outbursts of that same spirit which had poured Europe in arms upon the East; and in the Peninsula had just fought out the long and implacable contest of Christian Some more enlightened churchmen, like Las Casas, some more gentle-minded and more prudent friars (like Father Olmedo, who was of the utmost use in restraining the blind and headstrong bigotry of Cortés), might have gleams of a more genuine Christianity; but in the Spanish armies, in Europe as well as in America, hardly one, from the Duke of Alva to the meanest common soldier, but believed it, in the depth of his heart, to be his solemn duty to compel the baptism of unbelievers at the point of the sword. The velvet banner which Cortés raised before his door at Cuba, to invite adventurers to join him in his enterprise, bore the royal arms, with a cross, and the motto-Brothers, follow the cross in faith; for under its guidance we shall conquer.' 'And besides (Cortés, as he himself writes, reminded his soldiers) we are only doing what as Christians we are under obligations to do, by warring against the enemies of the faith-by which means we secured to ourselves glory in another world, and gained greater honour and rewards in this life, than had fallen to the lot of any other generation at any former period; VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLV. they

they should also reflect that God was on our side, and that to him nothing is impossible, as they might see in the victories we had gained, when so many of the enemy were killed without any loss on our part.' On their first serious affair with the Indians an apostle was believed at the time (or afterwards fabled) to have appeared, and fought on their side. And on other occasions of peril and disaster, the same faith beheld the same supernatural appearances. Even Diaz himself ceases to doubt in the celestial presence of Saint Jago.* Throughout, the Mexicans are the

'enemies of God and our King.'

We shall not undertake to follow Mr. Prescott through the early life of Cortés—the difficulties of the expedition before it quitted the coasts of Cuba-or the miserable weaknesses and jealousies of the governor, Velasquez-who, after entrusting the charge of the expedition to Cortés, and allowing him to spend his whole fortune, and all that he could raise from other quarters, on the outfit of the fleet—suddenly endeavoured to revoke his commission, to arrest the fleet, and either to abandon or to place the enterprise in other hands. It is sometimes of great advantage to be ill-used: even now, as in his own day, the vacillating conduct of Velasquez, the low intrigues at his petty court, kindle all the generous sympathies in favour of Cortés; we follow him with breathless interest till he is beyond these wretched obstructions. But we are still more inclined to admiration at the extraordinary skill with which he triumphs over what might seem fatal to his success, the divided allegiance of his soldiery. He had to deal with troops, half of them, especially the leaders, malcontents—and malcontents who certainly could plead a higher authority for their mutinous behaviour. We are inclined to feel more regret than is expressed by Mr. Prescott at the loss of the first dispatch of Cortés, which has been sought in vain in all the archives of Europe. Some, we think very unreasonably, doubt if it was ever written; and that Cortés alludes to this imaginary document, which it would have been difficult to have framed in accordance with Spanish notions

^{*} The passage of Bernal Diaz relating to the first apparition, which we take from the English translation, is worth notice, as to that story itself, and still more so with reference to his subsequent convictions. 'Gomara relates that in this battle, previous to the arrival of Cortés with his cavalry, one of the Holy Apostles, either St. Jago or Peter, appeared on a dapple-grey horse, under the semblance of Francesco de Morla. All our victories were assuredly guided by the hand of our Lord Jesus Christ; but if this were the case, I, a poor sinner, was not worthy to be permitted to see it, neither was it seen by any of our army, above 400 in number. I certainly saw Francesco de Morla along with Cortés; but he rode a chesnut horse that days. We certainly were bad Christians indeed, if, according to the account of Sangage God sent one of his Holy Apostles to fight at our head, and we ungratefully neglected to give thanks for so great a mercy; but, till I read the chronicle of Gomara, I never heard of the miracle, neither was it ever mentioned by any of the conquerors who were present in the bottle.'

of subordination, especially those, which prevailed with the counsellors of the emperor on Indian affairs. This dispatch would have added, perhaps, little to our knowledge of the facts, or of the conduct of Cortés; and his own version of the quarrel with Velasquez, and his own assertion of independence, may be fully collected from other quarters-yet we should have liked to read the exact statement, as he had dressed it up for the imperial ear: still more his own first fresh impressions when he found himself, not merely in a new land, and with a meek or a hostile savage population, but on the verge of a great empire, gradually expanding before him. The expeditions of Cordova, and, still more, that of Grijalva, who had reached the coast of Mexico, had spread the knowledge of a people who lived in houses of stone and lime, cultivated maize, and possessed gold. Grijalva had seen some of their temples, with their wild priesthood, and their altars wet with human blood; and some vague rumours had transpired of powerful and wealthy races. But it was not till Cortés could avail himself of the services of Mariña, that he had the least notion of the extent and power of the Mexican empire. The singular history of the beautiful and faithful interpreter, the mistress and preserver of Cortés, her unshaken attachment to the Spaniards, and wonderful escape in all their perils and disasters, is not the least truly romantic incident in the romance of their history.

On the other hand, the picture writing of the Mexicans transmitted immediately to the court the description of these awful and wonderful strangers who had suddenly appeared upon their shores. Mr. Prescott thus describes this incident, which shows the promptitude with which Cortés seized at once upon everything which, by impressing the Mexican mind with awe of their mysterious powers, might tend to advance his designs of conquest:—

'While these things were passing, Cortés observed one of Teuhtlile's attendants busy with a pencil, apparently delineating some object. On looking at his work, he found that it was a sketch on canvass of the Spaniards, their costumes, arms, and, in short, different objects of interest, giving to each its appropriate form and colour. This was the celebrated picture-writing of the Aztecs, and, as Teuhtlile informed him, this man was employed in pourtraying the various objects for the eye of Montezuma, who would thus gather a more vivid notion of their appearance than from any description by words. Cortés was pleased with the idea; and, as he knew how much the effect would be heightened by converting still life into action, he ordered out the cavalry on the beach, the wet sands of which afforded a firm footing for the horses. The bold and rapid movements of the troops, as they went through their military exercises; the apparent ease with which they managed the fiery animals on which they were mounted; the glancing of their weapons, and the shrill

shrill cry of the trumpet, all filled the spectators with astonishment; but when they heard the thunders of the cannon, which Cortés ordered to be fired at the same time, and witnessed the volumes of smoke and flame issuing from these terrible engines, and the rushing sound of the balls, as they dashed through the trees of the neighbouring forest, shivering their branches into fragments, they were filled with consternation,

from which the Aztec chief himself was not wholly free.

'Nothing of all this was lost on the painters, who faithfully recorded, after their fashion, every particular; not omitting the ships, "the water-houses,"—as they called them,—of the strangers, which, with their dark hulls and snow-white sails reflected from the water, were swinging lazily at anchor on the calm bosom of the bay. All was depicted with a fidelity that excited in their turn the admiration of the Spaniards, who, doubtless unprepared for this exhibition of skill, greatly over-estimated

the merits of the execution.'-vol. i. pp. 274, 275.

It is remarkable how the circumstances of the time conspired to favour the Spanish invaders. Montezuma himself, from an intrepid warrior and a successful conqueror, had sunk into a secluded and indolent oriental despot-instead of commanding the confidence and devoted attachment of his subjects, the glory which his youthful conquests had obtained for the Mexican name, and the advantages which had ensued from the more peaceful years of his reign, were now almost forgotten in his oppressive tyranny. Half-conquered provinces, groaning under heavy taxation, had yet the remembrance of their former freedom, and were ready to cast off the yoke. It is still more remarkable that the superstition to which Montezuma had surrendered himself as the devoutest votary, which had led him to crowd the altars with human sacrifices in unprecedented numbers, and to ally himself by the strongest ties with the bloody priesthood, now, as it were, turned against him, and prostrated his spirit before the imagined divinity, or at least the predicted success of the stranger. The desperate energy with which the religion, even more than the national spirit, maddened, it is true, by the cruelty or outrages of the Spaniards, rallied under his successor Guatemozin; the actual part which the priesthood took in the last struggle, which was so nearly fatal to the Spaniards; the manner in which the Spaniards themselves were appalled by seeing their brethren in the agony of sacrifice; and the mad hope and ungovernable frenzy of the Mexicans at that manifest triumph of their gods; all combine to show how fortunate it was that the religious feeling of Montezuma was cowed and subdued, and this most powerful weapon of resistance fell, as it were, from his hand. This alone accounts for the strange manner in which the mind of Montezuma was paralysed at the first news of the landing of the Spaniards. The paintings of the white bearded men in flying castles, who spoke in thunder and lightning, shook him with awe, from which he never recovered. All authorities agree about the currency of these prophecies, which no one in the empire believed with more shuddering faith than the emperor. Dryden puts them in the mouth of the high priest in his 'Indian Emperor.' From the intolerable love-rants which fill that strange play, in which Spaniards and Mexicans, Cortés and Montezuma, cross each other in all the wild intricacy of amorous intrigue (as in a comedy 'de Capa y Espada'), we are inclined to rescue the few lines, more worthy of glorious John—

⁶ Enter Guyomar hastity: the scene is a Sacrifice in the Temple. Odmar.—My brother Guyomar! methinks I spy,

Haste in his steps, and wonder in his eye.

Montezuma.—I sent thee to the frontiers; quickly tell

The cause of thy return; are all things well?

Guyomar.—I went in order, Sir, to your command,

To view the utmost limits of the land

To view the utmost limits of the land,
To that sea-shore where no more world is found,
But foaming billows breaking on the ground,
Where, for a while, my eyes no object met
But distant skies, that in the ocean set;
And low-hung clouds that dipp'd themselves in rain

To shake their fleeces on the earth again.
At last, as far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, somewhat methought did rise

Upon the sea, somewhat methought did rise Like bluish mists, which, still appearing more, Took dreadful shapes, and moved towards the shore.

Montezuma.—What forms did these new wonders represent?
Guyomar.—More strange than what your wonder can invent.
The object I could first distinctly view

Was tall, straight trees, which on the waters flew:
Wings on their sides, instead of leaves, did grow,
Which gathered all the breath the winds could blow;
And at their roots grew floating palaces,

Whose outbowed bellies cut the yielding seas.

Montezuma.—What divine monsters, O ye Gods, are these, That float in air, and fly upon the seas!

Came they alive or dead upon the shore?

Guyomar.—Alas! they lived, too sure; I heard them roar;

All turned their sides, and to each other spoke—

I saw their words breathe out in fire and smoke:

Sure 'tis their voice, that thunders from on high,

Or these the younger brothers of the sky;

Deaf with the noise I took my hasty flight—

No mortal courses can support the fright

No mortal courage can support the fright.

High Priest.—Old prophecies foretell our fall at hand
When bearded men in floating castles land;

I see it is of dire portent.'-Indian Emperor, Act i. Scene 2.

Mr. Prescott

Mr. Prescott has collected these prodigies, as they rest on the Mexican authorities, either from chronicles of the time, or from those historians who wrote soon after the conquest. His explana-

tion is sensible, and no doubt true :-

'In a preceding chapter I have noticed the popular traditions respecting Quetzalcoatl, that deity with a fair complexion and flowing beard, so unlike the Indian physiognomy, who after fulfilling his mission of benevolence among the Aztecs, embarked on the Atlantic Sea for the mysterious shores of Tlapallan. He promised, on his departure, to return at some future day with his posterity, and resume the possession of his empire. That day was looked forward to with hope or with apprehension, according to the interest of the believer, but with general confidence throughout the wide borders of Anahuac. Even after the conquest, it still lingered among the Indian races, by whom it was as fondly cherished, as the advent of their king Sebastian continued to be

by the Portuguese, or that of the Messiah by the Jews.

A general feeling seems to have prevailed in the time of Montezuma, that the period for the return of the deity, and the full accomplishment of his promise, was near at hand. This conviction is said to have gained ground from various preternatural occurrences, reported with more or less detail by all the most ancient historians. In 1510, the great lake of Tezcuco, without the occurrence of a tempest, or earthquake, or any other visible cause, became violently agitated, overflowed its banks, and, pouring into the streets of Mexico, swept off many of the buildings by the fury of the waters. In 1511, one of the turrets of the great temple took fire, equally without any apparent cause, and continued to burn in defiance of all attempts to extinguish it. In the following years three comets were seen; and not long before the coming of the Spaniards a strange light broke forth in the east. It spread broad at its base on the horizon, and rising in a pyramidal form tapered off as it approached the zenith. It resembled a vast sheet or flood of fire, emitting sparkles, or, as an old writer expresses it, "seemed thickly powdered with stars." At the same time, low voices were heard in the air, and doleful wailings, as if to announce some strange, mysterious calamity! The Aztec monarch, terrified at the apparitions in the heavens, took council of Nezahualpili, who was a great proficient in the subtle science of astrology. But the royal sage cast a deeper cloud over his spirit, by reading in these prodigies the speedy downfal of the empire.

Such are the strange stories reported by the chroniclers, in which it is not impossible to detect the glimmerings of truth. Nearly thirty years had elapsed since the discovery of the islands by Columbus, and more than twenty since his visit to the American continent. Rumours, more or less distinct, of this wonderful appearance of the white men, bearing in their hands the thunder and the lightning, so like in many respects to the traditions of Quetzalcoatl, would naturally spread far and wide among the Indian nations. Such rumours, doubtless, long before the landing of the Spaniards in Mexico, found their way up the grand plateau, filling the minds of men with anticipations of the near coming

of the period when the great deity was to return and receive his own

again.'-vol. i. pp. 283-285.

What wonder, then, that when Montezuma found himself face to face with the invincible, inevitable stranger, he stood rebuked and awe-struck before him? All his embassies, all his prohibitions to advance, all his intrigues, all his conspiracies, all the courageous resistance of the republicans of Tlascala, had been in From the first moment in which Cortés announced his intention of visiting Mexico, he had been constantly though slowly approaching nearer and nearer. Montezuma may have known, probably did know, nothing of the greatest difficulties which embarrassed the movements of Cortés—of the dissensions in his own camp, the struggles of the partisans of Velasquez, joined with the fears of the more timid—of the address with which he had persuaded his troops to invest him with a kind of legal sovereignty in the new colony, holding his power direct from the crown of Spain, and independent of the governor of Cuba. He might receive vague rumours of the destruction of the ships at Vera Cruz. That daring and decisive measure, which plainly announced to the Spaniards that they had no alternative but conquest or death in a foreign land, would not carry its distinct import to the mind of the Mexican; their motives would be obscure, and he could have no notion of the difficulties of building ships for a long seavoyage. But this he would know, and know too certainly—that the Spaniards were moving on, and still moving on, and that obstacles fell, as by enchantment, before them. They had first reached the great city of Cempoalla, and had been received with the utmost hospitality; they had awed or won the whole tribe to join them as allies-there, too, they had impiously, yet with impunity, defied the gods of the land, hurled the idols boldly from their pedestals, cleansed the temples from the blood which had so long flowed in honour of the deities, and set up images of their own to receive divine worship. And the gods had allowed these insults, this total abolition of their rites, to pass unresisted and unavenged! The strangers had gone fearlessly forward, ascended the strong and rugged passes of the Cordilleras, had reached the great level land, the seat of the Mexican and Tezcucan empires. The Tlascalans. the most obstinate and formidable enemies of the Mexican empire, under a most skilful leader, and with the most determined valour, had in vain attempted to arrest their march. They had been ridden over by the gigantic animals which bore the iron men to battle; had been mowed down by thousands with their thunders and lightnings; and had at length been compelled to submission. The conqueror had entered Tlascala, and, by the more than human power which he seemed to exercise over the minds of men,

men, he had changed these deadly enemies into faithful alliesall Tlascala was following the stranger in arms to assist in the conquest of Mexico! But, more astonishing still, the dark and deep-laid conspiracy to cut them off in Cholula, devised with so much craft, and conducted with so much secrecy,—had been dectected by these strangers, who knew nothing of their language, who communicated with them, and but imperfectly, through one of their countrymen and one female native interpreterdetected at the moment that it was ripe-by what means, unless by the gift of reading the heart of man, or by some divine communication, they could not conjecture. The terrible and remorseless vengeance had burst upon them at the moment when they expected themselves to crush their unheeding adversaries. Cholula had paid the dreadful penalty of the meditated crime by a massacre which might appal the stoutest heart. 'So far,' in Mr. Prescott's words, 'the prowess of the Spaniards, "the white gods," as they were often called, made them to be thought invincible. But it was not till their arrival at Cholula that the natives learned how terrible was their vengeance—and they trembled!' (vol. ii. p. 33.) From this time, as far as Montezuma was concerned, the conduct of the Mexicans towards the Spaniards was deprecatory and submissive, as towards beings of another nature; their presents were like lavish offerings to deities whose power they wished to propitiate, or at least to avert their anger. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his bolder councillors, the Emperor had abandoned all thoughts of resistance, and seemed prepared to await his destiny with a kind of fearful curiosity.

The sagacious mind of Cortés had, no doubt, some notion of the preternatural character in which the Spaniards appeared to the Indians. He took every opportunity of impressing those terrors more deeply on the minds of the people. His soldiers, probably himself, were not without their apprehensions; and the expanding view of the magnificence, power, wealth, populousness of the cities which one after another rose upon their view could not but contrast with their own narrow files and small company of fifteen horse and less than four hundred men-accompanied indeed by numerous allies—but allies on whose fidelity it might well seem presumption to reckon implicitly. Honest Bernal Diaz is too brave not to own his fears :- 'We continued our march. As our allies had informed us that Montezuma intended to put us all to death after our entry into his city, we were filled with melancholy reflections on our hazardous situation; recommending our souls, therefore, to the Lord Jesus Christ, who had brought us in safety through so many imminent dangers, and resolving to sell our lives at a dear rate, we proceeded on our march.' We cannot find room for Mr. Prescott's

Prescott's picturesque description of the first opening of the great valley upon the astonished sight of the Spaniards; nor of the grandeur and extent of the city. But there are two more touches in Bernal Diaz, so simple, yet which convey so much in a few words, that we must allow them to stand in place of our author's longer description:—'When,' says the adventurer, 'I beheld the delicious scenery around me, I thought we had been transported by magic to the terrestrial paradise.' As he surveyed the city from the height of one of the teocallis or temples, he says:—'The noise and bustle of the market in the great square just below was so great, that it might easily have been heard almost at the distance of a league; and some of our companions, who had seen both Rome and Constantinople, declared that they had not seen anything comparable in those cities for convenient and regular distribution, or numbers of people.'

We proceed at once to the peaceful entrance of the Spaniards into the city, and the first interview of Cortés with Montezuma. Our contempt for the pusillanimity of Montezuma, from the first moment of this meeting with Cortés, melts into respect for the dignified courtesy of his demeanour and language; the weak and superstitious barbarian becomes a noble gentleman, bowed by the weight of inevitable calamity, and enduring affliction after affliction, insult after insult, with deep but suppressed feeling, with an outward lofty patience, yet with an inward agony of wounded pride which strives not to betray itself. It is, in the favourite phrase of our neighbours, an august misfortune. With tranquil dignity he puts by the summary and, no doubt, utterly unintelligible proposal of Cortés at their first conference, that he should change his religion; and assumes the affable tone and language

of a royal host. Mr. Prescott tells it well :-

'He listened, however, with silent attention, until the general had concluded his homily. He then replied, that he knew the Spaniards had held this discourse wherever they had been. He doubted not their God was, as they said, a good Being. His gods, also, were good to him. Yet what his visiter said of the creation of the world was like what he had been taught to believe. It was not worth while to discourse further of the matter. His ancestors, he said, were not the original proprietors of the land. They had occupied it but a few ages, and had been led there by a great Being, who, after giving them laws and ruling over the nation for a time, had withdrawn to the regions where the sun rises. He had declared, on his departure, that he or his descendants would again visit them and resume his empire. The wonderful deeds of the Spaniards, their fair complexions, and the quarter whence they came, all showed they were his descendants. If Montezuma had resisted their visit to his capital, it was because he had heard such accounts of their cruelties,—that they sent the lightning to consume his people, or crushed

them to pieces under the hard feet of the ferocious animals on which they rode. He was now convinced that these were idle tales; that the Spaniards were kind and generous in their natures; they were mortals of a different race, indeed, from the Aztecs, wiser, and more valiant,—

and for this he honoured them.

"You, too," he added, with a smile, "have been told, perhaps, that I am a god, and dwell in palaces of gold and silver. But you see it is false. My houses, though large, are of stone and wood like those of others; and as to my body," he said, baring his tawny arm, "you see it is flesh and bone like yours. It is true I have a great empire, inherited from my ancestors; lands, and gold, and silver. But your sovereign beyond the waters is, I know, the rightful lord of all. I rule in his name. You, Malintzin, are his ambassador; you and your brethren shall share these things with me. Rest now from your labours. You are here in your own dwellings, and everything shall be provided for your subsistence. I will see that your wishes shall be obeyed in the same way as my own." As the monarch concluded these words, a few natural tears suffused his eyes, while the image of ancient independence, perhaps, flitted across his mind.

'The iron hearts of the Spaniards were touched with the emotion displayed by Montezuma, as well as by his princely spirit of liberality. As they passed him, the cavaliers, with bonnet in hand, made him the most profound obeisance, and "on the way home," continues the same chronicler, "we could discourse of nothing but the gentle breeding and courtesy of the Indian monarch, and of the respect we entertained for

him."'-vol. ii. pp. 82-84.

Yet in all the astonishment which Cortés felt, at seeing that mighty emperor thus, as it were, offering allegiance to his master, and heaping the most costly presents on the soldiery with imperial munificence, he never for an instant forgets any precaution which may tend to security in his hazardous position, nor any measure which may deepen the awe of his power. That very night Mexico is startled with the terrific thunder of these new gods. The whole artillery is fired, as if for a salute of rejoicing, but while its booming sounds were heard, and its sulphurous exhalations clouded over the city, Mexico might cease to wonder at the submission of her emperor to beings who thus wielded the arms of Heaven. Natural curiosity might lead Cortés almost immediately to demand permission to survey the magnificence, the extent, and the wealth of the city; and even to enter the temples, to ascertain the real character of the gods they worshipped, and the religious ceremonies they practised. The effect, if not the object, of the former, would be to stimulate the insatiable avarice of his followers, to increase their hopes of plunder to such a height as to make them shrink from no danger, hesitate at no aggression; in the latter, the unspeakable horrors of the bloody altars, the remains of human sacrifices, the cannibal priests, might steel their hearts,

and even his own, to the remorseless fulfilment of his designs. Men of less fanatic faith might have imagined themselves summoned by a divine impulse, moved as Cortés declares himself on one, and that a far less justifiable, occasion, by the Holy Ghost, to risk all to rid the world of such enormities. On this subject we will only say further, that it was here that the Spanish soldiers counted the 136,000 skulls of human victims, laid up as me-

morials of the devotion of the Mexican people.

We turn to the darkening tragedy of Montezuma. His courteous reception of the Spaniards, his submissive acknowledgment of the superiority of the Emperor Charles, above all the liberality of his gifts, embarrassed Cortés more than open hostility; it had whetted the appetites of the soldiery for gold; it had encouraged the resolution of Cortés to effect a complete conquest of the country; yet seemed to have cut off all justification for further aggression. Yet Cortés had only been six days in the city when he determined on the seizure of the Emperor in his own palace. Ambition can always find pretexts; and an event which had happened when Cortés was at Cholula had been, perhaps, treasured in his recollection for such an occasion. Two Spaniards had been murdered on their way from Vera Cruz, where Cortés had left 150 men to guard his infant settlement, to Almeria, the cacique of which city had tendered his allegiance. In a battle which followed to revenge the death of these Spaniards, the Indians had been totally defeated, but the Captain, Escalante, and several other Spaniards slain. It was convenient to charge this on the secret hostility of Montezuma: no doubt therefore could be allowed to exist of his guilt; yet Cortés, as if he was secure against any high moral indignation on the part of his master, in his dispatch to Charles V., fairly owns that he had fully resolved on the seizure of Montezuma, before he called to mind this event. There is a frankness in his avowal, that he thought all means lawful to advance what he considered his Sovereign's interest, so characteristic of the times and of the man, as to make his own words worthy of quota-

'Judging from these things, and from what I had observed of the country, that it would subserve the interests of your Majesty and our own security, if Moteczuma was in my power, and not wholly free from restraint; in order that he might not be diverted from the resolution and willing spirit which he showed in the service of your Majesty, especially as we Spaniards were somewhat troublesome and difficult to please; lest feeling annoyed on any occasion, he should do us some serious injury, and even might cause all memory of us to perish, in the exercise of his great power. It also appeared to me, that if he was under my control, all the other countries that were subject to him would be more easily brought to the knowledge and service of your Majesty, as afterwards

actually happened. I resolved therefore to take him and place him in my quarters, which were of great strength.'

The manner in which he fulfilled this virtuous resolution, he

relates with the same quiet coolness :-

'Having used the precaution to station guards at the corner of the streets, I went to the palace of Moteczuma, as I had before often done, to visit him: and after conversing with him in a sportive manner on agreeable topics, and receiving at his hands some jewels of gold, and one of his own daughters, together with several daughters of his nobles for some of my company, I then said unto him—' (Dispatches of Cortés, p. 92.

The speech, uttered no doubt in stately Spanish by Cortés, and rendered into elegant Mexican by Marina, amounted in plain

English to this-

that he was a prisoner—that he was accused of being an accomplice in the hostilities of the cacique of Almeria—that Cortés could not believe him guilty of such unfriendly treachery, but nevertheless he must march

away to the Spanish quarters.'

'Montezuma listened to this proposal, and the flimsy reasoning with which it was covered, with looks of profound amazement. He became pale as death; but in a moment, his face flushed with resentment, as, with the pride of offended dignity, he exclaimed, "When was it ever heard that a great prince, like myself, voluntarily left his own palace to

become a prisoner in the hands of strangers?"

'Cortés assured him he would not go as a prisoner. He would experience nothing but respectful treatment from the Spaniards; would be surrounded by his own household, and hold intercourse with his people as usual. In short, it would be but a change of residence, from one of his palaces to another, a circumstance of frequent occurrence with him.—It was in vain. "If I should consent to such a degradation," he answered, "my subjects never would!" When further pressed, he offered to give up one of his sons and of his daughters to remain as hostages with the Spaniards, so that he might be spared this disgrace.

"Two hours passed in this fruitless discussion, till a high-mettled cavalier, Velasquez de Leon, impatient of the long delay, and seeing that the attempt, if not the deed, must ruin them, cried out, "Why do we waste words on this barbarian? We have gone too far to recede now. Let us seize him, and, if he resists, plunge our swords into his body!" The fierce tone and menacing gestures with which this was uttered, alarmed the monarch, who inquired of Marina what the angry Spaniard said. The interpreter explained it in as gentle a manner as she could, beseeching him "to accompany the white men to their quarters, where he would be treated with all respect and kindness, while to refuse them would but expose himself to violence, perhaps to death." Marina, doubtless, spoke to her sovereign as she thought, and no one had better opportunity of knowing the truth than herself.

'This last appeal shook the resolution of Montezuma. It was in vain that the unhappy prince looked around for sympathy or support. As his

eyes wandered over the stern visages and iron forms of the Spaniards, he felt that his hour was indeed come; and, with a voice scarcely audible from emotion, he consented to accompany the strangers,—to quit the palace, whither he was never more to return. Had he possessed the spirit of the first Montezuma, he would have called his guards around him, and left his life-blood on the threshold, sooner than have been dragged a dishonoured captive across it. But his courage sank under circumstances. He felt he was the instrument of an irresistible Fate!'—vol. ii. pp. 153-155.

But what was this degradation to that which followed in a few days? At first he was treated with the utmost courtesy. He had full enjoyment of all the luxuries, the splendour, of his state. He could command the presence of his wives and of his courtiers. He gave public audience, though every avenue was strongly guarded by the Spanish soldiery. Even the Spaniards treated him with the mockery of respect. But when the cacique arrived who had been engaged in the battle with the Spaniards, the emperor was compelled to ratify the sentence of death upon his own subjects, who, when the sentence was passed, pleaded his imperial orders. He was compelled to witness their execution with fetters on his own limbs. The criminals were burned alive—a kind of execution apparently unknown in Mexico. To us it may awaken revolting reminiscences of scenes enough in Europe, from which Cortés and his soldiers may have learned the terrible impressiveness of this kind of death. Cortés, ever mingling policy with his most atrocious acts, ordered the pyres to be constructed of the arrows, javelins, and other weapons from the arsenals around the great temple: thus craftily depriving the people of the arms which they might seize at any time, and turn against their oppressors.

'Montezuma was speechless under the infliction of this last insult. He was like one struck down by a heavy blow, that deprives him of all his faculties. He offered no resistance; but, though he spoke not a word, low, ill-suppressed moans, from time to time, intimated the anguish of his spirit. His attendants, bathed in tears, offered him their consolations. They tenderly held his feet in their arms, and endeavoured, by inserting their shawls and mantles, to relieve them from the pressure of the iron. But they could not reach the iron which had penetrated into his soul. He felt that he was no more a king.'—vol. ii. p. 159.

This aggravation of insult might appear doubtful policy, but its success seemed to justify its wisdom, and of its cruelty no one took account. Cortés with his own hand, and with a solemn mockery of reverence, loosened the fetters, and then offered Montezuma his freedom; but he had read the heart of the humbled monarch, who, from fear or from shame, could no longer face his indignment.

indignant subjects: the emperor remained a willing prisoner. He even seems to have subdued his mind to his fortunes. He won the hearts of the Spaniards by his dignified familiarity. He seemed to revive to the power of enjoyment. Under Spanish custody he practised his devotions in the temple; under Spanish custody he indulged in the pleasures of the chace. With consummate address, Cortés persuaded him that it was for his amusement that some brigantines were built, to exhibit to the wondering Mexicans the manner in which the Spaniards commanded the winds of heaven to impel their large vessels as they pleased. Cortés meantime was thus securing the mastery of the lake, either as a

means of defence or of retreat.

Before long, Cortés ventured to suggest to the obsequious emperor the formal recognition of his master's supremacy. The caciques were summoned to a great public assembly. Montezuma, not without tears, took his own oath of fealty to the sovereign of the white men; and not without tears did his subjects assent to their abasement, and prove their loyal attachment by humbly following the example of their monarch. Even the hard Spaniards were moved at this touching scene. As a tangible acknowledgment of their fealty, the treasures of the land were brought in from all quarters as a tribute to the White Man. Had Montezuma known the difficulties of Cortés in dividing this spoil, and the severe trial to which it subjected his authority over his army, the tribute would have appeared a politic measure; yet, thus steeped in degradation to the lips, Montezuma, as if spell-bound, retained his fidelity. He consented to degrade the sovereign of Tezcuco (Cacumatzin), who was hostile to the Spaniards, and to invest his brother, who was more flexible to Spanish influence, with the royal dignity.

When Cortés demanded possession of one of the temples, cleansed it from all its defilements, and insulted the religious feelings of the whole nation by the solemn and public performance of the Christian ritual in one of their own most stately sanctuaries, it was Montezuma who warned him of the danger of thus provoking to the utmost his priests and priest-led people, betrayed the growing disaffection, and made Cortés aware that the fires of the volcano were brooding, and ready to burst beneath him. According to Bernal Diaz, 'Montezuma, at a solemn conference, declared to Cortés that he was extremely grieved at the manifestation of the will of his gods that we should all be put to death, or expelled from Mexico. He therefore, as our sincere friend, earnestly recommended that we should not run the risk of incurring the indignation of his subjects, but should save our lives by a retreat whilst that remained within our power.'

From

From this moment the Spaniards slept upon their arms, with their cannon pointed, and with every precaution against surprise. 'We were full of terror of being attacked by the whole force of a numerous and warlike people, exasperated by the insults we had heaped on their sovereign and their religion.' *

Cortés had sent the master shipbuilder, Lopez, with Aztec artisans, to the coast, to build vessels for their return to Spain—but it is said with secret instructions to delay their completion.

It was at this perilous juncture that he achieved the most wonderful of all his wonderful exploits. He received intelligence that a Spanish force had landed, under a leader of reputation, boldly announcing that they came, if not with an imperial commission, with superior authority, to supersede, to degrade, to lead him away from the scene of his conquests. The whole of this army seemed to be impregnated with the implacable hostility of his old enemy, Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, who had fitted out the expedition, and was eager to seize the golden prize from his grasp. This force was well appointed-in number, three times as great as the whole of that under Cortés-perhaps four times, at least, as great as that which he could bring into the field against them.—Yet, in an incredibly short time, Cortés is marching back to Mexico at the head of the troops who came to depose him, now mingled, if not altogether in cordial amity, yet with outward unanimity, among his own veteran soldiers; he has cajoled by smooth language—he has bribed, he has beaten his enemies into his own ranks; the general, Narvaez, is his prisoner; and he finds himself at the head of a much larger Spanish force, with artillery, ammunition, and all the necessaries of war, returning to the capital, unhappily, not to support, but save, if possible, the feeble and ill-commanded garrison whom he had left in Mexico.

It is not the least testimony to the transcendent abilities of Cortés, that, unless perhaps where Sandoval was in command, wherever he was not personally present all went wrong. Alvarado, whom he had left at the head of the troops in Mexico, had no one quality of a captain but intrepid courage. The massacre of

^{*}Not merely is Mr. Prescott's narrative in this part more full and circumstantial than that of De Solis, but the impression is entirely different. De Solis slurs over the daring insult to the religion of the country, and the scene of the Christian service in a part of one of the Mexican temples, so strikingly told by Mr. Prescott. According to his view, Montexuma grew impatient of the presence of the Spaniards, more than inteed that the purposes of their embassy had been fulfilled, and that it was now time for them to depart. He says little more on the profound religious excitement than 'that the devil wearied Montexuma with horrible menaces, giving to his idols a voice, or what seemed a voice, to irritate him against the Spaniards'. Robertson is more full and particular than De Solis; but Mr. Prescott has seized, we think, with as much accuracy as picturesqueness of description, the real turning point in the fortunes of the Spaniards.

six hundred Aztec nobles, unarmed, during the peaceful celebration of a religious ceremony, had at length maddened the whole people to revolt. There is no direct information whether the cruelty or rapacity of Alvarado, or some secret intelligence of a conspiracy (not improbable, when the Mexicans saw that their whole city was now held in check by but a handful of the Spaniards), had prompted this ill-timed and ill-conducted mimicry of the great blow struck by Cortés at Cholula; but from this time the whole Aztec nation was leagued in implacable hostility to the Spaniards. Alvarado and his garrison were shut up in the fortress, in danger of perishing by famine (for all the markets had ceased), and still more by want of water. Cortés, now at the head of seventy horse, and five hundred foot, was advancing, not to the peaceful re-occupation of the capital, but to the rescue—he could scarcely hope the timely rescue—of his men. Through a silent and unpeopled country, over the silent and unpeopled lake, through the silent and unpeopled streets of Mexico, he arrives at the gates of the fortress, and unites his whole force to encounter the multiplying dangers.

Even Cortés himself allowed his Spanish pride to blind his cool and sagacious judgment. He treated Montezuma, who still protested his fidelity to the Spanish cause, with the most galling contempt. When he spurned 'the dog of a king' from his presence, he not only utterly broke the spirit of the unhappy monarch, but by violating that divinity which, according to the Aztec feeling, 'still hedged the king,' he abandoned all the advantage which he had hitherto gained by the possession of the royal person. By a still more fatal and unaccountable error he released at that moment the brother of Montezuma, a bold warrior, who no doubt spread abroad the intelligence of this last insult to the emperor, and set himself at once at the head of the insurrection. Cortés had yet to learn the terrible energy of a nation's despair; the tame submission with which the Aztecs had up to this time borne the foreign yoke, and endured plunder, insult, the injury to their king, the occupation of their capital, the contemptuous outrage on their religion, had led him to a false estimate of his own immeasurable superiority: the conquest, in-

stead of being achieved, was hardly begun.

No passage in the Spanish conquest of Mexico is so well known, or had been told so well, as the conflict within the city, the death of Montezuma, the storming of the temple; the retreat of the Spaniards over the broken causeways and the chasms where the bridges had been destroyed;—all the awful adventures of the Noche Triste, the melancholy night. Mr. Prescott (and it is saying much in his favour) does not fail in this great trial

trial of his strength; he maintains throughout the clearness and animation of his narrative. We pass reluctantly over the death of Montezuma. Faithful, it should seem, to the last, he desired to be taken to the battlements, and endeavoured to repress the furious onset of his people. At first the sight of the emperor commanded awe; but the silence soon gave place to the language of contempt and indignity. They taunted him as a woman; they heaped contumely upon his head. At length, probably supposing that he had withdrawn, they discharged a volley of arrows and of stones against the spot where he had stood. A stone struck him on the head, and he fell senseless: he recovered, but his heart was broken; he obstinately refused all remedies, pined away and died. We must make room for Mr. Prescott's storming of the temple:—

'Cortés, having cleared a way for the assault, sprang up the lower stairway, followed by Alvarado, Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other gallant cavaliers of his little band, leaving a file of arquebusiers and a strong corps of Indian allies to hold the enemy in check at the foot of the monument. On the first landing, as well as on the several galleries above, and on the summit, the Aztec warriors were drawn up to dispute his passage. From their elevated position they showered down volleys of lighter missiles, together with heavy stones, beams, and burning rafters, which, thundering along the stairway, overturned the ascending Spaniards, and carried desolation through their ranks. The more fortunate, eluding or springing over these obstacles, succeeded in gaining the first terrace, where, throwing themselves on their enemies, they compelled them, after a short resistance, to fall back. The assailants pressed on, effectually supported by a brisk fire of the musketeers from below, which so much galled the Mexicans in their exposed situation that they were glad to take shelter on the broad summit of the teocalli.

Cortés and his comrades were close upon their rear, and the two parties soon found themselves face to face on this aërial battle-field, engaged in mortal combat in presence of the whole city, as well as of the troops in the court-yard, who paused, as if by mutual consent, from their own hostilities, gazing in silent expectation on the issue of those above. The area, though somewhat smaller than the base of the teocalli. was large enough to afford a fair field of fight for a thousand combatants. It was paved with broad, flat stones. No impediment occurred over its surface, except the huge sacrificial block, and the temples of stone which rose to the height of forty feet, at the further extremity of the arena. One of these had been consecrated to the cross; the other was still occupied by the Mexican war-god. The Christian and the Aztec contended for their religions under the very shadow of their respective shrines; while the Indian priests, running to and fro, with their hair wildly streaming over their sable mantles, seemed hovering in mid-air, like so many demons of darkness urging on the work of slaughter.

'The parties closed with the desperate fury of men who had no hope but in victory. Quarter was neither asked nor given; and to fly was you, LXXIII. NO. CXLV. Q impossible,

impossible. The edge of the area was unprotected by parapet or battlement. The least slip would be fatal; and the combatants, as they struggled in mortal agony, were sometimes seen to roll over the sheer sides of the precipice together. Cortés himself is said to have had a narrow escape from this dreadful fate. Two warriors, of strong muscular frames, seized on him, and were dragging him violently towards the brink of the pyramid. Aware of their intention, he struggled with all his force, and, before they could accomplish their purpose, succeeded in tearing himself from their grasp, and hurling one of them over the walls with his own arm. The story is not improbable in itself, for Cortés was a man of uncommon agility and strength. It has been often re-

peated; but not by contemporary history.

The battle lasted with unintermitting fury for three hours. The number of the enemy was double that of the Christians; and it seemed as if it were a contest which must be determined by numbers and brute force, rather than by superior science. But it was not so. The invulnerable armour of the Spaniard, his sword of matchless temper, and his skill in the use of it, gave him advantages which far outweighed the odds of physical strength and numbers. After doing all that the courage of despair could enable men to do, resistance grew fainter and fainter on the side of the Aztecs. One after another they had fallen. Two or three priests only survived to be led away in triumph by the victors. Every other combatant was stretched a corpse on the bloody arena, or had been hurled from the giddy heights. Yet he loss of the Spaniards was not inconsiderable: it amounted to forty-five of their best men; and nearly all the remainder were more or less injured in the desperate conflict.

'The victorious cavaliers now rushed towards the sanctuaries. The lower story was of stone, the two upper were of wood. Penetrating into their recesses, they had the mortification to find the image of the Virgin and Cross removed. But in the other edifice they still beheld the grim figure of Huitzilopotchli, with his censer of smoking hearts, and the walls of his oratory reeking with gore—not improbably of their own countrymen. With shouts of triumph the Christians tore the uncouth monster from his niche, and tumbled him, in the presence of the horror-struck Aztecs, down the steps of the teocalli. They then set fire to the accursed building. The flame speedily ran up the slender towers, sending forth an ominous light over city, lake, and valley, to the remotest hut among the mountains. It was the funeral pyre of paganism, and proclaimed the fall of that sanguinary religion which had so long hung like a dark cloud over the fair regions of Anahuac.'—vol. ii. p. 297.

There is a fine epic interest in the midnight retreat along the causeways. The battle, from its local circumstances, is perfectly distinct and intelligible; while, on the Spanish side, the individual feats of valour, the personal exploits of Alvarado, Velasquez, Sandoval, and above all of Cortés himself, awaken breathless sympathy. We watch for the emerging of the survivors of that gallant band, out of the wild confusion and darkness, over the

chasms

chasms of the broken bridges, over the lost artillery, the treasure thrown away in the last agony of flight, over the bodies of their own men and horses mingled with the heaps of slaughtered Mexicans, as for the winding up of a romance: and how touching is the close:—

'The Spanish commander dismounted from his jaded steed, and, sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments dripping with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery-all, in short, that constitutes the pride and panoply of glorious war, for ever lost. Cortés, as he looked wistfully on their thinned and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with him through all the perils of the conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or, at least, to conceal them, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears, which trickled down, revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul.'-vol. ii. p. 340.

But if the mind of Cortés was once bewildered by the pride of success, how did it rise to meet adversity? In one week after the retreat along the causeway, with his diminished and broken force, without his artillery, with almost all his crossbows gone, with but few of his horses, with many of his men and himself severely wounded, he fights the great battle of Otumba against the whole force of the Mexican empire; he wins it by his own personal prowess in killing the commander of the hostile army. Yet this wonderful man, to whom all the other contemporary writers assign this crowning exploit, in his dispatch to the emperor notices it in these words :- 'We were engaged during the greater part of the day, until it pleased God that one should fall, who must have been a leading personage amongst them, as at his death the battle ceased.' It was the quick eye of Cortés which saw the importance of the death of this cacique, as well as his strong arm which struck him down. Well may Mr. Prescott say that these modest words form a beautiful contrast to the style of panegyric in others.

In the hour of his darkest disaster Cortés never despaired of the final subjugation of Mexico. The battle of Otumba secured the fidelity of the Tlascalans.* There was still a powerful party

^{*} De Solis gives an account of the Tlascalan senate assembling all their best physicians to attend on Cortés; and attributes the cure of his serious wound on the head entirely to their skilful treatment. If Gil Blas is good authority for Spaniah medical science, even at a later period, Cortés may have been fortunate in his Indian doctors.

in that city, headed by Xicotencatl, who urged the abandonment of the Spaniards to their fate; wisely foreseeing that the only security for their own freedom, as well as that of Mexico, was the expulsion of the stranger from the land. But either the old hatred of Mexico, and the dread of her vengeance, or awe of the Spaniards, and the involuntary respect extorted by their valour under these trials, and their unexpected victory, secured the ascendancy of the Spanish party in the senate of Tlascala. The Mexican envoys, who had been sent to organise a general league against the invaders, were dismissed with a stern rejection of their offers. What was still more extraordinary, Cortés at last shamed the dispirited followers of Narvaez, who had shared all the disasters, and tasted nothing of the glory or the gain of his own veterans, into something of the general enthusiasm. Unexpected supplies arrived on the coast, guns and ammunition, and men and horses; and some spell of magic might seem to gather them all, in unhesitating obedience, under his banner.

Cortés is again at the head of near 600 Spaniards* and a large body of auxiliary natives. Forty of his own men were cavalry, seventy armed with arquebusses or crossbows, the rest with sword and target, and copper-headed pikes. He had nine pieces of ordnance of no great calibre. He was deficient in powder till he obtained a supply of sulphur from the great volcano, up to the crater of which one of his followers, on his first advance, had ventured to climb; and thus, what then appeared a feat of wild and useless daring, became of essential service to the army.

From the bold adventurer, Cortés is become the prudent and cautious general. He is calmly weighing every step, preparing against every contingency with cool forethought; and slowly, but perseveringly advancing, and, as it were, securing every post in his way. He is gradually extending the range of his alliances; making incursions in all the surrounding provinces, and either obtaining the voluntary co-operation, or enforcing the alliance of the various nations, who were more or less under Aztec influence and dominion. His first measure towards the actual war with Mexico is the organisation of his force by a remarkable body of ordinances—at the head of which he proclaims the advancement of religion and the destruction of idolatry to be the chief object, the

^{*} So says Mr. Prescott; but Cortés says that he left the city of Texcuco with thirly herse and 300 foot, and there remained in the city (of Texcuco) twenty horse and 300 foot. Cortés would hardly have magnified his force; and in such an army fifty men makes considerable difference. The new troops (Dispatches, p. 238) gradually increased his number (before he left Texcuco for the final conquest of Mexico) to 86 horse, 118 archers and musketeers, and more than 700 foot (Dispatches, p. 257). But we are not quite sure, as the dates are rather confused, that we have hit on the exact time to which Mr. Prescott refers. He gives the numbers, as above, at the last review in Texcuco.

only justifying cause of the war-he does not, however, scruple to call the insurgent nation rebels; and De Solis seems to think him quite right. The other regulations prohibit the ordinary vices of a camp, especially the appropriation of the booty; and forbid, with Roman severity, any attack upon the enemy without orders. Instead of the whole nation, which would have crowded to the war-he chose such a proportion of the Tlascalans and other allies as might assist, without encumbering, his movements; a force which he could keep under his own control. This force, however, by degrees increased to an immense amount: with every success new allies seem to crowd to his standard-80,000 warriors is one of the most modest estimates of their numbers. In order to command the lake, he had already prepared the framework of his brigantines, which had only to be put together and launched upon the waters. This was done with imposing ceremony. Having been borne on the shoulders of men from Tlascala to Tezcuco, they were set up, and towed through a canal of half a league, constructed with great labour and care, to the lake of Mexico.

An unexpected ally impeded for a time at least the preparations of the Mexicans. The communication of diseases seems an inevitable evil, which attends the contact of different races, and partly from ignorance of their treatment, partly from the new force which they seem to acquire by being imparted to fresh constitutions, they in general become more than usually destructive. The small-pox had been brought to the shores of Mexico, it is supposed, by a negro on board of one of the ships, and spread with frightful fatality. The new emperor, Cuitlahuac, was among its victims. Yet eventually the accession of Guatemozin to the throne gave new vigour and obstinacy to the resistance. The noble valour of Guatemozin retrieved the royal race from the pusillanimity of Montezuma. Numancia or Saragossa were not defended with greater intrepidity or more unshaken endurance than Mexico. We cannot follow the siege in all its strange vicissitudes and romantic adventures; but unless famine and pestilence had assisted in the work of destruction, the issue, notwithstanding the multiplying thousands of Indians, whose aid Cortés was now glad to accept, might have been more doubtful.* Once, it is well known

These numbers evidently increased beyond the control of Cortés. Cortés in one place speaks of 150,000 men to 900 Spaniards. He was obliged to allow them to plunder on their own account, and thus to snatch a large part of the rewards of their victories from the hands of the Spaniards. There is a still more extraordinary proof of their independent adherence to their old habits—'And that night (the night of a battle in which 1500 of the most distinguished Mexicans had been slain) our allies were well supplied for their supper, as they took the bodies of the slain and cut them up for food!'' (Dispatches, p. 313.) We hope that these were not among the Christian converts.

that the Spaniards who had penetrated into the city were driven out of it, and took refuge in their own quarters. It was then that the appalling scene took place with which we shall close our extracts from Mr. Prescott:—

It was late in the afternoon when he reached them; but the sun was still lingering above the western hills, and poured his beams wide over the Valley, lighting up the old towers and temples of Tenochtitlan with a mellow radiance, that little harmonized with the dark scenes of strife in which the city had so lately been involved. The tranquillity of the hour, however, was on a sudden broken by the strange sounds of the great drum in the temple of the War-god, -sounds which recalled the noche triste, with all its terrible images, to the minds of the Spaniards, for that was the only occasion on which they had ever heard them. They intimated some solemn act of religion within the unhallowed precincts of the teocalli; and the soldiers, startled by the mournful vibrations, which might be heard for leagues across the Valley, turned their eyes to the quarter whence they proceeded. They there beheld a long procession winding up the huge sides of the pyramid; for the camp of Alvarado was pitched scarcely a mile from the city, and objects are distinctly visible, at a great distance, in the transparent atmosphere of the table-land.

'As the long file of priests and warriors reached the flat summit of the teocalli, the Spaniards saw the figures of several men stripped to their waists, some of whom, by the whiteness of their skins, they recognised as their own countrymen. They were the victims for sacrifice. Their heads were gaudily decorated with coronals of plumes, and they carried fans in their hands. They were urged along by blows, and compelled to take part in the dances in honour of the Aztec war-god. The unfortunate captives, then stripped of their sad finery, were stretched one after another, on the great stone of sacrifice. On its convex surface, their breasts were heaved up conveniently for the diabolical purpose of the priestly executioner, who cut asunder the ribs by a strong blow with his sharp razor of itztli, and thrusting his hand into the wound, tore away the heart, which, hot and reeking, was deposited on the golden censer before the idol. The body of the slaughtered victim was then hurled down the steep stairs of the pyramid, which, it may be remembered, were placed at the same angle of the pile, one flight below another; and the mutilated remains were gathered up by the savages beneath, who soon prepared with them the cannibal repast which completed the work of abomination.

'We may imagine with what sensations the stupefied Spaniards must have gazed on this horrid spectacle, so near that they could almost recognise the persons of their unfortunate friends, see the struggles and writhing of their bodies, hear—or fancy that they heard—their screams of agony; yet so far removed, that they could render them no assistance. Their limbs trembled beneath them, as they thought what might one day be their own fate; and the bravest among them, who had hitherto gone to battle as careless and light-hearted as to the banquet or the

ball-room.

ball-room, were unable, from this time forward, to encounter their ferocious enemy without a sickening feeling, much akin to fear, coming over them.'—vol. iii. pp. 135-137.

Cortés himself acknowledges the peril and the desperation of his troops. The following extract from the dispatches shows the extremity to which they were reduced:—

'God knows the dangers which they encountered in this expedition (against Mataleingo), and also to which we who remained behind were exposed; but as it was the best policy for us to exhibit greater courage and resolution than ever, and even to die in arms, we concealed our weakness as well from our allies as from the enemy; and often, very often have I heard the Spanish soldiers declare that they only wished it would please God to spare their lives, and make them conquerors of the city, although they should derive no interest nor advantage from it; from which it will be seen to what extremity we were reduced, and on what a slender chance we held our persons and lives.'—Dispatches, p. 304.

Whether their prayers were sincere or not, these were the only terms on which they at length obtained possession of the city. They were literally forced to burn as they went along. the buildings for splendour or for luxury, for the gorgeous pleasures of the king or the worship of the idols, went down one by one; and the line of the progress of the Spaniards was marked by the total demolition of the city. They won it, street by street, square by square, and as they won destroyed on either side. The palaces, the aviary, the gardens sunk in the flames, and by their rubbish formed an open and unexposed road for the conquerors, Even the stern heart of Cortés* was touched; he was moved, we may believe, with more generous feelings than the disappointment of his rapacity, as the Queen of the Valley, with all her wealth and splendour, gradually smouldered in ashes, or sunk into the lake. He was master of the beautiful site of Mexico, but Mexico had perished. The state of misery to which the few gallant survivors were reduced is strangely shown in their characteristic language to Cortés, when summoned to surrender :-

They said to me, that since they regarded me as the offspring of the sun, and the sun in so short a space of time as one day and one night revolved around the whole world, I ought therefore to dispatch them out of life in as brief a space as possible; and thus deliver them from their troubles:

^{*} Considering that the inhabitants of the city were rebels, and that they discovered so strong a determination to defend themselves or perish, I inferred two things; first, that we should recover little or nothing of the wealth of which they had deprived us! and second, that they had given us occasion and compelled us utlerly to exterminate them. On this last consideration I dwelt with most feeling, and it weighed heavily on my mind. After describing the more 'noble' and more 'gay and elegant' buildings, he adds, 'Although it grieved me much, yet as it grieved the enemy more, I determined to burn these palaces. —Dispatches, p. 280.

for they desired to go to heaven to their Orchilobus (qu.), who was waiting to receive them into a state of peaceful repose.'—Dispatches, p. 322.

They fought till they had no way to fight but over the bodies of the slain. The siege lasted for seventy-five days; of the amount of carnage, it is impossible to form any conjecture. Cortés on one occasion speaks of 12,000—in others of 50,000—killed in one conflict. And this warfare was carried on in the name and under the Cross of Christ!

De Solis, like a skilful dramatist, closes his book with the catastrophe of the capture of Guatemozin. Mr. Prescott carries us on through the shifting vicissitudes of the life of Cortés, his popularity in Spain, his favour at the court, his later disastrous adventures in other parts of the American continent. De Solis, no doubt, broke off where he did, not only to heighten the effect of his work, but lest he should be constrained to darken the brilliant panegyric of his hero Cortés, Cortés could restrain his soldiers during the war by his severe discipline; he could support their courage under reverses; but he wanted either the power or the will to restrain the excesses of their rapacity when conquerors. Nor was this in the heat and flush of victory. The foul stain on the Spanish character of Cortés, who, at least, did not set his face, as a flint, against such barbarity, was the treatment of the captive Guatemozin. The emperor, the gallant foe, was cruelly tortured, in order to make him reveal the hiding-place of imaginary treasures. And this was the man whose language Humboldt justly compares to the noblest passages in Greek or Roman story. 'When brought before Cortés on his first capture,' let Mr. Prescott tell the tale :-

'Cortés came forward with a dignified and studied courtesy to receive him. The Aztec monarch probably knew the person of his conqueror, for he first broke silence by saying: "I have done all that I could to defend myself and my people. I am now reduced to this state. You will deal with me, Malintzin, as you list." Then laying his hand on the hilt of a poniard, stuck in the general's belt, he added with vehemence, "Better dispatch me with this, and rid me of life at once." Cortés was filled with admiration at the proud bearing of the young barbarian, showing in his reverses a spirit worthy of an ancient Roman. "Fear not," he replied, "you shall be treated with all honour. You have defended your capital like a brave warrior. A Spaniard knows how to respect valour even in an enemy." "—vol. iii. pp. 182, 183.

A darker story is behind; at a later period Guatemozin, for what seems an imaginary, or at least unproved conspiracy, was actually

hanged by the command of Cortés.

Thus Mexico became a province of Spain, and a part of Christendom, with what results we can but briefly inquire. History seems to speak, significantly enough, as to the extent of advantage acquired

acquired by Spain from these conquests, purchased at the price of so much blood and crime. It is a whimsical notion of the author of the True-born Englishman,' that the Devil luckily enabled the Spaniards to discover South America, because the wealth of those provinces, in the hands of any but that proud nation, would have been fatal to the liberties of mankind: thus, by the way, representing the Devil as rather more favourable to the liberties of man than might be expected.

'The subtile Prince thought fittest to bestow
On them the golden mines of Mexico,
With all the silver mountains of Peru;
Wealth which would in wise hands the world undo.

For Mexico, we are not without our fears lest Mr. Prescott's glowing description of the reign of Prince Nezahualcoyotl might, under the older Spanish rule, have awakened some fond regret for the departure of his golden age; and in the present day might contrast not too favourably with the state of the Independent Republic. Mr. Stephens's lively account of his vain search for the government to which he was accredited,* and Madame Calderon de la Barca's very pleasing volumes, do not represent the social order or present condition of things in a very enviable light. We do not quite recollect how many revolutions Madame Calderon witnessed during a residence of a year and a quarter in the capital; not orderly and peaceful revolutions, but such changes as made the shots fly about in all directions, with little discrimination between friend and foe, native or stranger, peaceful inhabitant or exalted partizan. Nature alone in her prodigality is faithful to this There seems much which is amiable and hosfavoured region. pitable in the old Spanish society, and the Indians, though utterly sunk and degraded in their intellectual faculties, seem a gentle race. Yet where God has made such a paradise, we cannot but wish that man were better disposed to cultivate and adorn it. What were a golden age without its peace and happiness?

Christianity here began to add a new world to her conquests. Yet as we cannot but lament that it was not propagated by other means, and presented in a purer form, and has not produced more of its blessed results, it is but just, it is absolutely incumbent upon us to call to mind the hideous and bloody superstition which it erased from the land. The first conversions to Christianity, it must be acknowledged, were rather summary and expeditious. Even during the conquest, many of the greater caciques in Tlascala, in Tezcuco, and among the other allies, received baptism. Con-

^{*}We have seen some specimens of engravings from Mr. Catherwood's drawinge, illustrative of Mr. Stephens's work, on a much larger scale, and giving therefore a much better notion of the extraordinary ruins in Mexico and Yucatan. The whole series promises to be of great interest and importance.

sidering that good father Olmedo was altogether ignorant of the language; that all the work of interpretation in the religious as well as the civil intercourse was carried on by Aguilar and Donna Marina, with the assistance, at last, of Orteguilla, a young page of Cortés', who acquired some knowledge of the language, the preparatory instruction must have been tolerably compendious. But there was one unanswerable argument: the God of the conqueror-(we fear that we must write, considering the share that the Virgin and the Saints took in the conquest)—the Gods of the white men were the strongest; and if the deities of the Indians allowed themselves to be tumbled headlong from their pedestals, it was a sure sign that their reign was over, and a full justification for the desertion of their altars. It would have been vain, perhaps, to have offered to such converts a more pure and spiritual Christianity. There is, however, an exceedingly curious passage in the dispatches of Cortés, relating to the propagation of Christianity, both as characteristic of the conqueror, and as a remarkable testimony to the sentiments of men like Cortés, on the overgrown pride, wealth, and power of the church in Spain. Cortés strongly urges on his master to keep the tenths in the hands of the government; to prosecute the conversion of the natives by the regular clergy, the monks and friars of the different orders, who should reside in their own monastic communities:-

For if bishops and other prelates are sent, they will follow the custom practised by them for our sins at the present day, by disposing of the estates of the church, and expending them in pageants and other foolish matters, and bestowing rights of inheritance on their sons or relatives. A still greater evil would result from this state of things: the natives of this country formerly had their priests, who were engaged in conducting the rites and ceremonies of their religion; and so strict were they in the practice of honesty and chastity, that any deviation therefrom was punished with death; now, if they saw the affairs of the church and what related to the service of God were entrusted to canons and other dignitaries, and if they understood that these were the ministers of God, whom they beheld indulging in vicious habits and profaneness, as is the case in these days in Spain, it would lead them to undervalue our faith and treat it with derision, and all the preaching in the world would not be able to counteract the mischief arising from this source.'-Dispatches, p. 426.

The blind and obstinate hostility of Fonseca, bishop of Burgos, may no doubt have rankled in the mind of Cortés, and made him look upon the higher churchmen with darkening prejudice; but Charles V. must have been astonished at receiving from the New World language so strangely in accordance with the loud cry for the reformation of the church in Germany and throughout Europe. So far Cortés and Luther might seem embarked in one cause; yet, as his precautionary advice was not followed, so we trust his

vaticinations

vaticinations were at least not completely fulfilled. If there was more than one Las Casas, such prelates might redeem their order, and propagate Christianity in the hearts of the Indians by the stronger persuasion of veneration and love.

But we must not pursue this subject. We conclude with expressing our satisfaction that Mr. Prescott has given us an opportunity at this time of showing our deep sympathy, the sympathy of kindred and of blood, with Americans who, like himself, do honour to our common literature. Mr. Prescott may take his place among the really good English writers of history in modern times; and will be received, we are persuaded, into that small community, with every feeling of friendly and fraternal respect.

ART. IX.—1. Notice Historique et Physiologique sur le Supplice de la Guillotine. Par G. D. F. [i.e. Guyot de Fère.] pp. 16. Paris. 1830.

 Recherches Historiques et Physiologiques sur la Guillotine; et détails sur Sanson, ouvrage rédigé sur pièces officielles. Par M. Louis du Bois, Ancien Bibliothécaire de l'École centrale de l'Orne. pp. 35. Paris. 1843.

THE whole French Revolution, from the taking of the Bastile to the overthrow of the Empire, was in fact one long Reign of Terror. The summary vengeance of the lanterne in the earlier years—the systematised murders of the guillotine under the Convention—the arbitrary exile to pestilential climates, under the Directory—and the tortures of the dungeon and the military executions under Buonaparte—all tended, in their way and for their time, to the creation and maintenance of that grand imposture—of which, although the events and their consequences were but too real, all the motives and pretences were the falsest and most delusive that ever audacity forged, credulity believed, or cowardice obeyed. Nor have the effects of this protracted system of terror yet passed away; it poisoned in its passage the very sources of history, and has left posterity, in many respects, under the same delusions that it imposed on its contemporaries.

The subserviency of the press to the dominant tyranny of the day was so general and so complete as to be now nearly incredible; those who look to the files of newspapers for information will find nothing but what, under the overwhelming terror of the moment, the ruling faction might choose to dictate to the trembling journalists:* and it is additionally important to observe,

The press was free during the earlier days of the Directory, but on the 18th Fractidor, forty-two journals were violently suppressed, their proprietors and editors were all

that as it is the nature and instinct of fear to disguise and conceal itself, so, during the whole of this diversified yet unbroken reign of terror, there is nothing which all parties, both the terrorists and terrified, were so anxious to hide as the omnipotent influence under which they all acted. When we, on a former occasion, noticed this memorable fact (and we have good reason to say that it cannot be too often repeated), we gave a striking example of that palsy of the press. It is the fashion to call the Moniteur the best history of the Revolution, and its pages are universally appealed to as indisputable authority; but the Moniteur itself is a most imperfect chronicle, and, even before it became the official paper, never ventured to say a syllable not actually inserted, or at least sanctioned, by the predominant factions. For instance, on the 22nd of January, 1793, the day after the king's murder—a somewhat remarkable event, not unworthy, we should have supposed, a paragraph in a newspaper—the Moniteur does not so much as allude to it; and ekes out its meagre column of Parisian intelligence by a poor critique on 'Amboise-opéra comique!' And again: the assassination of Marat, which took place on the 13th July, 1793, is not mentioned till the 15th, and then only incidentally, in the report of the debates of the Convention; and the trial of Charlotte Corday, which took place on the 17th, was not reported in any of the journals till the 23rd, nor in the Moniteur till the 29th, and then only half was given; it was not concluded till the 30th, though the execution had taken place on the evening of the trial, almost a fortnight before. We could produce hundreds of similar instances; and, in fact, the Moniteur is, during the days of the National Assemblies and the Convention, of very little value, except as a convenient summary of the debates, and even as to them it is not always trustworthy,*-witness the following passage of a letter addressed by the editor of the day to Robespierre, soliciting a share of the secret service fund, and found amongst his papers:-

'You must have remarked that the Moniteur reports the speeches of the Mountain at greater length than the rest. I gave but a very slight sketch of Louvet's first accusation against you, while I gave your answer at full length. I reported the speeches for the king's death almost entire; and I only gave some extracts of those on the other side—just as much as was absolutely necessary to show some appearance of impartiality, &c.

'Grandville.'

⁻ii. Pap. de Robespierre, p. 131.

all transported, and their properties confiscated. From that till the Restoration there was no more liberty of the press in Paris than in Constantinople.

* It is but justice to add, that the Moniteur, though thus trammelled by tem-

^{*} It is but justice to add, that the Moniteur, though thus trammelled by temporary influences, always preserved, in what it was allowed to say, a creditable degree of moderation and tact.

And, to give the finishing touch to this remarkable instance of fraud and deception, we have to add that the Committee of the Convention, to whom the examination of Robespierre's papers was referred, suppressed in their report these venal passages, which were only discovered when, after the Restoration, the

original paper was found.

These considerations have been recalled to our minds by the strange obscurity in which, when we happened to look into the matter, we found the early history of the Guillotine involved. We had searched through the Moniteur and the other leading journals of the time-through the reports of the proceedings of the legislative assemblies—through the Bulletin des Tribunaux the Bulletin des Loix, and in short wherever we thought the information most likely to be found, as to when and where this formidable engine made its first appearance, by what law it was sanctioned, and who were the earliest of that innumerable series of victims that perished by it. Little or nothing was to be found; and it was not till a very recent date (1835) that some documents were discovered in the archives of the Hôtel de Ville, and published in the 'Revue Retrospective' (No. 1, Ser. 2), which threw some, though by no means a full, light on this terrible but interesting subject. The recent pamphlet of M. Du Bois is the only publication, that we know of, that gives any thing like a history of the introduction of this machine into modern Revolutionary practice, and even M. Du Bois' account is still very unsatisfactory—though we are thankful to him for having thrown any light on a subject so obscure and forgotten and yet so worthy, we think, of being accurately known and deeply considered.

It seems unaccountable that the introduction of so very remarkable a change in the mode of execution should not have been a subject of general curiosity, and discussion, but is it not still more strange that persons, calling themselves historians, whose attention might have been excited not merely by the novelty of the machine, but by the moral and legal questions which led to the invention, and by the terrible, the gigantic consequences which followed its adoption, take little or no notice of it? M. Thiers, for instance, mentions cursorily the death of the first and second political victims of the Revolutionary Tribunal. Lacretelle, in a little more detail, names the second and third; Mignet merely says, 'some persons were condemned;' and they all, in the course of their narrations, report the death of the King; but in none of the cases do they allude to any machine, nor employ any phrase that would not apply to an ordinary decapitation by the stroke of the headsman. It may be said, in explanation of their silence—and there is doubtless some truth in the observation—

that the French writers have been naturally reluctant to enter into details so disgraceful to the national character, and have therefore abstained, through patriotism—as the Romans used to do through superstition-from uttering the ill omened word. But we regret to say that Mr. Alison, in copying too implicitly his French models, has fallen into their error, without their patriotic excuse. Of the first victims of the Tribunal and the Guillotine he only says, in the very words of Mignet, 'several persons were condemned;' he does not even say executedstill less does he give any idea that they died in an unusual way; and even the King's execution is described by the words, ' the descending axe terminated his existence;' which—there having been no preceding allusion to any machine - would have equally described that of Charles I. If there had been no other reason, one would have expected that the greatness of this last event would have attracted some notice to the novelty of the means; but there was another, and even more important, reason,-namely, that the form of the machine influenced some circumstances of the fatal scene, for the attempt of the executioners to bind the king to the balance-plank (bascule) was the occasion of a kind of struggle between him and them, which has often been misrepresented, and was the cause that the execution was performed (as has been said) with more than usual mutilation. In short, those who are hereafter to learn the French Revolution from what are called Histories* will see it very much curtailed of many of its more terrible, yet most interesting features, and especially of the most prominent of them all-the Guillotine.

We shall endeavour, as far as our limited space and inadequate means will allow, to do something-however little it may

be-to supply this general deficiency.

The Guillotine was not originally designed with any view to what turned out to be its most important characteristic-the great numbers of victims that it could dispose of in a short space of time: it is curious, and ought to be to theorists an instructive lesson, that this bloody implement was at first proposed on a combined principle of justice and mercy.

It seems almost too ludicrous for belief, but it is strictly true, that, amongst the privileges of the old Noblesse of France which the philosophers taught the people to complain of, was the mode of being put to death-why should a noble be only beheaded when a commoner would be hanged? Shakspeare, who penetrated every

^{*} Nor is this neglect to be objected to the historians alone. In Dr. Rees's great Encyclopedia (ed. 1819), neither the man Guillotin, nor the instrument guillotine, is to be found. The 'Penny Cyclopedia' gives a very good account of the instrument.

crevice of human feeling, makes the gravedigger in Hamlet open a grievance on which the French philosophers improved-'the more pity that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian.' Why, the Philosophes asked, should the Noblesse 'have countenance' to die otherwise than the Tiers Etat? There was also another liberal opinion then affoat on the public mind-that the prejudice which visited on the innocent family of a criminal some posthumous portion of his disgrace was highly unjust and contrary to the rights of man.* Now there happened to be at this time in Paris a physician, one Dr. Guillotin, who professed probably sincerely, but somewhat ostentatiously, what it was the fashion to call philanthropy; and just before the election of the States-General he published one or two pamphlets in favour of the Tiers Etat-liberal and philosophic as he no doubt considered them, but seditious in the eyes of the Parliament of Paris, which made some show of prosecuting the author: this was enough in those days to establish any man's popularity, and Guillotin, though a person, as it turned out, of very moderate ability, was so recommended by his popular pamphlets and by the censure of the Parliament, that he was elected as one of the representatives of Paris to the National Assembly.

We abstract from a work published in the height of republican enthusiasm (1796), and certainly with no bias against the Revolution or its founders, the following account of Dr. Guil-

lotin :-

'By what accident has a man without either talents or reputation obtained for his name a frightful immortality? He fathered a work really written by a lawyer—Hardouin—who had too much character to produce it in his own name; and this work having been censured by the Parliament, Guillotin, who assumed the responsibility of it, became the man of the day, and owed to it that gleam of reputation which ensured his election to the States-General. He was in truth a nobody, who made himself a busybody—and by meddling with everything, à tort et à travers, was at once mischievous and ridiculous.'—Portraits des Personnes Célèbres, 1796.

He made several small attempts at senatorial notoriety by proposing reforms in matters of health and morals, on which he might be supposed to have some kind of professional authority, and amongst others he took up the question of capital punishment—first, with the moral but visionary object of putting down by law the popular prejudice against the families of criminals; secondly, on the political ground that punishments should be equalised; and thirdly, he contended that hanging was a lingering

As early as 1784 this question was proposed by the Society of Arts at Mets, as the subject of a prize Essay, and it is as a competitor for this prize that we first hear of Robespierre. See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. liv. p. 326.

and therefore cruel punishment, while death by decapitation must be immediate.

Small circumstances mix themselves with great results. On the 9th of October, 1789, the National Assembly, in consequence of the tragic exodus of the Court from Versailles, resolved to transfer itself to Paris, and Dr. Guillotin being one of the representatives of that city, thought it expedient to prepare for himself a good reception from his constituents, and on that very day he gave notice of, and on the next-the 10th-produced the following series of propositions:-

'I. Crimes of the same kind shall be punished by the same kind of

punishment, whatever be the rank of the criminal.

'II. In all cases (whatever be the crime) of capital punishment, it shall be of the same kind—that is, beheading—and it shall be executed by means of a machine [l'effet d'un simple méchanisme].

'III. Crime being personal, the punishment, whatever it may be, of

a criminal shall inflict no disgrace on his family.

'IV. No one shall be allowed to reproach any citizen with the punishment of one of his relations. He that shall dare to do so shall be reprimanded by the Judge, and this reprimand shall be posted up at the door of the delinquent; and moreover shall be posted against the pillory for three months.

'V. The property of a convict shall never nor in any case be con-

'VI. The bodies of executed criminals shall be delivered to their families if they demand it. In all cases the body shall be buried in the usual manner, and the registry shall contain no mention of the nature of the death.'

These propositions—at best unseasonable—were adjourned, as it seems, without a debate; but on the 1st of December the Doctor brought them forward again-preceding his motion by reading a long and detailed report in their favour, to which-unluckily for the history of the guillotine—the Assembly did not pay the usual compliment of printing it, and no copy was found amongst Guillotin's papers. The account of the debate in the journals is peculiarly meagre, but we gather from them and other quarters

some curious circumstances.

The first proposition was voted with little or no opposition. On the second a discussion arose, and the Abbé Maury, with prophetic sagacity, objected to the adoption of decapitation as a general punishment, 'because it might tend to deprave the people by familiarising them with the sight of blood; but Maury's objection seems to have made no great impression at a time when no one-not even the wise and eloquent Abbé himself-could have foreseen such a prodigality of legal murders—such a deluge of blood as afterwards afforded so practical and so frightful a corroboration of his theoretical suggestion.

Another

Another remarkable circumstance in this * debate was, that the Count de Clermont Tonnère, one of the ablest and most amiable members of the Assembly, but who, like so many other well-meaning persons, was at the outset a dupe to that giddy mania of innovation and that wild pursuit of abstract plausibilities which blasted the first fair promises of the young Revolution—M. de Clermont Tonnère, we say, took occasion, on the topic of the injustice of the prejudices which attached to the families of criminals, to invoke the sympathy of the Assembly for two other classes of persons who were still injuriously affected by the same kind of prejudice—he meant Actors and Executioners! If satire had been devising how to ridicule these philosophical legislators, it could scarcely have hit on anything better than an attempt to class Actors and Executioners in the same category, and to extirpate such prejudices by statute law.

It is but justice to M. de Clermont Tonnère to say that he saw very soon, though still too late, the danger of the many liberal and silly impulses to which he had at first given way, and endeavoured, but in vain, to stay the plague which he unintentionally had helped to propagate; by the recovery of his good sense he lost his popularity, and was massacred on the evening of the 10th of August in a garret where he had taken refuge, by the people whose idol he had been as long as he advocated the dignity of players and the

sensibilities of the hangman.

But the debate was brought to a sudden conclusion on that day by an unlucky inadvertence of Guillotin himself; who answering some objections to the 2nd Article, and having represented hanging as evidently a tedious and torturing process, exclaimed, in a tone of triumph: 'Now, with my machine, I strike you off your head [je vous fais sauter la tête] in the twinkling of an eye and you never feel it.' 'Solvuntur risu tabulæ'—a laugh terminated the debate—and amongst the laughers there were scores who were destined to be early victims of the yet unborn cause of their merriment.

Though Dr. Guillotin had talked so peremptorily and indiscreetly about 'his machine,' it does not appear that he had as yet prepared even a model, and it is nearly certain that he had no concern in the actual construction of the instrument that was eventually—three years later—adopted; but to which, while yet in embryo, this unlucky burst of surgical enthusiasm was the

^{*} So at least says M. Guyot de Fère; but, unless M. de Clermont Tonnère made these observations twice over, we should rather suppose that M. Guyot has mistaken the date, as M. de Clermont did certainly make observations of the same kind three weeks later (23rd December) in another discussion, where they were—though still absurd enough—not out of place, as the question then was the general right of citizenship.

occasion of affixing his name. It happened thus:-The celebrated Royalist Journal, Les Actes des Apôtres, conducted with great zeal and considerable wit by Peltier (afterwards so well known in London), assisted by Rivarol and others, seized on this phrase of Guillotin's as the subject of a song-which, as being the real baptism of the future instrument, is worth quoting :-

'Sur l'inimitable Machine du Médecin Guillotin, propre à couper les têtes, et dite de son nom GUILLOTINE.

> Guillotin, Médecin, Politique, Imagine, un beau matin, Que pendre est inhumain Et peu patriotique; Aussitôt Il lui fait Une supplice Qui sans corde ni poteau,

Supprime du bourreau L'office.

Le Romain Guillotin, Qui s'apprête, Consulte gens du métier— Barnave et Chapelier, Même Coupe-tête ;-Et sa main Fait soudain La machine, Qui 'simplement' nous tuera, Et que l'on nommera GUILLOTINE!

It is singular enough that this song should have given its immortal name to the instrument three years before it actually existed; but it is also remarkable in another way- Barnave and Chapelier' were two of the most violent democratic members of the National Assembly, and had been guilty of some indiscreet (to say the least of it) encouragement to the early massacres; Coupe-tête was one Jourdain (afterwards more widely celebrated for his share in the massacres of Avignon), who derived his title of Coupe-tête from having cut off the heads of the two Gardes du Corps, Messrs. Des Huttes and Varicourt,* who were murdered in the palace of Versailles on the 6th of October.

^{*} Those heads on poles preceded the march of Lafayette and his army dragging the unhappy king and queen captives into Paris—the procession halting at Sevres, while the village confeur (who died of horror some hours after) was compelled to dress and powder these ghastly heads, which the massacreurs thought ought not to enter the victorious capital in the mere dishabille of death. M. Thiers, in his History, does not directly mention the massacre of these gallant youths, and only alludes to it in a subsequent note on Lafayette, who, he says, ordered 'two of the mob who carried on poles the heads of two of the Gardes du Corps,' to be disarmed—but where or how these Gardes du Corps had been killed, or who they were, not a word!—and then in a subsequent passage, also dedicated to the glorification of Lafayette, this historian has the astonishing effrontery to assert that Lafayette (who had been most justly accused of having gone to bed, leaving the royal family and the other inhabitants of the palace in the most imminent danger) 'arrived at the very first alarm, and in time to save the Gardes du Corps, whom the people were about to massacre'—which would lead an uninformed reader to suppose that none had been massacred—though two, in fact, were murdered on the spot, and two or three others were left for dead. The fact is that with regard to these transactions of the 5th and 6th of October, nothing could equal the pusillanimity, negligence, or treachery of Lafayette, but the lame, shuffling, and * Those heads on poles preceded the march of Lafayette and his army dragging the pusillanimity, negligence, or treachery of Lafayette, but the lame, shuffling, and equivocating (we can use no softer word, and might use a stronger and a truer) apology of M. Thiers.

But—O, divine Justice!—these very patrons of massacre—Barnave, and Chapelier, and Coupe-tête—were themselves all massacred by the guilloine: Barnave, a deep and interesting penitent, on the 29th of November, 1793; Chapelier, 17th of April, 1794; and Jourdain, covered with the blood of human hecatombs, 27th May, 1794.

The name, however, of Guillotine, thus given in derision and by anticipation, stuch, as the phrase is, in spite of a momentary attempt to call it the Louison after M. Louis, the secretary of the College of Surgeons, who did actually preside over the construction of the machine which Guillotin had only indicated. But it was at first chiefly used as a term of reproach and ridicule, and we read in the Moniteur, of the 18th of Dec., 1789, some 'Observations on the motion of Dr. Guillotin for the adoption of a machine which should behead animals in the twinkling of an eye, censuring the 'levity with which some periodical papers have made trivial and indecent remarks,' &c., alluding, no doubt, to the song of the Actes des Apôtres, which had a great vogue; but these 'Observations' afford no details as to any machine.

The subsequent proceedings on Guillotin's propositions are involved in some obscurity. In the reports of the debates it is stated that the discussion, interrupted on the 1st of December, was adjourned to the following day; but on that day we find no mention of it, and it is stated by Guyot (p. 6) that the debate was resumed on the 27th of December; but we believe that all that Guyot says of this debate of the 27th of December is a confusion of three debates: the one of the 1st of December, which we have just mentioned; another on the 23rd, in which M. de Clermont Tonnère made his foolish speech about actors and executioners; and a third on the 21st January, 1790, at which we shall soon arrive. The National Assembly seems to have been reluctant to renew the discussion on Guillotin's propositions, but a case which arose about the middle of January, 1790, proves that although Guillotin and his machine found little favour in the Assembly, the proposition which he and M. de Clermont had advocated, of removing from a criminal's family any share in his disgrace-false in principle, and impossible in fact—had made, as such plausibilities generally do when the public mind is excited, a great popular impression. The case, very characteristic in all its circumstances, was this.

There were three brothers of a respectable family in Paris of the name of Agasse, the two eldest of whom, printers and proprietors of the *Moniteur*, were convicted for forgery of bank notes, and sentenced to be hanged. This condemnation excited—from the youth and antecedent respectability of the parties

-great public interest. It might be naturally expected that this sympathy would have exerted itself in trying to procure a pardon, or at least some commutation of punishment, for these young men, whose crime was really nothing compared with those of which Paris was the daily and hourly scene; but no! There seems, on the contrary, to have been a pretty general desire that they should suffer the full sentence of the law, in order that the National Assembly and the good people of Paris might have a practical opportunity of carrying out the new principle that the crime does not disgrace the family. In the evening sitting of the 21st January (a remarkable date!), an Abbé Pepin mounted hastily the tribune of the National Assembly, recalled to its attention Guillotin's propositions, which had been, he said, too long neglected, and stated that a case had now occurred which required the instant passing of the three articles which related to the abolition of the prejudice and of confiscation of property, and to the restoring the body to the family. That most foolish of the National Assemblies loved to act by impulses, and the three articles were enthusiastically passed for the avowed purpose of being applied to the individual case—as they, in fact, were in the following extraordinary manner: - Three days after the passing of the decree, the battalion of National Guards of the district of St. Honoré, where the Agasses resided, assembled in grand parade; they voted an address to M. Agasse, the uncle of the criminals, first, to condole with his affliction, and secondly, to announce their adoption of the whole surviving family as friends and brothers; and as a first step they elected the young brother and younger cousin of the culprits to be lieutenants of the Grenadier company of the battalion, and then, the battalion being drawn up in front of the Louvre, these young men were marched forth, and complimented on their new rank by M. de la Fayette, the Commander-in-Chief, accompanied by a numerous staff. Nor was this all: a deputation of the battalion were formally introduced into the National Assembly, and were harangued and complimented by the President on this touching occasion. They were afterwards entertained at a banquet, at which La Fayette—then in more than royal power and glory—placed them at his sides, and frequently embraced them. They were also led in procession to St. Eustache and other churches, and paraded, with every kind of ostentation, to the public gaze. A public dinner of six hundred National Guards was got up in their honour; numerous patriotic and philanthropic toasts were drunk, and then, in an 'ivresse,' not altogether of wine, the newspapers tell us, but of patriotism and joy, the two youths were marched back through half Paris preceded by a band

of music, to the house of the uncle, where the whole family, old and young, male and female, came forth into the street to receive the congratulations of the tipsy crowd. Can we imagine any greater cruelty than the making a *show* of the grief of these unhappy people, and thus forcing them to celebrate, as it were,—in the incongruous novelties of gold lace and military promotion, and public exhibitions,—the violent death of their nearest and dearest relations?

While these tragical farces were playing, the poor culprits, who did not at all partake of the kind of enthusiasm their case excited, were endeavouring to escape from the painful honour of having this great moral experiment made in their persons; but in vain; their appeals were rejected, and at length they were, on the 8th of February, led forth to execution in a kind of triumph—of which it was remarked that they felt nothing but the aggravation of their own personal misery, and were hanged with as much tenderness as old Izaak hooked his worm; and, that preliminary process being over, the bodies were delivered with a vast parade of reverence and delicacy to the family. The surviving brother was confirmed in the lucrative property of the 'Moniteur,' which he enjoyed throughout the Revolution, as his widow did after . him, under the title of 'Madame Veuve Agasse,' and as we believe her representative does to this hour; and in the great work of Aubert, printed by Didot, called 'Tableaux Historiques de la Révolution,' there is a plate of the two Agasses going to be hanged, as if it had been a matter of the same historical importance as the Serment du Jeu de Paume, or the Execution of the King. We hardly know a stronger instance of the characteristic perversity with which the Revolution, in all its transactions, contrived to transmute the abstract feelings of mercy and benevolence into practical absurdity, mischief, and cruelty.

But all this cruel foolery made no difference in the mode of execution; and indeed it was not yet decided that the punishment of death, in any shape, should be maintained in the new constitution. That great question was debated on the 30th of May, 1791—the committee on the Constitution, to whom the question had been referred, proposed the abolition, which, however, after a warm discussion, was negatived, and capital punishment retained. This discussion was remarkable in several ways. Those, the friends of good order, who voted for the maintenance of capital punishments, were the first and greatest sufferers by it; while by those who opposed it on pretended principles of humanity it was very soon perverted to the purposes of the most monstrous and bloody tyranny that the world has yet seen. The chairman of the committee, who warmly advocated their views and his own for the

abolition, was Le Pelletier de St. Fargeau, an ex-president of the Parliament of Paris, and at the outset of the States-General a Royalist, but who, either from terror or a desire of popularity, soon became a Jacobin. This strenuous advocate for the abolition of the punishment of death in any case, voted for the murder of the King, and was himself on the same day assassinated by one Pâris, an ex-Garde du Corps, in a café of the Palais Royal; + but a still more remarkable circumstance was, that the member who distinguished himself by the most zealous, argumentative, and feeling protest against the shedding of human blood in any possible case or under any pretext whatsoever-was that philanthropic Gentleman, Monsieur DE ROBESPIERRE!

The fundamental question being thus decided for the retention of capital punishment, the mode of execution came next into discussion, and on the 3rd of June, 1791, the following article was proposed :-

' Every criminal condemned to death shall be beheaded [aura la tête tranchée].

In the debate on this question there were also some noticeable circumstances. A M. La Chèze reproduced, rather more diffusely, the Abbé Maury's original objection to familiarising the people to the sight of blood; and it seemed now to produce more impression than it had formerly done. Two years of bloody anarchy had, we presume, a little sobered all minds capable of sobriety; but the Duke de Liancourt, a distinguished professor of philanthropy, employed the recent murders as an argument in favour of the new proposition :-

'There was one consideration,' he said, 'which ought to incline the Assembly to adopt the proposal for beheading—the necessity of effacing from the social system all traces of a punishment [hanging] which has lately been so irregularly applied, and which has, during the course of the Revolution, so unfortunately lent itself to popular vengeance.'

Irregularly applied! What a designation of a series of most atrocious murders! But the ultra-liberal Duke had soon to learn that these irregular applications of popular vengeance were not to

^{* &#}x27;Homme faible et riche, qui s'était donné à la Montagne par peur l'—Mémoires de Madame Roland, vol. ii. p. 296.
† The name of the coffee-house keeper was Fevrier, and it shows the temper of the times that at this moment of complicated horrors the public was amused with the following burlesque epitaph on Le Pelletier :-

^{&#}x27;Ci-gît Le Pelletier, Assassiné en janvier Chez Fevrier, A Paris, Par Paris.'

Madame Roland certainly suspected that he was not murdered by Paris, but by his own party, to increase the exasperation of the public mind, and ensure the execution of the King.—Mémoires de Madame Roland, ubi supra,

be controlled by fine-spun theories. He too was pursued, after the 10th of August, by the fury of a blood-thirsty populace; but more fortunate, though not more deserving to be so, than M. de Clermont Tonnère, he escaped from their hands, and passed over into England.*

The article, however, notwithstanding M. de Liancourt's humane argument in its favour, was not passed without some dif-

ficulty, and only after two doubtful trials.

Still, however, this was a mere vote without any immediate legal effect till the whole constitution should be ratified; nor, be it observed, was anything said—either in the discussions or in the decrees—about a machine; and indeed it seems certain, from documents which we shall quote presently, that it was not yet decided that a machine should be employed at all, and that, on the contrary, the use of the sword (not even the axe and block) was still uppermost in men's minds.

At length, however, on the 21st of September, 1791, the new penal code was adopted; and on the 6th of October became, and still continues to be, the law of France. Its 2nd and 3rd articles,

tit. 1, are as follow :-

'II. The punishment of death shall consist in the mere privation of life, and no kind of torture shall be ever inflicted on the condemned.

'III. Every person condemned [to a capital punishment] shall be beheaded.'

During all these legislative discussions the old practice of hanging seems to have been going on—sometimes, as M. de Liancourt said, 'irregularly applied' under the popular maxim of 'Les aristocrates à la lanterne,'—sometimes also in the regular course of justice; but this last decree now put an end to that practice,

without having substituted any other.

At length, however, on the 24th of January, 1792, a person of the name of Nicholas Jacques Pelletier was condemned to death by the second provisional criminal tribunal of Paris, for a street robbery, accompanied by violence.† This event (decapitation being now the only legal punishment) brought the question of the mode of death to a practical crisis. The magistrates in-

* He survived the Revolution, and was one of the first who hurried over to Dover to kiss the hands of Louis XVIII., who, however, had not forgotten, and never forgave, his early share in the Revolution, though his Majesty had himself some peccadillos of

the same class to answer for.

[†] So says M. Du Bois; but we find the judge himself states that the criminal—whom, however, he does not name—was convicted of an assassination. We have allowed Du Bois's description to stand, because he gives the man's name, and the particulars of his crime, and his account is corroborated by other evidence; it is likely that the crime was robbery, followed by assassination: it is, however, to be observed that the term 'assassination' is sometimes used in France for violence short of actual murder.

quired of the Minister how the sentence was to be executed; and, after the delay of a month, the Minister himself and the Directory of the Department of Paris were obliged to have recourse to the Legislative Assembly for instructions. The letter of the Minister — Duport du Tertre — is remarkable for the reluctance with which he enters on the subject and the deep and almost prophetic horror he expresses at having had to examine its odious details. 'It was,' he said, 'a kind of execution [espèce de supplice] to which he had felt himself condemned.' Alas! it was but an anticipation of a fatal reality. On the 28th of November, 1793, he himself was condemned by the revolutionary tribunal, and suffered on the 29th, by the machine first used under his involuntary auspices, and in company with that same Barnave, the first and most prominent patron of revolutionary bloodshedding!

The concluding part of Duport's letter will show that at this date there was not only no adoption of, but only a very slight allusion to, a machine. The idea, afterwards so familiar, seems to have made its way very slowly; and all parties appear to have understood that the decapitation intended by the law was that which had been the usage in France—by the sword. Duport states:—

' 3rd March, 1792.

'It appears from the communications made to me by the executioners themselves, that, without some precautions of the nature of those which attracted for a moment the attention of the Constituent Assembly, the act of decollation will be horrible to the spectators. It will either prove the spectators to be monsters if they are able to bear such a spectacle; or the executioner, terrified himself, will be exposed to the fury of the people, whose very humanity may exasperate them, however cruelly and unjustly, against the executioner.

'I must solicit, from the National Assembly, an immediate decision; for a case at the moment presses for execution, which, however, is suspended by the humanity of the judges and the fright [l'effroi] of the

executioner.'

The representation of the Département is to the same effect, but makes no allusion whatever to mechanism:—

'The executioner represents to us that he fears he cannot fulfil the intentions of the law, which is, that the criminal shall suffer nothing beyond the simple privation of life. The executioner fears that from want of experience he may make decollation a frightful torture, and we entertain the same apprehensions.'

These letters, we see, refer to the opinion of the Executioner himself; and as that opinion has been preserved, our readers will not, we think, be sorry to see, as a literary curiosity, an essay by such a hand on such a subject.

' Memorandum

Memorandum of Observations on the Execution of Criminals by Beheading; with the nature of the various objections which it presents, and to which it is really liable—

'That is to say :-

'In order that the execution may be performed according to the intention of law [simple privation of life], it is necessary that, even without any obstacle on the part of the criminal, the executioner himself should be very expert, and the criminal very firm, without which one could never get through an execution by the sword without the cer-

tainty of dangerous accidents.

'After one execution, the sword will be no longer in a condition to perform another: being liable to get notched, it is absolutely necessary, if there are many persons to execute at the same time, that it should be ground and sharpened anew. It would be necessary then to have a sufficient number of swords all ready. That would lead to great and almost insurmountable difficulties.

' It is also to be remarked that swords have been very often broken

in executions of this kind.

'The executioner of Paris possesses only two, which were given him by the ci-devant Parliament of Paris. They cost 600 livres [24l.] a-

piece.

'It is to be considered that when there shall be several criminals to execute at the same time, the terror that such an execution presents, by the immensity of blood which it produces and which is scattered all about, will carry fright and weakness into the most intrepid hearts of those whose turn is to come. Such weaknesses would present an invincible obstacle to the execution. The patient being no longer able to support himself, the execution, if persisted in, will become a struggle and a massacre.

*Even in executions of another class [hanging], which do not need anything like the precision that this kind requires, we have seen criminals grow sick at the sight of the execution of their companions—at least they are liable to that weakness: all that is against beheading with the sword. In fact who could bear the sight of so bloody an execution without feeling and showing some such weakness?

In the other kind of execution it is easy to conceal those weaknesses from the public, because, in order to complete the operation, there is no necessity that the patient should continue firm and without fear—but

in this if the criminal falters the execution must fail also.

'How can the executioner have the necessary power over a man who

will not or cannot keep himself in a convenient posture?

'It seems, however, that the National Assembly only devised this species of execution for the purpose of preventing the length to which executions in the old way were protracted.

'It is in furtherance of their humane views that I have the honour of giving this forewarning of the many accidents that these executions

may produce if attempted by the sword.

'It is therefore indispensable that in order to fulfil the humane intentions tions of the National Assembly, some means should be found to avoid delays and assure certainty, by fixing the patient so that the success of the operation shall not be doubtful.

By this the intention of the legislature will be fulfilled, and the executioner himself protected from any accidental effervescence of the

public.'- Du Bois, Appendix.

We think our readers will be surprised at the good sense and decency of M. Sanson's* observations on a very delicate subject, and they will have noticed the gentle hint that he gives that the National Assembly had legislated on a matter they did not understand, and passed a law that would have defeated its own object; but what is most strange is that here is-not only no mention of the machine which had made so much noise three

* They will, however, be the less surprised at M. Sanson's style and observations when they learn the following particulars of him and his family. It appears that when the Revolution had swept away every other trace of feudality M. Sanson was a gentleman of respectable genealogy, exercising a hereditary office derived from the ancestors of the monarch whose head fell by his (we believe) reluctant band.

1. Charles Sanson, a native of Abbeville, and a relation of the great geographer of that name, being in 1675 lieutenant in a regiment garrisoned at Dieppe, married the daughter of the Executioner of Normandy. In 1684, Carlier, the Executioner of Paris, being dismissed, Charles Sanson was appointed in his room. He died in 1695, and was

succeeded by his son-

2. Charles Sanson, who died 12th September, 1726, having only the month previous

resigned in favour of his son-

3. Charles John Baptiste Sanson, who was appointed by letters patent, dated the 12th September, 'Exécuteur des arrêts et sentences criminelles de la ville, prévôté, et vicomté de Paris, but, being very young, he was authorised to exercise his office by deputy; the Parliament of Paris appointed one Prudhomme the Deputy, and fixed the majority of the principal at the early age of sixteen, when he came into office and filled it to his death, on the 4th August, 1778. His son,

4. CHARLES HENRY SANSON (the author of the Observations), the eldest of ten children, was born the 15th February, 1739, and had supplied his father's place since 1758, and on his death, in 1778, was admitted to the office in his own right on the 26th December. In consequence of the discussions raised by Guillotin and Clermont Tonnère, he peti-In consequence of the discussions raised by Guinotin and Clermont Tomere, he peritoined the National Assembly to be considered on the footing of any other French eitizen. In 1790 he wished to resign in favour of his son, but this was not arranged till the lat September, 1795, when he retired on a pension. He had two sons, but the eldest was killed on the 27th August, 1792, by falling from the scaffold as he was exhibiting the head of a man executed for the forgery of assignats. In consequence of this the other and now only son,

5. Henry Sanson, born the 24th December, 1767, and at the time of his father's resignation, in 1795, a captain of artillery, was called to the hereditary office, and in consequence gave up his military rank. He died at Paris on the 18th August, 1840. He was an elector, and had, we are told, a taste for music and literature. He was suc-

ceeded by his son,

6. Henry Clement Sanson, born the 27th May, 1799, and admitted to his office the 1st December, 1840; and is, we suppose, the only man in France who holds any station by anything like hereditary descent. (Du Bois, p. 27.)
We find from several accounts that two of Charles Henry Sanson's brothers assisted him in his operations, and especially at the death of the king; and we learn from Peltier that they had a narrow escape of being themselves sacrificed after the 10th of August. M. Du Bois assures us that the celebrated Sanson 'was, like his ancestors, a very worthy man (fort honnétes gens), and that the present dignitary is in person a fine figure, with an elegant and noble countenance, and a very sweet and agreeable expression!'— P. 25.

years before, but-decisive evidence that it was understood by the executioner himself, as it at first sight seems to have been by everybody else, that the law contemplated execution by the sword. But the truth, we believe, was that Guillotin's proposition had been smothered by ridicule and by the detected insignificance of the proposer, and no one was desirous of openly associating himself to this odious invention: but, that it was all along intended to adopt it seems evident from the care with which all allusion to the more obvious use of the block and axe was omitted.

The appeal, however of the Minister of Justice obliged the Legislative Assembly to solve the question, and they referred it to a committee, who themselves consulted M. Louis, the Secretary of the Academy of Surgery, and on the 20th of March, Carlier (of the same name as the executioners of 1684) brought up the report of the Committee, and on the same day the Assem-

bly decreed—

'That the mode of execution proposed by M. Louis, the Secretary of the Academy of Surgeons (which proposal is annexed to the present

decree), shall be adopted throughout the kingdom.'

The following is M. Louis's report, which, notwithstanding its length, we think worth reproducing—it is in truth the main feature in the history of the guillotine, and is still, we believe, the existing law of France on the subject :-

' Report on the Mode of Decollation.

The Committee of Legislation having done me the honour to consult me on two letters addressed to the National Assembly concerning the execution of the 3rd Art. of the 1st Title of the Penal Code, which directs that every criminal capitally convicted shall be decapitated (aura la tête tranchée); by these letters the Minister of Justice and the Directory of the Department of Paris, in consequence of representations made to them, are of opinion that it is instantly necessary to determine the precise mode of proceeding in the execution of this law, lest, by the defect of the means, or inexperience or awkwardness, the execution should become cruel to the patient and offensive to the spectators, in which case it might be feared that the people, out of mere humanity, might be led to take vengeance on the executioner himself-a result which it is important to prevent. I believe that these representations and fears are well founded. Experience and reason alike prove that the mode of beheading hitherto practised exposes the patient to a more frightful punishment than the mere deprivation of life, which is all the law directs. To obey strictly the law, the execution should be performed in a single moment and at one blow. All experience proves how difficult it is to accomplish this.

'We should recollect what passed at the execution of M. de Lally. He was on his knees-his eyes covered-the executioner struck him on the back of the neck—the blow did not sever the head, and could not have done so. The body, which had nothing to uphold it, fell on the face, and it was by three or four cuts of a sabre that the head was at length severed from the body. This hackery [hacherie], if I may be allowed to invent the word, excited the horror of the spectators.

In Germany the executioners are more expert from the frequency of this class of execution, principally because females of whatever rank undergo no other. But even there the execution is frequently imperfect, even though they take the precaution of tying the patient in a chair.

'In Denmark there are two positions and two instruments for decapitation. The mode of execution, which may be supposed to be the more honourable, is by the sword, the patient kneeling, with his eyes covered, and his hands free. In the other, which is supposed to attach additional infamy, the patient is bound, and, lying on his face, the head is severed by the hatchet.

Everybody knows that cutting instruments have little effect when they strike perpendicularly. If examined with a microscope it will be seen that the edges are nothing but a saw, more or less fine, which act only by sliding, as it were, over the body that they are to divide. It would be impossible to decapitate at one blow with a straight-edged axe -but with a convex edge, like the ancient battle-axes, the blow acts perpendicularly only at the very centre of the segment of the circle, but the sides have an oblique and sliding action which succeeds in separating the parts. In considering the structure of the human neck, of which the centre is the vertebral column, composed of several bones, the connexion of which forms a series of sockets, so that there can be no hitting of a joint, it is not possible to ensure a quick and perfect separation by any means which shall be liable to moral or physical variations in strength or dexterity. For such a result there is no certainty but in an invariable mechanism, of which the force and effect can be regulated and directed. This is the mode adopted in England. The body of the criminal is laid on its stomach between two posts connected at top by a cross-beam, whence a convex hatchet is made to fall suddenly on the patient by the removal of a peg. The back of the hatchet should be strong and heavy enough to perform the object like the weight with which piles are driven. The force, of course, will be in proportion to the height from which it may fall.

'It is easy to construct such an instrument, of which the effect would be certain, and the decapitation will be performed in an instant according to the letter and the spirit of the new law. It will be easy to make experiments on dead bodies, or even on a living sheep. We should then see whether it might not be necessary to fix the neck of the patient in a semicircle, which should confine the neck just where it joins the hinder bone of the skull—the extremities of this semicircle might be fastened by bolts to the solid parts of the scaffold. This addition, if it shall appear necessary, would create no observation, and would be scarcely perceivable.

Given in consultation at Paris, this 7th of March, 1792.

Louis,

' Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Surgery.'

Here is no mention of nor allusion to Guillotin or any previous machine, except one supposed to be in use in England; and, however strong might be the desire of keeping Guillotin out of sight, it seems hardly possible to imagine that if he had made any model or given any distinct description of a machine, M. Louis could have treated the matter as he did. We find, however, that while it was thus pending, Ræderer, then Procureur-Général (chief legal authority) of the Département, wrote the following private note to Dr. Guillotin:—

'Dear Sir and Ex-Colleague,—I should be very much obliged if you would be so good as to come to the office of the Department, No. 4, Place Vendôme, at your earliest convenience. The Directory [of the Department of Paris] is unfortunately about to be called upon to determine the mode of decapitation which will be henceforward employed for the execution of the 3rd article of the Penal Code. I am instructed to invite you to communicate to me the important ideas which you have collected and compared with a view of mitigating a punishment which the law does not intend to be cruel.

REDERER.

' 10th March, 1792.'-Rév. Rétros. p. 14.

It does not appear whether Guillotin waited on the Procureur-Général: at all events, the interview produced nothing, for we see that Louis's report had been already made, and was finally

adopted without variation.

Here then concludes all that we have been able to find of the connexion of Guillotin with the terrible instrument to which he unfortunately became godfather. We shall add a few words on his subsequent life. Our readers have seen that Roederer addresses him as 'Ex-Colleague.' The Constituent Assembly had been dissolved in the preceding autumn; and no one certainly thought of Guillotin for the new legislature. His ephemeral and wholly accidental popularity had vanished, and the instrument which has 'damned him to everlasting fame' had not yet appeared-so he seems to have sunk back into more than his original obscurity, to which was soon superadded the increasing horror of the times. His retreat, indeed, was so profound, that it was said, and readily believed, that he too had fallen a victim to his own invention.* But it was not so; he was indeed imprisoned during the Jacobin reign of terror—his crime being, it is said (Guyot, p. 8), that he testified an indiscreet indignation at a proposition made to him by Danton to superintend the construction of a triple guillotine. There is no doubt that a double instrument was thought of, and it is said that such a machine was made and intended to be erected in the

^{*} This was so generally believed, that Mr. Todd, in introducing the word Guillotine into his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, states it as a fact.

great hall of the Palais de Justice, but it was certainly never used;* and we should very much, and for many reasons, doubt whether it could have been a design of Danton. The general gaol delivery of the 9th Thermidor released Guillotin, and he afterwards lived in a decent mediocrity of fortune at Paris, esteemed, it is said, by a small circle of friends, but overwhelmed by a deep sensibility to the great, though we cannot say wholly undeserved, misfortune which had rendered his name ignominious and his very existence a subject of fearful curiosity. He just lived to see the Restoration, and died in his bed, in Paris, on

the 26th of May, 1814, at the age of seventy-six.

Poor Guillotin paid dearly for the foolish vanity of affecting to be an inventor, when he was only a plagiary; and it seems very strange how so general an opinion should have prevailed as to the novelty of the invention, when we find M. Louis, in the very first distinct description of the machine, representing it as one already known in England. Indeed, his expressions seem to imply that it was then actually and habitually in use amongst us. We know not whence M. Louis could have taken up this notion.—The English mode of decapitation had always been the block and axe—with one ancient local exception,—that of what was called the Halifax Gibbet, which was indeed a perfect guillotine, and was employed in certain peculiar cases arising in the adjoining district.

If M. Louis had inquired a little farther, he would have found not only that the implement was not in general use in England, but had not been used for near 150 years in the small district to which it belonged. He would also have easily discovered such descriptions and portraits of the like machines as would have saved him a great deal of trouble in the actual construction of that on which he was employed. Mr. Pennant had recently given a history of the Halifax gibbet, exactly resembling a guillotine.

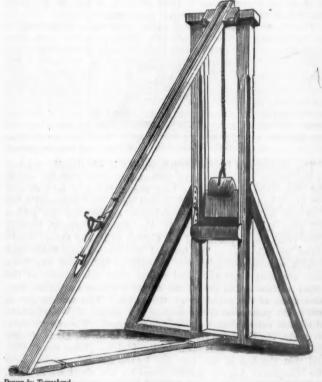
and adds .-

'This machine of death is now destroyed; but I saw one of the same kind in a room under the Parliament House at Edinburgh, where it was introduced by the Regent Morton, who took a model of it as he passed through Halifax, and at length suffered by it himself. It is in the form of a painter's easel, and about ten feet high: at four feet from the bottom is a crossbar, on which the felon places his head, which is kept down by another placed above. In the inner edges of the frame are grooves; in these are placed a sharp axe, with a vast weight of lead,

^{*} Fouquier-Tinville himself stated, at his trial, that though he frequently tried and condenned above 250 within the décads (nine days), the Committee of Public Safety complained that it was too slow, and it was intended that four ambulatory criminal tribunals should be created, each to be accompanied by a moving guillotine!—Precès de Fouquier, No. 29.

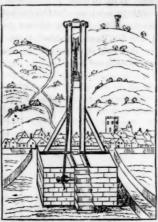
supported at the very summit by a peg; to that peg is fastened a cord, which the executioner cutting, the axe falls, and does the affair effectually.'-Pennant's Tour, v. iii. p. 365.

Of the maiden, still in existence in Edinburgh, and which, as far as we know, has never been engraved, we think the following representation will not be unacceptable to our readers. It will be observed that, in this model, the cord, instead of being cut, as stated by Pennant, was released by a kind of latch:-



Drawn by Townshend.

We have before us an old print of the Halifax gibbet, with a legend, 'John Hoyle, delt., 1650,' which had been often reproduced long before Guillotin was born-as in a little book called ' Halifax and its Gibbet Law,' 1708, and Bishop Gibson's edition , of Camden's 'Britannia,' 1722. The following is a copy of Hoyle's print: *-



John Hoyle del. 1650

The accuracy of Hoyle's representation is additionally attested by the recent discovery of the pedestal or stone scaffold, which had been concealed under a long accumulation of rubbish and soil which had formed a grassy mound, commonly supposed to be a natural hill, on which the temporary scaffold for the gibbet was from time to time erected; but the town trustees having, a few years since, purchased the Gibbet Hill, and having determined to reduce it to the level of the surrounding fields, this curious relic of antiquity was brought to light, and has been since carefully developed; and except some dilapidation of the upper surface and of one of the steps, it presents a perfect corroboration of the evidence of the prints. The ancient axe is still in the possession of the lord of the manor of Wakefield, to which this extraordinary jurisdiction belonged. These were then, no doubt, the English precedents alluded to by M. Louis, though there had been no execution by the Halifax gibbet since 1650, and that the last of the very few by the Scottish maiden were the Marquis of Argyle, in 1661, and his son the Earl, in 1685, -the latter declaring, as he pressed his lips on the block, that it was the sweetest maiden he had ever kissed. ±

^{*} It is also to be found in the margin of an old map of Yorkshire (which we ourselves have formerly seen), and which is copied into Hone's Every-day Book, vol. i.,

p. 147, where also will be found several of the particulars mentioned in the text.

† 'His head was separated from his body by the descent of the maiden. —4 Laing, p. 11.

‡ Scott's Proce Works, vol. xxiv., p. 280.

A friend of Dr. Guillotin's states that his ideas were formed, not from these English precedents—about which that superficial quack perhaps knew nothing, though recalled to public attention in the then so recent work of Pennant—but from a passage in an anonymous work called 'Voyage Historique et Politique de Suisse, d'Italie, et d'Allemagne,' printed from 1736 to 1743, in which is found the following account of the execution at Milan, in 1702, of a Count Bozelli:—

'A large scaffold was prepared in the great square, and covered with black. In the middle of it was placed a great block, of the height to allow the criminal, when kneeling, to lay his neck on it between a kind of gibbet which supported a hatchet one foot deep, and one and a half wide, which was confined by a groove. The hatchet was loaded with an hundred pounds' weight of lead, and was suspended by a rope made fast to the gibbet. After the criminal had confessed himself, the penitents, who are for the most part of noble families, led him up on the scaffold, and making him kneel before the block, one of the penitents held the head under the hatchet; the priest then reading the prayers usual on such occasions, the executioner had nothing to do but to cut the cord that held up the hatchet, which, descending with violence, severed the head which the penitent still held in his hands, so that the executioner never touched it. This mode of executing is so sure that the hatchet entered the block above two inches."—Guyot, p. 5.

This was the same machine which, under the name of 'mannaia,' was common in Italy, and is described very minutely and technically by Le Père Labat in his 'Voyage en Italie,' 1730, as the more honorific mode of capital punishment.

But the most curious, though not the most exact, of all the precedents for the guillotine is that which is found in Randle Holme's 'Academy of Armoury,' 1678, in which he describes a family as bearing heraldically,—

'Gule', a heading-block fixed between two supporters, and an axe placed therein; on the sinister side a maule: all proper.'

And this strange coat-of-arms is thus figured :-



Holme adds,-

That this was the Jews' and Romans' way of beheading offenders, as some write, though others say that they used to cut off the heads of such with a sharp two-handed sword. However, this way of decollation was by laying the neck of the malefactor on the block, and then setting the axe upon it, which lay in a rigget [groove] on the two side-posts or supporters. The executioner, with the violence of a blow on the head of the axe with his heavy maule [mallet], forced it through the man's neck Vol. LXXIII. NO. CXLV.

into the block. I have seen a draught of the like heading instrument, where the weighty axe (made heavy for that purpose) was raised up, and fell down in such a riggeted frame, which being suddenly let to fall, the weight of it was sufficient to cut off a man's head at one blow.'—p. 312.

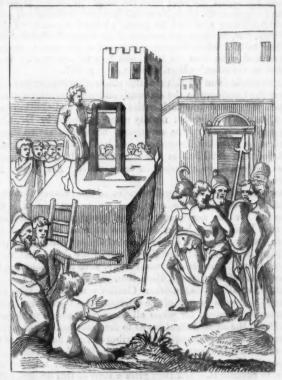
We know not where honest Randle had read that this was a mode of execution among the Jews, but there is some excuse for his supposing that he had met with Roman and even Grecian precedents; for we have now before us two copperplate engravings of the German school, the one by George Pencz (who died in 1550), and the other by Henry Aldegrave, which bears the date of 1553, which represent the death of the son of Titus Manlius, by an instrument in principle identical with the guillotine, though somewhat more ornamented.



These prints, though not particularly rare, are in other respects so curious, that we are tempted to offer a copy of one them to our readers,

readers, and we select Aldegrave's because it carries its date on its face.

We have also in our possession a curious volume—the 'Symbolicae Questiones de universo Genere,' by Achilles Bocchi: quarto, 1555, of which the eighteenth symbol represents a Spartan about to die by a kind of guillotine. It is so much inferior in point of art to the German prints that we can hardly believe that, though a little later in date, it was copied from them.



The metrical legend of the symbol runs:-

'Damnatus ab Ephoris, Lacon
Cum duceretur ad necem et vultu udmodum
Hilari esset ac læto,' &c.

But it was not only in England and Scotland, Germany and Italy,

that there were examples of this machine; it appears that (as might have been expected) it had extended to France herself. We read, in the 'Mémoires de Puysegur,' that the great Marshal de Montmorenci was beheaded at Toulouse (1632) by such an instrument:—

'In that province they make use [for capital executions] of a kind of hatchet, which runs between two pieces of wood; and when the head is placed on the block below, the cord is let go, and the hatchet descends and severs the head from the body. When he [M. de M.] had put his head on the block, his wound [received in the fight in which he was taken] hurt him, and he moved his head, but said, "I don't do so from fear, but from the soreness of my wound." Father Arnoul was close to him when they let go the cord of the hatchet: the head was separated clean from the body, and they fell one on one side and the other on the other."—Mém. de Puys., v. i. p. 137.

We conclude from all this that this mode of execution was common on the Continent in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and yet had passed into such entire desuetude and oblivion as to have appeared as a perfect novelty when produced by Dr. Guillotin; and this is still more surprising, because it seems that an execution by a similar instrument had been a year or two before the Revolution exhibited in Paris, at one of the minor theatres of the Boulevard, in a harlequin farce called 'Les Quatre Fils Aymon.'*

This is certainly a striking illustration of the proverb that there is nothing new under the sun; and we are utterly at a loss to account for the negligence or the ignorance of both Guillotin and Louis, who, being aware that such an instrument had been in use in Italy and England, seem to have made no inquiry after plans or drawings; though we have little doubt that all we have mentioned, and perhaps many more, were to be found in the Bibliothèque of the Rue de Richelieu.

But, after all, it was neither Guillotin nor Louis who constructed (invention is out of the question) the instrument which was nctually adopted: for while all these proceedings were going on in Paris, the same difficulties as to the execution of malefactors had occurred in the departmental tribunals, and an officer of the court at Strasburgh, named Laquiante, had made a design of a machine à décapiter, and employed one Schmidt, a forte-piano maker, to execute it. Du Bois gives a copy of this design, which was exceedingly imperfect, being much more like Randle Holme's armorial bearings than the perfect guillotine.

As soon as the Legislative Assembly had decided to adopt M.

^{*} Dictionnaire National (1790), p. 80, which quotes Camille Desmoulins.—Portraits des Hommes Célèbres, vocs Guillotin.—Guyot (who doubts), p. 6.

Louis's proposition, we presume that he set about preparing a model (his report distinctly negatives the idea that he had as yet done so), and Rederer having obtained the sanction of the Minister of Finance for the expense, called upon a person of the name of Guidon, who had, it seems, the office or contract 'pour la fourniture des bois de justice,' to give an estimate for the construction of Louis's machine. Guidon (5th April, 1792) estimated the work at 5660 francs (about 2261.), and when remonstrated with on the exorbitancy of the charge, he replied that the high charges arose from his workmen demanding 'enormous wages, from a prejudice against the object in view.' On which Reederer remarks, 'the prejudice, indeed, exists; but I have had offers from other persons to undertake the work, provided they should not be asked to sign contracts, or in any other way have their names exposed as connected with this object.' This is very remarkable, and affords a practical confirmation of Maury's apprehension, for we see that the artificers of Paris, even so far forward in the revolution as April, 1792, shrank from any avowed connexion with the instrument which, after a few months' exercise, became the delight of the Parisian mob, and not of the mob alone, but of men and women rich enough to hire chairs to see the spectacle, and was absolutely canonised in the philosophical rubric as La Sainte Guillotinenay, it became the model of ornaments for women, and of toys for children.

In the mean time it seems that Schmidt, who had been employed by the officer at Strasburgh, offered to make a machine for 960 francs (381.): this offer was accepted, and he was put in communication with M. Louis; and Schmidt became, in fact, the inventor and constructor of the instrument that was finally adopted. This is proved incontestably, because Schmidt's price of 960 francs having been found to be also exorbitant, 'the real value not being above 305 livres, exclusive of the leather-bag which was to receive the head, or 329 livres including the bag;' it was resolved, in consideration that there were eighty-three instruments to be furnished, one to each department, that 500 francs (201.) would be a liberal recompense: but it was thought fair to give M. Schmidt, 'as the inventor,' the preference of the new contract. And again, when Schmidt refuses the contract at so low a rate, he is recommended to favour as being 'l'inventeur de la machine à décapiter;' and when at last the order for the departments was about to be transferred to the other contractor, Schmidt took out, or at least threatened to take out, an exclusive patent as the inventor of the machine, to the exclusion of both the Government and the contractor. (Lettre de Ræderer à Clavière, Rev. Ret. p. 29.) We know not how this by-battle ended—the last letter on the subject is dated the 6th of August, 1792—but then came the 10th of August, and in the anarchy which ensued, all questions of right or property—even those connected with the triumphant guillotine herself—were confounded and lost. In all these transactions there is no mention of, nor allusion to, Guillotin; and as we have before said, the instrument was, at its first actual appearance, called the Louison—but this name had no success; indeed M. Louis made no pretence to the invention, and he was soon forgotten; for, by another strange fatality attending the ominous machine, M. Louis himself died within a month of the day that it was first brought into

actual operation.

While all this was going on, convicts for various crimes were accumulating in the different prisons of the kingdom, and the local authorities in the departments pressed to have their respective machines with a savage eagerness of which many of themselves had soon to repent in tears and blood. At last, on the 17th April, 1792, after a great many delays and postponements, an actual experiment was made of Schmidt's instrument, under the inspection of Sanson, in the great hospital of Bicetre, on several dead bodies, which was so entirely successful that the order was issued for the execution, on Monday the 23rd, of the wretched Pelletier, whose case had led to all these proceedings, and who had been lingering under his sentence for near three months. It seems, however, that he was not executed till the 25th, as Rederer writes a letter dated that day to Lafavette, to say that as the execution by the mode of beheading will no doubt occasion a great crowd in the Place de Grève, he begs the General will direct the gensd'armes who are to attend the execution not to leave the place till the scaffold, &c., shall be removed; and we find, in a Revolutionary journal called the 'Courier Extraor-dinaire, par M. Duplain,' of the date of the 27th April, 1792, the following passage:-

Paris.—They made yesterday the first trial of the little Louison, and cut off a head. One Pelletier—not him of the Actes des Apôtres—was the subject of the melancholy experiment. I never in my life could bear to see a man hanged; but I own I feel a still greater aversion to this species of execution. The preparations make one shudder, and increase the moral suffering; as to the physical pain, I caused a person to attend, who repeats to me that it was the matter of the twinkle of an eye. The people seemed to wish that M. Sanson had his old gallows; and were inclined to say:—

Rendez-

M. Peltier (whose name was generally mis-spelled Pelletier) luckily escaped to England soon after the 10th of August, or his execution would assuredly have very soon gratified M. Duplain's wishes. Duplain himself was guillotined 9th July, 1794.

Rendez-moi ma potence de bois, Rendez-moi ma potence.*

The date of articles in a paper published the 27th would be the 26th, and of course the 'yesterday' of this extract would be the 25th; and we have found passages to the same effect in one or two other journals, and yet it is not absolutely certain that Pelletier was the first living body that the guillotine struck; for though he was certainly the first who suffered at Paris, there seems some doubt whether the Procureur-Général of Versailles did not anticipate Rœderer by a day. We have evidence in the papers published by the 'Revue Retrospective,' that one Challan, the Procureur-Général of Versailles, was exceedingly anxious for the machine, and had used every means to obtain an early specimen; and we find in the 'Journal of Perlet,' 25th April, 1792, p. 198, the following passage:—

^e It is supposed that the punishment of death was yesterday [either the 23rd or 24th] inflicted at Versailles on two criminals by the new mode of decollation, and that it will be immediately employed in this capital on a journeyman butcher convicted of murder (assassinat).²

This seems almost decisive; and yet we suspect that Perlet's anticipation that the two men had been executed the day before, meaning either the 23rd or 24th, was erroneous, and that the execution at Paris was the first—for on the 19th of April Ræderer acquaints his impatient colleague of Versailles that, although he had bespoken him an instrument, it could not be ready for some days, and directs him not to fix the day for the first execution. It is, therefore, hardly possible that the zeal of M. Challan could have outrun Ræderer by two days.

However that may be, it is clear that in the execution of Pelletier on the 25th of April at Paris, and in several others which soon followed, the new machine performed its terrible duty with complete success, and amidst, as far as appears from the press, an almost incredible degree of public indifference. Our surprise, however, at the general silence as to so portentous an exhibition is in a slight degree modified when we recollect that at this time the instrument was not, as it afterwards became, a permanent spectacle; it was kept in store, and brought forth and fitted together for each special occasion—it was erected in the

A parody of the burden of a popular song -

Rendez-moi mon écuelle de bois, Rendez-moi mon écuelle,

which had lately been rendered still more popular by a witty parody of it by Peltier against the Jacobin journalist Gorsas, who had said that the very shifts of the King's aunts belonged to the people—

Rendez-moi les chemises de Gorsas, Rendez-moi les chemises,

morning, and removed immediately after the execution—so that in fact few saw it but those who were greedy of such sights; and it challenged little more notice than the ordinary gibbets of M.

Guidon, 'fournisseur des bois de justice.'

We know, however, that on the 27th of July there was an imperfect execution, which created some public disapprobation—the swelling of the wooden grooves having prevented the proper fall of the axe. After this accident the grooves were made of metal; and we believe there never after occurred any instance of

failure-we, at least, have heard of none.

And now we find the machine taking officially, universally, and irrevocably, the name of Guillotine; and a few days after the execution of Pelletier we meet it in Prudhomme's* Journal of Les Révolutions de Paris (28th April, 1792), in a way that would remove all doubt, if any indeed could still exist, that long before the 10th August the Jacobins avowed their intentions of bringing the King to the block—two lines of Malherbe's beautiful ode on the death of Rose Duperier, descriptive of the mortality of all mankind, being applied (alas! too prophetically) to threaten the King with his impending fate from the new machine:—

'Inscription proposée pour la Guillotine.

Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre N'en défend pas nos Rois.'—Rev. de Par., No. 146.

And now, just as the machine had attained its mechanical perfection, occurred that event which was to call it into full activity as a political engine, and to develop in it an aptitude for wholesale murder, which was, we are satisfied, one of the main causes of the maniacal cruelty with which it was employed—facility begat use, and multitudes were sent to the other world merely because it had become so very easy to send them! Voltaire had already characterised his countrymen as a mixture of the monkey

^{*} There is a strange recurrence of names in this eventful history. We have seen Pellier the godfather of the machine, and Le Pelletier the chairman of the committee on the Penal Code, and Pelletier the first sufferer under that Report—we have seen that the name of Carlier was common to the predecessors of Sanson in the office of executioner, and to the chairman of the committee whose report set Sanson to work with the guillotine:—we have seen that its constructor was Louis—that it was called Louison—its first political victim was, as we shall see presently, Louis Dangremont, and its greatest, Louis XVI.:—and here again we have the name of Prudhomme, common to the journalist who thus threatened Louis XVI. with the scaffold, and to the man who under Louis XV. was deputy executioner to Sanson. We must say, however, for Prudhomme the second, that he repented and made some amends, but not until after the Revolution had pillaged his house, broken his presses, suppressed his famous journal, turned his family into the street, and put himself into prison, for some slight phrase in one of his numbers, at which some of his fellow-Jacobins took offence. Prudhomme, like the rest, grew reasonable, when he found the general madness dangerous to himself.

and the tiger; that the tiger predominated was sufficiently proved even before the *guillotine* came into operation; but without that massacre-made-easy invention the tiger would have much sooner become, if not satiated, at least wearied, with slaughter.

The Tenth of August came. We shall say no more about that fatal day than to observe, in reference to our present subject, that it affords a characteristic instance of the effrontery and falsehood by which the whole Revolution was conducted, and the most revolting exemplification of that peculiarly French proverb—les vaincus ont toujours tort. For while the two hostile parties—Girondists and Jacobins—that divided the Assembly were each claiming to themselves the exclusive merit of having concerted and conducted that glorious day, they for a moment suspended their mutual enmities and recriminations to create a special tribunal to punish the Royalists as being, forsooth, the instigators and perpetrators of those very events which they zealously claimed as the result of their own patriotic councils and exertions.

The Legislative Assembly, indeed, at first showed some prudent apprehension of this extraordinary tribunal, and seemed inclined to limit its powers to the single question of what it called the ' Crimes of the 10th of August'-but this hesitation was not to the taste of the victorious populace, and produced a supplementary insurrection, which menaced the Manège* with the fate of the Château. Robespierre (who was not of this Assembly) headed a deputation of the Commune of Paris, and threatened the legislators in plain terms with the vengeance of the people if they did not institute a tribunal with, what he called, adequate powers: the inconsistent and intimidated Assembly submitted; and Vergniaud and Brissot, already cowering under the superior art and audacity of Robespierre and Danton, consented to the creation of a power that, with an impartiality worthy of its origin, sent successively to the guillotine not Royalists only, but Brissot and Vergniaud, and, in due time, Danton and Robespierre themselves.

The logic on this occasion, as well as the force, was on the side of Robespierre; for the 10th of August having been now adopted and canonised as a patriotic conception and triumph, the treating any of the circumstances that had brought it about as crimes would have been preposterous; and it turned out, in point of fact, that the tribunal, after it had convicted one Swiss officer and acquitted another, no more inquired into the 10th of August

^{*} The Constitutional and Legislative Assemblies (as well as the Convention, for a few months) sat in what had been the manège or riding-house of the Château des Tuileries. This manège stood in the centre of what is now the Rue de Rivoli, nearly opposite the Hôtel Meurice.

than it did into the St. Barthélemi, and became eventually nothing more or less than, as the Conventional Dupin energetically called it, 'the first step to the scaffold.' From this moment the guillotine became, not an instrument of justice, but the murderous weapon of political factions, of private enmities—nay, when factions and enmities had been killed off—of the wanton spontaneities of blood-

drunken insanity.

The first political victims were MM. Dangremont, La Porte, and Durosoi. Their fate is scarcely mentioned by the most communicative of the historians, and by the rest not at all; and yet we must think that the first feats of this tiger-tribunal, the first steps in this ocean of blood, are matters not merely of deep tragic interest, but of some historical importance. This is not an occasion in which we can pretend to supply such deficiencies; all owe can do is to indicate them, and to notice incidentally the loose and slovenly way in which the events of the Revolution are generally recorded. We have before us that very curious publication, Liste Générale des Condamnés par le Tribunal Révolutionnaire—an almost official list of all the sufferers by the Paris Tribunal. This list opens with the three names we have quoted.

1. 'Louis David Collenot, (dit) D'Angremont, accused of enlisting [embauchage], executed the 26th August, 1792.

2. La Porte, superintendent of the civil list, convicted of complicity in counter-revolutionary conspiracies, executed the 28th August.

3. 'Durosoi, editor of the Gazette de Paris, and of another journal called Le Royalisme, convicted of conspiracy, executed the 29th August.'

Dangremont was a clerk in a public office, of no weight or character, and the embauchage, on pretence of which he was executed, was the alleged employment of persons who were to distribute Royalist publications, and take the Royalist side in groups and coffee-houses, and so forth. M. la Porte was the Minister of the Civil List; and the chief allegation against him was that he had paid, out of the privy purse, for the printing and distribution of certain Royalist placards and pamphlets—a practice which Roland-whom the Assembly had forced upon the King as Minister of the Interior—had been employing against his master at the same time and to an infinitely greater extent; but the real motive of M. la Porte's condemnation was to appease and gratify the populace by the execution of one who was officially so near the King's person and so much in his confidence; and whose condemnation was therefore a promise and a pledge that his royal master should undergo the same fate. Poor Durosoi was one of the few Royalist journalists, and he was therefore thought a fit victim for the new tribunal. His last hours are pathetically recorded by M. Journiac de St. Méard, in his interesting workone of the most interesting that ever was published—' Mon Agonie de Trente-huit Heures;' but we cannot enter into such details, and we only notice these three first condemnations to show how little they had to do with what could be called the crimes of the 10th of August, and to observe on the strange inaccuracies with which they have been narrated.

We will first observe that the dates of the three executions, as given in the 'Liste des Condamnés,' are all erroneous by four or five days. Dangremont suffered not on the 26th, but on the 21st; La Porte not on the 28th, but on the 24th; and Durosoi not on the 29th, but on the 25th; and these misdates are the more remarkable, because Durosoi, in mounting the scaffold, took pride in 'dying as a Royalist on St. Louis's day,' the 25th of August. In the Moniteur, which does not venture to mention the death of the first of these political victims of the guillotine till nine days after the fact (30th August), he is miscalled 'Danglemont,' and a second time doubly misnamed 'Connot Danglemont: and Lacretelle, in his ' Précis Chronologique,' makes the same mistake. M. du Bois insists also that Durosoi's name was De Rosoy; and we find that Peltier, who knew him well, so calls him; but he was certainly condemned and executed as Durosoi, and so the name has passed into all the biographies, and into such of the histories as deign to mention such trifling details. We admit that, amidst the gigantic horrors of those scenes, such small circumstantial mistakes may appear entitled to little regard; but they appear to us worthy of this passing notice as indicative of the laxity and the indifference with which these legal murders were conducted, witnessed, and recorded. We find in the 'Souvenirs de Soixante-treize Ans,' by M. Verneuil, a member of the Assembly, the following passage relative to these executions, which, we think, in so great a dearth of contemporaneous information, worth quoting, particularly as the book, which seems to have been only printed in a country town (Limoges), is little known :--

'After the 10th August they had organised an extraordinary tribunal for judging the pretended conspirators of that day. The first "victim was a literary man, editor of a Royalist journal: he was executed in my neighbourhood—Place du Carrousel. I was invited to go into a house hard by, whence I should see the play of the new instrument of death. I excused myself; but from the window of my own entresol I was curious to observe, as the spectators were returning, the impression

^{*} Here was a member of the Assembly—and of the Committee which had decided the adoption of the guillotine—resident close to the place of execution, who thought that Durosoy was the free victim of the tribunal, though Dangrement had been executed four days previous.

that it made upon the public. It appeared to me that in general they said, "Mais ce n'est rien" ['Tis nothing at all], in allusion, no doubt, to the quickness of the execution. M. Guillotin does not deserve the sad honour of giving his name to this new instrument, but rather M. Louis, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Surgeons."—Souvenirs de Soixante-treize Ans (Limoges, 1836), pp. 168, 169.

We have here to observe that Sanson, the chief executioner, and his two brothers, had been themselves sent to prison after the 10th of August, on the monstrous hypothesis that 'if the Court had succeeded on that day, the Sansons were to have hanged the patriots,' Their real offence was that they had somehow offended the patriot Gorsas, the newspaper editor before mentioned, whose Jacobinical violence, in a few days after, procured his election into the Convention—a woful elevation, as we shall see presently! The assistance, however, of the Sansons was necessary to the executions; and the three brothers were brought in a hackney-coach, and in custody, from the Conciergerie to the Carrousel, for the execution of Dangremont, and taken back again. They were again brought forth for the execution of La Porte, and again taken back: after the execution of Durosoi they were released, but they were again arrested within a few days, and were only removed from the Abbaye just before the massacres began; and then the absurdity of the pretence for which they had been sent to prison, and the necessary value of their services, becoming more apparent, they were set at liberty, and in the course of the ensuing year were called upon to exercise their cruel ministry upon their old antagonist, Gorsas, who was the first member of the Convention sent to the scaffold.

The tribunal having gratified the populace with these executions, and being at first desirous of keeping up some show of justice-ventured to acquit two or three persons, and amongst them M. de Montmorin, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs. At this moment the elections for the Convention were about to take place, and it was determined by the Jacobin candidates-Danton, Robespierre, and Co.—to strike a blow of such terror as should put all opposition to flight, and ensure the return of their own list for the city and neighbourhood of Paris, and indeed for the rest of France—but Paris was the first object. For this purpose, the celebrated domiciliary visits of the 29th and 30th August, and the massacre of the prisons, were resolved on, and M. de Montmorin's acquittal was one of the pretences employed to exasperate the people. Instead of being set at liberty, he was sent back to prison amidst prodigious popular excitement; other inflammatory circumstances were artfully superadded-the massacres commenced, M. de Montmorin and some thousands of others-more,

if possible, innocent than he—perished; and Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Egalité, Osselin the first President of the Tribunal, and their atrocious associates, were elected, without a dissentient voice, representatives of the city of Paris—all to be massacred in their turns, by their mutual animosities and the

retributive justice of heaven.

On the very days of the massacres, the tribunal, terrified like the rest of Paris, condemned two persons who would probably have been also acquitted a day or two before. One was a poor waggoner, who having been sentenced to exposition (a kind of pillory) for some minor offence, had exclaimed, ' Vive le Roi! - Vive M. Lafayette !- a fig for the nation!' But the massacres had deprived the tribunal not only of its president, Osselin, elected one of the deputies for Paris, but also of its natural aliment; and the only other political execution we find about this time is that of old Cazotte, the poet, who—at the age of seventy-four years—had been arrested on account of some private letters of his to La Porte, his old and intimate friend, found in the possession of the latter. He had been thrown into prison, and was about to perish in the massacres of September, when he was saved by the courage and piety of his daughter, who exposed her own person to the pikes of the assassins, and actually awed and melted them into mercy but in a few days he was again arrested, and brought before the new tribunal, which was now become more inexorable than even the mob of murderers, and on the 25th of September the guillotine left the heroic Elizabeth Cazotte fatherless.

We have scanty records of the ordinary execution of justice during the revolutionary paroxysm. We suspect that there were comparatively few punishments but of a political nature. We find that on the 27th of August, 1792, three persons, who seem to have been of a superior rank in life, and are designated in the Moniteur as 'Messieurs Vimal, L'Abbé Sauvade, and Guillet,' were executed as accomplices in a forgery of assignats. These parties had been tried in the ordinary courts, before the new tribunal was created, but they had appealed, and the appeal had been decided against them; they were now executed, and it was in exhibiting one of these heads to the people that the younger Sanson fell off the scaffold and was killed. Some other executions of the same class seem also to have given employment to the guillotine, but

we have no details.

From the time of the installation of the Revolutionary Tribunal, it seems that the guillotine was not removed—as it at first used to be—after each execution, but was for some time kept stationary in the Carrousel; about the middle of October it appears to have been removed for one day to the Place de Grève for the execution

of nine emigrants condemned by a military commission—but it was again carried back on the 30th of October to the Place de la Révolution for the execution of two of the robbers of the Garde-Meuble, which our readers know occupied one side of that square.

It is quite clear that the massacres had done what the Tribunal had been intended to do, and had in truth superseded it; and, therefore, in order that it might have something to occupy its time, the ordinary criminal business of the metropolis was, by a decree of the 11th of September, transferred to it; and it was in consequence of this decree that it tried and sent to the guillotine the robbers of the Garde-Meuble, and was busy with the trial of many minor offences, when suddenly, without notice or reason given, on the morning of the 1st of December (misdated, with the usual inaccuracy of the bulletins of these revolutionary courts, 31st of November), the tribunal found itself dissolved by a decree of the preceding day. This sudden suppression of this formidable tribunal, the creation of which had occasioned such violent discussions, seems to have taken place without debate, and almost without notice. It is scarcely alluded to in any of the histories, not even in that especially calling itself a ' History of the Revolutionary Tribunal,' published in 1815 in two volumes; nay, not in the periodical publications of the day; and, in fact, this tribunal of the 17th of August, 1792, has been always treated as if it and the still more celebrated revolutionary tribunal created 10th of March, 1793, were the same, -only that at the latter date larger powers were conferred on it. No doubt the spirit that created the two tribunals, and many of the members that composed them, were the same, but in point of fact they were wholly distinct. The suppression of the first took place in the height of the furious debates preliminary to the trial of the King, and there can be no doubt that there was some urgent and most important motive for it, though we have never seen any assigned, nor indeed inquired after, for the fact itself was, as we have said, scarcely mentioned. This is not a proper opportunity for endeavouring to get to the bottom of this mystery, but we cannot avoid noticing it to account for the total inaction of the guillotine for near four months. Our own conjecture is, that during the deadly struggle then carrying on between the Girondins and Jacobins, each party, doubtful of the result, was afraid of leaving in the hands of its triumphant antagonists so terrible an engine as this ready constituted and well-organized tribunal, and both therefore concurred in its abolition, almost sub silentio, while on every other subject their contention was maintained with increasing animosity. The

The first advantage in this struggle was to the Jacobins-when the Girondins were terrified into voting the death of the King. contrary to their pledges, their principles, their honour, and their consciences: that base and cruel cowardice was their own death-warrant. The next advantage was still more immediately decisive in favour of the Jacobins-it was the revival of the Extraordinary Tribunal, by a decree of the 10th March. 1793, extorted from the Convention under the instant terror of wholesale assassination, and on which subsequently, under the more comprehensive title of Revolutionary Tribunal, unlimited jurisdiction and extravagant powers were conferred. Though the Girondins struggled on for a few weeks more, this blow was decisive and prophetic of their ultimate fate. Let us add that this iniquitous proceeding was carried on the motion and under the sanguinary menaces of Danton-the same Danton who a year after was led to execution, exclaiming, 'This time twelvemonth I proposed that infamous tribunal by which we die, and for which I beg pardon of God and men.'

In the midst of these contentions came the execution of the King. In the centre of the Place Louis Quinze*-then called Place de la Révolution, and since Place de la Concorde-and on the spot where now stands the Luxor obelisk, there had stood a statue of Louis XV.—this statue was overthrown on the 11th of August-but the magnificent pedestal, though a little dilapidated about the summit, remained. There has been some doubt as to the exact spot where the scaffold for the execution of the King was erected. Historians never descend to such minutiæ, and painters and engravers are sometimes lax in their perspective, but we think we may say, chiefly on the authority of a fine print, ' presented to the Convention' by its publisher, Helman, that the exact site of the scaffold was a few yards west of this pedestal -that is, about half way towards the Champs Elysées, -and the steps were from the westward, so that the King when he mounted the scaffold looked over the ruins of his grandfather's statue to the centre pavilion of his own devastated palace. When he endeavoured to address the people, he turned towards the Rue Royale, and was, at a signal from Santerre, seized from behind by two executioners, and, in spite of his struggles to be allowed to finish what he had to say, he was bound to the bascule, or balanced

[&]quot;We regret to be obliged again to complain that Mr. Alison does not make any mention of the guillotine on this occasion, nor does he even say where the execution took place. He tells us the procession lasted two hours, but whether it went north, east, west, or south—or whether the King might not have been executed at Versailles or St. Denis, not a word; when, indeed, he comes to speak of the Queen's death, he tells us that she was executed where the King had been—which is true as to the great Place itself, but not as to the exact spot.

plank, with his face towards the Tuileries, and either from the hurry of this struggle, or from the bascule being fitted for a taller person, the axe fell closer to the head than was usual, and there was more mutilation than ordinary.*

We transcribe from Prudhomme, a trustworthy witness on this point, the following account of the scene that immediately followed

'Some individuals steeped their handkerchiefs in his blood. A number of armed volunteers crowded also to dip in the blood of the despot their pikes, their bayonets, or their sabres. Several officers of the Marsaillese battalion, and others, dipped the covers of letters in this impure blood, and carried them on the points of their swords at the head of their companies, exclaiming "This is the blood of a tyrant!" One citizen got up to the guillotine itself, and plunging his whole arm into the blood of Capet, of which a great quantity remained, he took up handfuls of the clotted gore, and sprinkled it over the crowd below which pressed round the scaffold, each anxious to receive a drop on his forehead. "Friends," said this citizen, in sprinkling them, "we were threatened that the blood of Louis should be on our heads; and so you see it is!!" "—Rev. de Paris, No. 185, p. 205.

After this execution the guillotine is no more heard of, at least as a political engine, till the 7th of April, 1793, when, under the auspices of the new Tribunal, it made its re-appearance in the Place du Carrousel, and began that series of murders which has no parallel in the annals of mankind.

It is generally supposed that from this time forward it remained in permanent readiness and exposed from one execution to another; and we find that the Convention having resolved to transfer its sittings from the Manège to the palace of the Tuileries, a decree was passed (8th May, 1793), 'that in consideration of the proximity of the Carrousel to the Hall of the Convention the guillotine should be removed to some other place.' According to the 'Liste des Condamnés,' twelve persons were executed on the Carrousel between the 7th of April and 8th of May, on or about which day the machine was removed to the Place de la Révolution, -not to the spot where the King's scaffold had stood, - but a few yards on the eastern side of the pedestal, towards the Tuileries; and there it appears to have remained to the 8th of January, 1794, one year and one month, during which time it had executed 1256, as the 'Liste des Condamnés' expressly says: but from this should be deducted the eleven executed in the Carrousel, and the nine at the

^{*} So says Mercier, Nouveau Tableau de Paris, ch. 82; but it is not mentioned by other witnesses, and Helman's print affords its distinct evidence, valeat quantum, against Mercier's assertion.

Greve-so that the number really executed in the Place Louis XV. was 1235.

Of this vast number there is scarcely one of whom some pathetic anecdote might not be told. We shall at present only notice four illustrious women whose story involves, in addition to the individual interest that each excites, some reference to the mode of execution. Mademoiselle Marie Anne Charlotte de Corday d'Armont (commonly called Charlotte Corday, though she herself signed her Christian name Marie) was executed on the 17th of July, 1793: she had (what was now become) the distinction of being executed alone. After the execution, one of the executioners* held up her lovely head by its beautiful hair, and in a fit of Maratist delirium slapped the cheeks—which, it is commonly said, showed symptoms of sensibility, and blushed.

We should hardly have ventured to repeat so incredible a story, but that, having been made a prominent argument in a physiological question that was raised about 1796, whether death by the guillotine was or was not instantaneous, it became matter of inquiry, and the balance of evidence certainly was that the blush—whether it arose from mechanical or moral causes—was distinctly visible. Here is the account given by Dr. Sue, a physician of the first eminence and authority in Paris, in whose family medical skill had been hereditary:—

'The countenance of Charlotte Corday expressed the most unequivocal marks of indignation. Let us look back to the facts—the executioner held the head suspended in one hand; the face was then pale, but had no sooner received the slap which the sanguinary wretch gave it than both cheeks visibly reddened. Every spectator was struck by the change of colour, and with loud murmurs cried out for vengeance on this cowardly and atrocious barbarity. It cannot be said that the redness was caused by the blow—for we all know that no blows will recall anything like colour to the cheeks of a corpse; besides, this blow was given on one cheek, and the other equally reddened.'—Sue, Opinion sur le Supplice de la Guillotine, p. 9.

Dr. Sue, and some German physicians and surgeons after him, held that there does indubitably remain in the brain of a decollated head some degree (un reste) of thought, and in the nerves something of sensibility; and the case of Mademoiselle de Corday was alleged as proving that doctrine. We think the other opinion, which has also the support of considerable authority, is the more

^{*} This was not Sanson, M. du Bois tells us, but one of his helps, whose ignominious name—François Le Gros—is as well entitled to be preserved in the indignation of mankind as Marat, Egalité, or Robespierre. M. du Bois adds, that even the cannibal government of the day were forced, by the outcry of the public, to punish the fellow 'as he deserved;' but he does not state what that punishment was. We suppose a reprimand.

rational, and it has finally prevailed:* and all that we infer from the anecdote is, that either by some unexplained mechanical change, or some deception of sight—or perhaps without either—the public mind was induced to colour with its own indignation the cheeks of Mademoiselle de Corday.

Here also, on the 16th of October, 1793, fell a once beauteous head-now whitened by sorrow, not by age-and venerable for the angelic purity and patience, the royal courage and Christian submission, with which it had exchanged the most brilliant crown of the world for a crown of thorns, and that again for the crown of martyrdom. Here died the QUEEN-one of the noblest and the purest, and yet, if human judgments be alone weighed, the most unfortunate of women-tried in almost every possible agony of affliction-except a guilty conscience-and in that exception finding the consolation for all. She arrived at this scene of her last and greatest triumph, jolted in a common cart,+ and ascended the scaffold amidst the vociferations of a crowd of furies, whom we hesitate to acknowledge as of her own sex. Never in that gorgeous palace, on which she now cast a last calm look, did she appear more glorious-never was she so really admirable as she was at that supreme moment of her earthly release.

We have followed the history of Marie Antoinette with the greatest diligence and scrupulosity. We have lived in those times. We have talked with some of her friends and some of her enemies; we have read, certainly not all, but hundreds of the libels written against her; and we have, in short, examined her life with—if we may be allowed to say so of ourselves—something of the accuracy of contemporaries, the diligence of inquirers, and the impartiality of historians, all combined; and we feel it our duty to declare, in as solemn a manner as literature admits of, our well-matured opinions that every reproach against the morals of the Queen was a gross calumny—that she was, as we have said, one of the purest of human beings. The grandeur of her mind—the courageous wisdom of her counsels (seldom adopted)—the minute and laborious, yet wide and lofty, fulfilment of all her duties, and particularly as wife and

^{*} There is a story that when the executioners exhibited the heart of Sir Everard Digby, executed for the Goupowder Plot, to the people, exclaiming, 'This is the heart of a traitor!' the head articulated, 'Thou liest!' and Lord Bacon believed that after evisceration the tongue could pronounce a few words. Magis certa (traditio) de homine qui de supplicii genere (quod diximus) evisceratus, post quam cor acutusm pentus esset et in carnificis manu, tria aut quatuor verba precum, auditus est proferre, &c. Hist. Vit. et Mort. But this was a case of evisceration, and not of decopitation, which makes the whole difference as to the credibility of the story. We suppose that the sudden rush of air into the head through the severed neck produces that kind of sound which suggested to the Père Duchesne the horrid phrase of 'Eternuer dans le suc.'

**Mac Alisen for once denner from the hackwards at hybrities, and save she was drawn.

[†] Mr. Alison for once departs from the backneyed authorities, and says she was drawn on a hurdle. There is no pretence that we know of for this statement; and, on the contrary, there is abundant evidence that she came in a cart.

mother—and, finally, the unequalled magnanimity, and patience—the greatest of magnanimities—with which she bore such misfortunes as never woman before suffered, are matters of history—of a history the opprobrium of which, thank God, hangs over

the French Revolution, and never can be effaced.

Here also died—on the 10th of May, 1794—Madame Elizabeth, a saint, if it be allowed to any mortal to be a saint. Not only innocent but inoffensive, she lived, in spite of her high birth, in a modest obscurity,—she was a personification of piety, of domestic love, of charity, of humility, of self-devotion. One word of her own-often repeated-but never too often-shows her character in all its grand and yet soft and mellowed lustre. When the mob broke into the Tuileries, on the 20th of June, 1792, the royal family were momentarily dispersed by the sudden irruption. The Queen and the Dauphin were in one part of the apartments, the King alone in another—where his heroic sister hastened to join him. The mob, who had been trained to particular hostility to the Queen, mistook Madame Elizabeth for her, and maltreated her with great grossness of language and serious menaces of violence. One of the terrified attendants was about to endeavour to save the princess by apprizing the assassins that she was not the Queen, when, with equal magnanimity and presence of mind, Madame Elizabeth,—desiring, that if any one should be sacrificed it might be herself,—stopped him by whispering—' Oh no, don't undeceive them.' Neither Greek nor Roman story have any superior instance of self-devotion. This noble creature had been in close confinement in the Temple from the 10th of August down to the day of her trial, seeing no one but her little niece, and watched day and night by her persecutors-yet she was doomed to die-the devil only knows why-for some imaginary and impossible conspiracy—with twenty-four persons designated and condemned as her accomplices, none of whom she had probably ever seen, or ever spoken to; and with whom, no more than with any other human being, except her jailers, could she have had any communication since the great catastrophe of the 10th of August. During the long transit to the scaffold she was seen to encourage with pious gestures her fellow-sufferers, and when, on the scaffold, one of the executioners (we hope not Sanson) rudely tore off the covering of her neck, she turned-her own hands being tied-to another, and said, softly and sublimely, 'I implore you, for the love of your mother, to cover my neck!'

Here too, between the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, was sent to the scaffold, by her own former friends and favourites,* Marie

^{*} Robespierre had been a peculiar favourite and protégé.

Phlipon Madame Roland, a woman of humble birth, with great ambition, narrow education with a great love of literature, strong passions with a cold temper, and possessing above all that dangerous species of talent which decides summarily and plausibly on the events of the moment, without having either the patience or the power to inquire whence they spring and whither they are tending. Her Memoirs written in prison-in the subdued and conciliatory tone of adversity, and with the great charm of an easy yet forcible style, have recommended her to general sympathy, and to the enthusiastic admiration of all who partake her revolutionary opinions. Those who wish to think with unmixed admiration of Madame Roland must take her up where she left the world—at the guichet of the Conciergerie. Her former political life—full of animosity, faction, intolerance, bad faith, and even cruelty-will engage little favour; and—as in so many other cases in the history of the Revolution-we should cease to pity Madame Roland if we remembered that she suffered only what she had been during her reign-for she too had reigned-not reluctant to inflict on others. She died with great resolution in company with a M. la Marche, who did not show so much firmness. It was a favour to be allowed to die first, in order to be spared the terrible spectacle of the death of others, and this favour was offered to Madame Roland, but she thought her companion needed it more than herself, and begged him to precede her; and when the executioner objected, she said with a smile, 'You won't refuse the last request of a lady,' and La Marche was executed first.

It was some time, though we do not know exactly the day, between the execution of Charlotte Corday and the Queen, that a huge plaster statue of Liberty-grotesque by its disproportion, and hideous from its distortion-was erected on the pedestal of the overthrown statue of Louis XV., in front of which the new scaffold stood. In a print of the execution of Mdlle, de Corday, there is no statue on the pedestal; but it was there, if we may credit Helman's print, where the Queen was immolated, and to it Madame Roland, with something of characteristic pedantry, is said to have addressed her celebrated apostrophe, O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name! Crimes enough-crimes enormous had been committed in the name of liberty ever since the 14th of July, 1789, and many abominable ones during the Ministry and with the connivance of Madame Roland and her husband, but it was not till she was herself sent to prison and brought to the scaffold that they struck her so forcibly. When we find Danton 'begging pardon'-on the scaffold—' of God and man for the institution of the revolutionary tribunal,' and Madame Roland-also on the scaffold-lamenting the

'the crimes committed in the name of liberty,' we acknowledge the sincerity, but cannot but feel a kind of revulsion and indignation at the selfishness of their tardy and unavailing repentance.

We abstain from any details of the thousands of murders committed by the guillotine at that time, but one fact will enable our readers to understand something of its horrors. It was proved on the trial of Fouquier-Tinville, that 160 persons of all ages, sexes, and ranks, were tried and executed on a charge not merely false, but absurd, visionary, and impossible:—forty-five of these persons, who were utterly unknown to each other, were tried and condemned within twenty minutes, and executed in the same evening in almost as short a space!

These executions were for many months the amusement—the spectacle of the people, we wish we could safely say the populace, of Paris; but, as we before stated, chairs were stationed round the instrument where women in a station of life to be able to pay for that amusement, used to hire seats and sit and chat and work (whence they were called les tricoteuses de Robespierre) while waiting for the tragedy which they looked at as a farce.

We find in the 'Revue Retrospective' a curious letter incidentally descriptive of this elegant scene of Parisian amusement:—

'The Procureur-Général Ræderer to Citizen Guiden.

13th May, 1793.

'I inclose, Citizen, the copy of a letter from Citizen Chaumette, solicitor to the Commune of Paris, by which you will perceive that complaints are made that, after these public executions, the blood of the criminals remains in pools upon the place, that dogs come to drink it, and that crowds of men feed their eyes with this spectacle, which naturally instigates their hearts to ferocity and blood.

'I request you, therefore, to take the earliest and most convenient measures to remove from the eyes of men a sight so afflicting to humanity.'

Our readers will observe the tender regret—not that all this blood was shed, but—that it was not wiped up; and they will be startled when they recollect that at the date of this letter not above a dozen persons had been yet executed here, but that within one year the blood of a thousand victims had saturated the same small spot of ground. In one of the foolish modern-antique processions of the Convention, the whole cortège was delayed and thrown into confusion because the cattle that were drawing some of their theatrical machines could neither be induced nor forced to traverse this blood-tainted place. This Chaumette was one of the most impious and sanguinary of the whole tribe, and we could almost believe that he envied the dogs the blood they drank. He

it was that bullied the wretched idiot Gobel, Revolutionary Archbishop of Paris, to come to the bar of the Convention to abjure Christianity, and proclaim himself an impostor, at the head of a procession in which asses were insultingly decorated with the sacred emblems of religion. Chaumette himself it was who introduced to the Convention a prostitute in the character of the Goddess of Reason. Robespierre sent this whole clique to the guillotine, and on the 13th of April, 1794, Chaumette's own blood flowed to increase the horrors of which he had complained.

The guillotine remained in permanence in the Place de la Révolution till the 8th of June, 1794, when the inhabitants of the streets through which these batches, as they were called, of sufferers used to pass, became at last tired of that agreeable sight, and it was resolved that the instrument should be removed to the Place St. Antoine, in front of the ruins of the Bastile, and—that a day might not be lost—it was removed on a Decadi, the republican Sabbath. It stood, however, but five days in the Place St. Antoine, for the shopkeepers even of that patriotic quarter did not like their new neighbour; and so, after having in these five days executed ninety-six persons, it was removed still further to the Barrière du Trône—or, as it was called in the absurd nomenclature

of the day, Barrière Renversée.

There it stood from the 9th of June to the fall of Robespierre, 9th Thermidor (27th July, 1794). So say all the authorities; but an incident in the trial of Fouquier-Tinville seems to prove that in the early part of July at least, the scaffold stood in the Place de la Révolution, and that the instrument was dismounted every evening. A lady—the Marquise de Feuquieres-was to be tried on the 1st of July: the whole evidence against her was a document which had been placed under the seals of the law at her country-house, near Versailles, and Fouquier sent off the night before a special messenger to bring it up; the messenger was delayed by the local authorities and could not get back to Paris till half-past four on the evening of the 1st, when, 'on arriving at the Place de la Révolution, he found the executioner dismounting the engine, and was informed that the Marquise de Feuquières had been quillotined an hour before, -having been tried and condemned without a tittle of any kind of evidence-and this fact, attested by his own messenger, Fouquier could not denythough we cannot reconcile it with the other evidence as to the locality of the guillotine at that particular period.

In the forty-nine days in which it is said to have stood at the Barrière du Trône it dispatched 1270 persons of both sexes and of all ages and ranks, and it became necessary to build a kind of sanguiduct, to carry off the streams of blood; and on the very

last day, when the tyrant had already fallen, and that the smallest interruption would have sufficed to have stopped the fatal procession, forty-nine persons passed almost unguarded through the stupified streets to the place of execution. And here we have the last occasion to mention Sanson; and it is to his credit, as indeed all the personal details related of him seem to be. On the 9th Thermidor there was, about half-past three in the afternoon. just as this last batch of victims was about to leave the Conciergerie, a considerable commotion in the town, caused by the revolt against Robespierre. At that moment Fouquier, on his way to dine with a neighbour, passed through the court where the prisoners were ascending the fatal carts. Sanson, whose duty it was to conduct the prisoners to execution, ventured to stop the Accusateur Public, to represent to him that there were some rumours of a commotion, and to suggest whether it would not be prudent to postpone the execution till at least the next morning. Fouquier roughly replied, that the law must take its course. He went to dinner, and the forty-nine victims went to the scaffold whither in due time-he followed them !

The next day the guillotine was removed back to the scene of its longest triumphs—the Place de la Révolution—where on the 28th of July it avenged humanity on Robespierre and twenty-one of his followers: on the next day sixty-nine, and on the day after thirteen more of his associates fell, amongst whom were most of the judges, juries, and officers of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and here indeed the trite quotation—

'Neque enim lex æquior ulla Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ,'

may be applied with incomparable propriety.*

Of the operations of the guillotine in the Departments during the Parisian Reign of Terror we have very scanty information. We only know that in most of the great towns it was in permanent activity, and that in some remarkable instances, as at Avignon, Nantes, and Lyons, its operations were found too slow for 'the vengeance of the people,' and were assisted by the wholesale massacres of fusillades and noyades. At Nantes, and some other places, the Conventional Proconsuls carried M. de Clermont Tonnère's principle to the extreme extent of inviting the executioner to dinner.

For some months after the fall of Robespierre, the Parisian guillotine was, though not permanently, yet actively, employed against his immediate followers; and, subsequently, against the

^{*} For further details concerning the number of these executions see ' Quarterly Review,' vol. liv. p. 563.

tail (as it was called) of his faction, who attempted to revive the Reign of Terror; but we have no distinct details of these proceedings: the numbers, though great, were insignificant in comparison with the former massacres, and no one, we believe, suffered who did not amply deserve it—Fouquier-Tinville himself and the remainder of his colleagues, the judges and jury of the tribunal, included. His and their trial is the most extraordinary document that the whole revolution has produced, and develops a series of turpitudes and horrors such as no imagination could conceive.

But that does not belong to our present subject, and we must hasten to conclude. Under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, we do not find that any immoderate use was made of the guillotine;*—the very name had become intolerably odious, and the ruling powers were reluctant to use it even on legitimate occasions. During the Restoration it was rarely employed, and never, as far as we recollect, for any political crime. When occasion for its use occurred it was brought forth and erected in the Place de Grève, and removed immediately after the execution; and we ourselves can bear witness—though we could not bring ourselves to see it—that one of these tragedies, which occurred while we happened to be in Paris, attracted a very great crowd of spectators, and appeared to us to throw a kind of gloom and uneasiness over the whole city, that contrasted very strongly and very favourably with our recollection of the events of twenty years before.

Since the accession of Louis Philippe, for whom the guillotine must be an object of the most painful contemplation, sentences of death have been also very rare, and certainly have never been executed where there was any possible room for mercy. The executions, too, when forced upon him, take place at early hours and in remote and uncertain places; and every humane art is used to cover the operations of the fatal instrument with a decent veil, not only from motives of general decency and humanity, but also, no doubt, from national pride and personal sensibility. What Frenchman would not wish that the name and memory of the guillotine could be blotted from the history of mankind, and who can have such feelings in so powerful a combination as Louis Philippe, now King of the French, and sole surviving member, we believe, of the Jacobin Club? But the Revolutionary horrors which France is naturally so anxious to forget, it the more behoves us and the rest of Europe to remember and meditate.

^{*} We should, perhaps, except the execution of Georges Cadoudal and a batch of thirteen Vendeans in 1804.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—1. Nismes et ses Environs à vingt Lieues à la ronde. Par E. B. D. Frossard, Pasteur. Nismes, 1834. 2 vols. 8vo.

 Illustrations of the Croton Aqueduct. By F. B. Tower, of the Engineer Department. New York, 1843.

 Histoire du Canal du Midi. Par le Général Andréossi. Paris, 1804.

 Memoir of James Brindley. By Samuel Hughes, C.E. Published in Weale's 'Quarterly Papers on Engineering.' Part I. London, 1843.

 A Description of the Canals and Railroads of the United States. By H. S. Tanner. New York. 1840.

WE have included in our list the work of Mr. Frossard, rather for the sake of recommending it to notice as one of the most interesting topographical publications we have met with, than with any purpose of detailed review. As a hand-book for the antiquarian who visits a district scarcely rivalled in Italy itself for its wealth of Roman remains, or for the naturalist who explores the scorched rocks where the mason-spider builds his guarded domicile, and those marshes of the Rhône still colonized by the beaver and haunted by the ibis and flamingo, this work will be found invaluable. Nor will the moralist find matter less interesting in the reflections derived by the Protestant pastor from a state of society which, scarcely less than Ireland itself, displays the open wounds of yet unexhausted religious strife. Let no traveller decline to purchase the volumes, if still procurable at Nismes. The purchaser will thank us for our advice, and, reading, will learn, among other things, the curious fact that there exist in that city many respectable persons who have never once paid a visit to the neighbouring and wondrous relic of Roman magnificence, the Pont du Gard. Let him equally avoid the example of the French resident who, as he lounges about some Protestant or Romish café—(for in Nismes these resorts are as rigidly distinguished as the churches) - cares to see nothing beyond the smoke of his cigar, and of the British traveller, who sees everything and nothing well. Even should his after residence at Rome be curtailed by a day, VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLVI.

that period of time will have been well employed in exploring this most graceful monument. Scarcely from the Coliseum or from the surviving aqueducts of the Campagna will he derive a

deeper impression of the bygone greatness of Rome.

When indeed, referring perhaps to the guide we have recommended, he finds that this massive pile, with its triple tier of arches, from whose summit he has looked down on the Gard beneath at the risk of vertigo, was reared to convey a rill to the town of Nismes, and this probably for the holiday purposes of the Naumachia rather than for domestic uses, he may be at first disposed to cavil at the insignificance of the result as compared with the means. If practised, as English gentlemen are wont to be, in directing provincial public works in his own country, he will perhaps wonder at the oversight of those who neglected to combine in a structure of such labour and expense the usual purposes of a bridge with the original intention of an aqueduct; an omission which modern utilitarian skill has supplied with a vengeance, and to the great detriment of the picturesque. If he possess a smattering of hydraulics, he will perhaps talk to his wife or daughter of pipes and syphons, and pity the ignorance of Agrippa and his forgotten architect. Now with respect to iron pipes, our countryman will have it all his own way-but if he comes to lead, let him beware. We, or any other Martinus Scriblerus who stands up for antiquity, will brain him with the inverted syphon used in the Claudian aqueduct of Lyons, a fragment of which is preserved in the Museum of that city. Nearer too at hand, in the Museum of Arles, he will find a most respectable length of leaden pipe fished up from the Rhône by the anchor of a trading vessel, and with the name of the Roman plumber who made it at every juncture. It is supposed to have been used to convey water across the bed of the Rhône, there some 600 feet wide and 40 feet deep, from a source at Trinquetaillade to Arles. It was not then entirely from ignorance of hydraulics, but partly at least from choice, that the Romans employed the mason at such expense, and that choice was perhaps wisely governed by their knowledge of the dangerous properties of lead when used for the transport of water for long distances. We have indeed other works of public utility to boast of, which may vie with any of ancient times. We may without unbecoming pride rejoice that we belong to an age and country in which the wasteful magnificence of imperial and other despots is rivalled by the better-directed energies of free subjects. When the first barge passed over the Barton aqueduct, Bridgewater and Brindley might have still better reason for pride than Agrippa and his architect, when from the last stone of the Pont du Gard they

looked down on the savage ravine on which a freak of Roman vanity had chosen to exert its art pontifical. Allowing all this, we shall still have to confess that in this particular matter, not of the use of water for conveyance of goods, but of its own conveyance, we have little cause for triumph. It is not in England that we can find a fit subject of direct comparison with the Pont du Gard or the aqueducts of Italy. We fear our science has only taught us to be niggardly in its application, to substitute for value in use, value in exchange, and to sell by the quart what Romans supplied gratis by the tun. Till London with all its water Companies is as well supplied with accessible water as modern Rome is by only two of the aqueducts, whether fourteen, as some count them, or twenty, which ancient Rome possessed, we must content ourselves, Anglo-Saxons as we are, with resorting to New York for our wise saw and modern instance, and must lead our readers

to drink at the Croton aqueduct.

The advantages of such an undertaking as this great public work are not confined to the community which executes it. Its history furnishes a most profitable study to the philanthropist and the engineer, the deviser and the instrument of similar schemes of public benefit in other countries. For a very able compendium of that history, and well illustrated description of the work, we stand indebted to Mr. Tower. May we add that our obligation to him would be increased, if to any future edition of his work a map were appended, showing not only the localities at present concerned, but as much of the neighbourhood as would enable us the better to understand the summary he gives us of the various schemes to which the present was ultimately preferred. We are almost led by rumours to fear that the obligation science will be under to the American engineers may be greater than for their sakes we could wish. In some particulars, which we sincerely hope may prove unimportant, their skill is disputed and their full success questioned. Hot discussion has commenced, we believe, in America, but we have no defence before us by the parties whose skill is impugned, nor will it probably be possible to arrive at positive conclusions till further progress shall have been made in the distribution of the supply hitherto obtained. Under these circumstances we are content to take Mr. Tower's description as it stands, for the purpose of calling the attention of our readers to a work which, whether completely successful or not, is worthy of great admiration.

The subject of an additional supply of water to the city of New York had forced itself on the attention of its inhabitants so early as 1744, when their numbers only reached 22,000. Various plans were proposed from time to time, but successively abandoned. Meanwhile population increased, yellow fever paid occasional visits, but it was not till that very potent scavenger, the cholera, appeared in 1832, that the energies of the Town Council were effectually roused. At the instance of this body a Commission was appointed by the Legislature early in 1833 which in 1835 finally reported in favour of the plan since executed, and received authority to undertake the work. As might be expected in a country rich in what Americans call water privileges, various plans had been considered by the commission during its two years of deliberation. Some were dismissed on the ground of engineering difficulties; one, which promised a supply from sources some twenty miles nearer than the Croton, failed because, among other reasons, it involved an arrangement with the state of New Jersey; another, as interfering with the navigation of the Hudson to an extent which might call for the interference of Congress. A captious critic might adduce these instances as examples of the vexatious working of a Federal Union. We notice them rather as illustrative of the manner in which the members of a free community, however limited in territory, can meet and overcome difficulties. The difference between their proceedings and those of an arbitrary government is that which Schiller describes when he compares the course of the cannon-ball with that of the winding highway:-

'My son, the road the human being travels,
That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property,
And thus, secure though late, leads to its end.'*

The Croton river finally triumphed over all competing sources. This stream derives its waters from some twenty natural reservoirs, presenting an aggregate surface of nearly 4000 acres. At a spot forty miles from New York, where the minimum flow equals 27,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours, and the medium 50,000,000, it was found possible, by a dam raised thirty-eight feet above the natural level, to throw back the waters six miles, and form a fountain reservoir of 400 acres.

The next point for consideration was the mode of conveyance:—
'The following modes,' says Mr. Tower (p. 73), 'were presented. A plain channel formed of earth, like the ordinary construction of a canal-feeder—an open channel protected against the action of the current by masonry—an arched culvert or conduit composed essentially of masonry and iron pipes.' The open

^{*} Schiller's 'Piccolomini,' Act I., Scene 4: Coleridge's translation.

channel was condemned as liable to filtration, waste of banks, evaporation, admission of impurities from varieties of soil, and as incapable of thorough repair without permanent stoppage of supply. Protection by masonry would obviate some of these objections, but others remained. If iron pipes could be laid at a regular inclination from the fountain reservoir to the city, the expense would still be greater than masonry. Should they follow the undulations of the ground, resistance would diminish the discharge. It was found possible, in Mr. Tower's phrase, to grade a line affording the regular inclination desired, and the close channel of masonry was adopted, with only two interruptions, the passage of the Haerlem river to reach the island, and that of the Manhattan valley in the island itself. The whole description of the conduct of this great work, thirty-eight miles in length, with its ventilators, culverts for streams, and roadways, as given in Mr. Tower's work, is full of practical information for the engineer; but the passage of most interest is that of the main difficulty of the scheme, the transit of the Haerlem river, a quarter of a mile in width. The plans suggested were various. An aqueduct bridge-an inverted syphon of iron pipes descending to a level near the river's surface, and passing along a stone embankment perforated by an arch sufficient for the passage of the stream -a suspension-bridge on stone piers, maintaining the regular inclination of the aqueduct, and supporting iron pipes—a low bridge supporting an inverted syphon of iron pipes. The latter was in the first instance adopted, and some progress made towards its execution, when the promoters were thrown back on their resources by an act of the Legislature, which required, either that the parties should tunnel under the river at a specified depth, or raise their structure on arches of eighty feet span and 100 feet elevation above the level of high water. They took counsel on The example of the Thames tunnel, though favouring practicability, was not encouraging on other grounds, and a fusion of the two plans, the syphon and the bridge more Romanorum, was preferred, and has been executed. Both here and in the Manhattan valley motives of economy have induced the architect to depart from the regular inclination of the stone channel. At Haerlem, Mr. Tower informs us:-

'The distance between the extremes of the pipes when laid across the bridge will be 1377 feet. For a distance of 18 feet at each end of the pipes there is an inclination, and the remainder of the distance across, 1341 feet, they are level.'—p. 110.

At the Manhattan valley, he continues:-

'Here was an opportunity for constructing a work of architectural beauty and boldness, by building up with arcades of arches, one line above above another, and thus maintain the regular inclination of the aqueduct; but considerations of economy forbad it. During the progress of the bridge, the water is for the present conducted over a low embankment, and advantage has here been taken of a difference of level of 120 feet, to form a magnificent jet d'eau, which rises through an aperture of seven inches to a height of 115 feet. —p. 112.

Nature has scarcely in any instance submitted her agencies to the guidance of art with a more pleasing result than in the ascent of one of these stately columns, which we think in its simple beauty is usually a better disposal of a powerful current than where it is divided in ascent or broken in its fall by ornamental devices. We say this with due reverence for the two splendid fountains on the esplanade of St. Peter's, but also with a lively recollection of the jet d'eau of some eighty feet which adorns the royal gardens of Herren Hausen. We envy the New Yorkers so pleasing an object of pilgrimage as Mr. Tower describes in the following passage:—

'To those who had watched over the work during its construction, and looked for its successful operation, this was peculiarly gratifying. To see the water leap from its opening, and rise upwards with such force and beauty, occasioned pleasing emotions, and gave proof that the design and execution were alike faultless, and that all the fondest hopes of its projectors would be realized. The scenery around this fountain added much to its beauty; there it stood, a whitened column rising from the river, erect, or shifting its form like a forest-tree as the winds swayed it, with the rainbow tints resting on its spray, while on either side the woody hills arose to rival its height. All around was nature; no marble basin, no allegorical figures wrought with exquisite touches of art to lure the eye, but a fountain where nature had adorned the place with the grandeur and beauty of her rude hills and mountain scenery.'—p. 112.

We cannot say that we consider 'rude hills and mountain scenery,' if such 'adorn the place,' as specially suited to set off the merits of an object so purely artificial; but we rejoice with Mr. Tower that Neptunes and river-gods were spared. We leave the waters we have now traced in the two vast reservoirs constructed in the city for their reception. Into the latter of these they were admitted on July 4, 1842, with a pomp and ceremony fully justified by the occasion, always presuming that none of Mr. Sydney Smith's money has flowed with them down the arched culvert never to return. The whole cost of the work, exclusive of the future expense of detailed distribution, amounts to nine million dollars.

The case of the Manhattan valley not inaptly illustrates an observation in perhaps the ablest work which has yet issued from an American pen, Mr. Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico.' Speaking of the great works of the Tezcucan monarchs, he says:—

'The most gigantic monuments of architecture the world has witnessed could never have been reared by the hands of freemen.' The assertion contained in this pithy sentence may perhaps admit of qualification. If permitted to amplify such a text of such an author, we should say that there are but two influences which can generally avail to produce that superfluous magnificence in construction of which Mr. Prescott is speaking: - the vanity of men who command the resources of subject myriads, and that degree of religious enthusiasm which is not perhaps likely to be found among 'freemen' in Mr. Prescott's acceptation of the term, but which has co-existed with conditions of society far removed from servitude. The palace of the Tezcucan Alfred or David, shall we call him, for he resembled both, and the Versailles of Louis XIV. are samples of the one-the mediæval cathedrals of the other. The valley of the Manhattan may serve to show that the deliberate and voluntary contributions of freemen cannot be relied upon for undertakings which the Agrippas of former times were able to execute. In our own time it will be much if the united efforts of Germany, stimulated by a powerful and zealous sovereign, should carry out the unfinished scheme of the Cologne cathedral, bequeathed to them by a petty electorate. Altogether, if we are allowed calmly and not invidiously to draw comparison between the Croton aqueduct and the similar works of old Rome, we shall perhaps conclude that with respect to the conveyance of water for consumption modern skill has hardly attained any signal improvement upon ancient practice. The aqueducts of Rome remain not only unequalled in costly magnificence, but scarcely surpassed in practical attainment of their beneficent purpose.

We cannot, however, omit to mention a work now in progress in the old world, which, though its estimated expense be but a fourth of that of the Croton aqueduct, promises in magnificence to rival the Pont du Gard nearly on its own ground, while it will exceed the Roman work in utility. The following passage in Mr. Murray's 'Hand-book for Travellers in France' (one of the best of his series), coming from an English engineer acquainted

with the spot, will best describe it :-

^{&#}x27;A highly-important hydraulic work has been projected, and is now in rapid progress of execution under the able direction of M. de Montricher. This canal will derive its water from the Durance, near to the suspension bridge at Pertuis, and this will be conducted by open cutting and tunneling for a distance of 51 miles, through a most mountainous and difficult country, until it reaches the arid territory of Marseilles, where it will be employed for the supply of the city, as well as for irrigation, and giving activity to various branches of industry which require water power. The section and fall of this canal is calculated to pass

11 tons of water per second, and its levels are so disposed, that this quantity of water will arrive near to the city, at an elevation of 400 feet,

above the level of the sea.

'Perhaps no work of this description has been attempted either in ancient or modern times more hardy in its conception, or more really useful in its effects. Three chains of limestone mountains are already nearly pierced by the 10 miles of tunnels which are required to conduct this stream; and an aqueduct, which is to convey it across the ravine of the river Arc (about 5 miles from Aix) is now in construction; its elevation above the river will be 262 feet and its length across the ravine 1230 feet. The design for this gigantic structure is in excellent taste, and as a work of art, it will not suffer from comparison with the famous Pont du Gard, which it will much surpass both in altitude and size. The estimated cost of this canal is about 450,000l., and this sum is raised by the city of Marseilles without aid from the government. The revenue arising from this work will be principally from supplying water for irrigation, as the value of land in such a climate is quadrupled if water can be so applied to it.'—P. T.*

Our English peculiarities of soil and climate are not such as to familiarize us with the merits of works of this class, which in the early periods of civilization probably took precedence of the navigable canal, whether instituted for purposes of war or commerce. The canal of irrigation hardly ranks among our greater public works, and in England has only been applied on a small scale by individual proprietors. Even here, however, a visit to the Duke of Portland's water meadows at Clipstone in Nottinghamshire will furnish some conception of the efficacy which such works may possess in the arid climates and soils of Southern Europe and the The power of Eastern despots has probably seldom been applied to such purposes with the systematic skill displayed by the English nobleman in question. It is, however, evident that on works of this description were based the resources and grandeur of dynasties whose triumphs have long since shrunk into a coin, of those forgotten Bactrian kings whose effigies have been dug up by the thousand by Mr. Masson and other recent travellers, as well as of the more modern Babers and Shah Jehauns. The remains of many of these great works, choked and neglected as they are, have sufficed to disclose to the observant officers of our Indian army, the secret of the former wealth and population of districts now abandoned to sterility. Could the influence of British power have been consolidated either directly, or through the medium of some docile sovereign, in the plains of Affghanistan, a trifling

^{*} It is not expected that the canal of Marseilles will effect the purification of the port. The water will be otherwise employed, and another plan for effecting this has been proposed by Mr. P. Taylor.

outlay on the restoration of some of these works would have sufficed to spread over those plains the fertility they once enjoyed; and the mountain chiefs are so dependent on the plain for their support, that their submission would have followed without the necessity of storming their strongholds. A short time before the insurrection against the British and Shah Souja broke out, one of our officers, Captain Drummond of the Bengal cavalry, employed on a mineralogical survey of Affghanistan, made a report to the Envoy, strongly urging the measure of restoring a canal of irrigation in the Kohistan district, north of Caubul, which in the palmy days of the Bactrian empire had watered the plain of Begram, one of the districts most remarkable for the evidences of former wealth and population, but now an arid desert. The rumour of the project reached Meer Musjidi, one of the mountain chiefs, whose fastness commanded the neighbouring valley of Nijerow, and who had been conspicuous among the most implacable opponents of our arms. He was, however, dependent upon Caubul for every supply, except that of corn and sheep alone, which the valley under his control produced, and which he exchanged with the city for all other articles of necessity. He was so alarmed at the prospect of a new and intervening source of supply about to compete with that of his own valley in the market, but also so attracted by a hope of a share in the profits, that he immediately sent in proposals of friendship and zealous co-operation in the project to the officer in question, who had planned a journey to confer with him on the subject, when the insurrection broke out which doomed Captain Drummond to a long and memorable captivity in the hands of barbarians. Barbarians as they were, it is but justice to them as well as to their captive to add, that he owed his life on more than one occasion to well earned feelings of good will and the appreciation of his good offices towards them, which in his previous intercourse he had contrived to instil into their rugged bosoms.

With reference to the application by man of inland water to purposes of commercial transport, modern superiority is more incontestable. The invention of locks alone has left Sesostris and Drusus at an immeasurable distance. To men living in an age of steam-engines and Daguerreotypes it may appear strange that an invention so simple in itself as the canal-lock, and founded on properties of fluids little recondite, should have escaped the acuteness of Egypt, Greece, and Rome. When we reflect, however, for how many centuries the principle of the printing press lay dormant, yet alive, in the stamped brick of Babylon, and the signet-rings of kings and senators, we shall cease to wonder. Some have supposed that locks were used, before they were known

known to Europe, in China—that vast repository of ideas partially carried out, and inventions unimproved; but it is not certain, even if certain locks described by Nieuhoff, a follower of a Dutch embassy in the seventeenth century, were such as are in use in Europe, that they were coeval with the construction of the canal, which dates from 1289. We doubt whether at this time the double-gated lock exists in China; but, if it does, we think it was probably introduced there by missionaries from Europe. In the article of embankment we might indeed possibly take a lesson of the Chinese. Some of their canals carried through extensive lakes by this contrivance have no parallel in Europe.

In Europe the two great modern subsidiaries to inland navigation, the navigable aqueduct and the lock, have been very generally ascribed to Italy and the fifteenth century. By more recent authorities the lock has been claimed for Holland. The first' instance we can trace of the aqueduct is that of the canal of Martesana in the Milanese, which in 1460 was conducted over the torrent of Molgora by means of a bridge of three arches of some

thirty feet span.

It has been usually supposed that the double-gated lock was invented by the brothers Domenico of Viterbo, and first applied by them in 1481. This supposition originates with Zendrinione among the most distinguished on the long list of Italian

mathematicians.

Zendrini, born in 1679 near Brescia, was placed in 1720, by the united suffrages of Ferrara, Modena, and Venice, at the head of a commission of engineers appointed to settle several important hydraulic questions between these conterminous states. Of all legislation that for running waters is perhaps the most difficult, whether it affect the rights of different states or of subjects under one sovereignty. Let him who doubts this try his hand on a general drainage and bog improvement bill for Ireland. Such an appointment speaks the acknowledged eminence of the man. Venice at the same time gave him the permanent office of mathematician to the republic, and superintendent of the waters belonging to that commonwealth of beavers, as Buonaparte was wont to call that state.

In Zendrini's 'Treatise on the Laws, Phenomena, Regulation, and Uses of Running Waters,' the following passage occurs :-

One of the most efficacious methods of compelling rivers to submit to navigation, when naturally unfitted for it by reason of their rapid descent, is that of sostegni.'

We cannot satisfy ourselves with a translation of this word. In this particular passage the word lock would answer the sense; but in others it admits a more extended interpretation, and may indicate

indicate almost any of the older contrivances by which water is alternately sustained and liberated, weir, lasher, &c. Such were the contrivances mentioned by Mr. Telford as in use till lately on the Thames:—

'The first expedient which occurred was to thrust the boat as nearly as possible to the rapid, and having well fastened her there to await an increase of water by rain; and this was sometimes assisted by a collection of boats, which by forming a kind of floating dam, deepened the water immediately above, and threw part of the rapid behind themselves. This simple expedient was still in practice at Sunbury, on the Thames, since the beginning of the present century; and elsewhere the custom of building bridges almost always at fords, to accommodate ancient roads of access, as well as to avoid the difficulty of founding piers in deep water, afforded opportunity for improvement in navigating the rapid formed by the shallow water or ford; for a stone bridge may be formed into a lock or stoppage of the river by means of transverse timbers from pier to pier, sustaining a series of boards called paddles, opposed to the strength of the current, as was heretofore seen on the same River Thames where it passes the city of Oxford at Friar Bacon's Bridge, on the road to Abingdon. Such paddles are there in use to deepen the irregular river channels above that bridge; and the boat or boats, of very considerable tonnage, thus find passage upwards or downwards, a single arch being occasionally cleared of its paddles, to afford free passage through the bridge. In this sense of the word, the arches of old London Bridge were designated as locks, some of the widest of them being purposely closed up to low-water mark by sheet-piling, which (with the sterlings of framework, filled with rubble-stones for protection of the piers) retained the river navigable for some hours to Richmond at high water, sometimes quite to Kingston. The next degree of improvement was the introduction of modern locks, at first for distinction called pound-locks, wherein water was impounded for the reception of the boat; and these pound-locks, improved by modern accuracy with side walls and convenient sluices, have not only rendered the Thames and most of our other English rivers navigable, but, by economizing the water requisite for the transit of boats shaped to the lock, have given rise and scope to canal navigation; that is, to water carriage where no river or stream existed or does exist.'-Telford's Narrative, p. 57.

The word sostegno seems peculiarly applicable to the original contrivance, intended rather to bear up and sustain the weight of water than to enclose and impound it. The word conca, also in use in Italy, might appear to answer more closely to our pound-lock: it is, however, constantly used in the same sense as the simple sostegno. A scientific correspondent, whose opinion is entitled to much deference, and who is disposed to attribute to this country an early, perhaps an independent, application of the pound-lock, partly founds that conclusion on the fact that the

English

English term lock is purely national. It is, as he has suggested to us, not the Italian sostegno, or conca, the Dutch sluys, the French écluse, but the Anglo-Saxon loc, enclosure; and he infers, if, as usually supposed, we had borrowed the invention, we should have borrowed the name. We are inclined to doubt the force of this philological argument. Our term is at least an exact translation of the Dutch sluys and the German schleusse, which, whether to be traced through the French écluse and Italian chiusa to the Latin claudo and cludo, or to the nearer source of the Teutonic schliessen, has the same signification, to enclose, shut Till we have positive evidence to the contrary, we shall be inclined to believe that the pound-lock came to us through Holland in the seventeenth century, and that the word lock, loc, or lokke, when used before this period, signified nothing more than the sostegno did in Italy previously to the fifteenth century. Zendrini continues:

By means of these (sostegm) even rivulets can be made available for boats; and this not only on level plains, but even in hilly countries. For this reason their inventor has certainly great claims of merit on society at large. I have made much research to discover his name, and to certify the date of so valuable a discovery, but without success, unless certain information, derived from private papers, afford some light towards recognising the meritorious contriver. I have found then that Denis and Peter Domenico, brothers, of Viterbo, acquired in 1481, September 3d, from Signor Contarini a certain site in the bastion of Stra, near Padua, in order to form in it a channel from the Piovego, the canal which comes from Padua to the aforesaid place, Stra; and in a certain memorial from these brothers, dated the same year, calling themselves Maestri di Orologgio, they set forth that they will enable boats and barges to pass through the sluice of Stra without danger, without being unloaded, and without being dragged; contriving at the same time that the waters shall issue with facility. . . . To these then, at least within the Venetian states, we may ascribe the honour of this invention, not finding any one else who had previously conceived or put in practice the idea.

So far, then, we have Zendrini's opinion that the achievement of lifting or lowering a loaded vessel, without traction, from one water level to another, was first accomplished by the brothers of Viterbo, though he gives it with some hesitation. This opinion, embraced by many, derived for a time confirmation from its adoption by Frisi.

Frisi was born at Milan in 1729, and having obtained an European reputation for his illustrations of the sublimest branches of the Newtonian philosophy, gave much of his attention to hydraulics. He travelled more than is usual with men of his pur-

suits and ecclesiastical profession; and in the latter period of his life made himself in England personally acquainted with the

works of Brindley.

We have not seen the two earlier editions of Frisi's book on navigable canals published in 1762 and 1770;—but it is plain from the translation by Major General Garstin, that at that period Frisi fully concurred in the views of Zendrini. Frisi, however, revised and republished his work in 1782; and from some passages of this last edition it is clear to us that he had then found reason to change his opinion, and to ascribe the invention to a greater man than either of the brothers of Viterbo.

'The ancients,' he says, 'understood the method of moderating the excessive descent of rivers, of maintaining the necessary supply of water, of absorbing it into reservoirs, and using it both for the defence of places and the irrigation of country, by means of certain sluices, which could be lifted up for the passage of boats. Belidor has described them in the 4th book of his "Architectura Idraulica." These had no spaces divided off in their interior, and were of the kind called Conche piane. Such precisely were the two sostegni commenced in 1188 and finished in 1198, under the direction of Alberto Pitentino, architect; the one before the gate of Mantua, called the Cepeto gate, and the other at Governolo, twelve miles distant-the first to dam up the waters of the Mincio, and to form the upper lake of Mantua; and the second to form the under lake so called, and to continue the navigation of the Mincio to the Po. Such also must have been the old Sostegno of Stra, the work of two engineers of Viterbo in 1481, to facilitate the passage of barges from the canal of Padua, commonly called the Piovego canal, into the Brenta; a sostegno now in disuse, and which does not seem to have been constructed with any difference of level between the upper and inferior beds (fondo), as far as we can judge from the hinges of the gates, which are still extant. The most ancient staircaselocks (sostegni a gradino), of which I have found notice, are those of the canal of the navigation of Venice, those of the canal of Bologna, and those which form the communication of the two canals of Milan. All these are very nearly of the same date; and I should be inclined to believe that the invention of them may be attributed to Lionardo da Vinci.'

After describing the merits and properties of the invention, and some peculiarities of various specimens of it, Frisi proceeds, speaking of two locks on the navigation of the Brenta:—

"The construction of these sostegni, and the present system of the navigation of the Brenta into the laguna of Venice, is posterior to the diversion of the Brentone, which was commenced in 1484. In the canal of Bologna the sostegno of Battiferro has the area of the interest of Bolognese feet lower than the threshold of the upper gates. And this work was constructed in 1484, according to Masini in his "Bologna Perlustrata." The six sostegni which form the communication between

our two canals were projected and executed by Lionardo da Vinci, and were completely finished in 1497, as we learn from a public inscription. From all which, not having been able to verify with precision either how much the sostegni of the Venetian navigation are posterior to 1484, or how much the idea of ours at Milan was anterior to 1497, I should be inclined to believe that the first invention of sostegni a gradino may be attributed to Lionardo da Vinci. —P. Frisii Opera, vol. ii. Mediol. 1783.

Venturi, a more recent writer, and one of scarcely less repute than the two above quoted, throws back the invention to an earlier period. He writes:—

'It has been said that Vinci was the inventor of the double-gated lock, that ingenious machine which has opened so many issues to internal commerce among the moderns. But it is not he who first imagined them. The Venetians had constructed some on the Piovego in 1481; and Philip Maria Visconti had caused some to be executed about 1440. I believe that some were constructed even in the fourteenth century.'

The quotation from the 'Rerum Italicarum Scriptores' of Muratori, on which Venturi seems to rely for the achievements of Visconti, is rather vague,—' Meditatus est et aquæ rivum, per quem ab Abiate Vighianum usque sursum veheretur, aquis altiora scandentibus machinarum arte quas conchas appellant.' did, however, more than meditate some contrivance by which a communication was effected between two canals of a different Much information on these works of Visconti is to be found in the preface to Lionardo's 'Trattato della Pittura,' by Carlo Amoretti, librarian to the Ambrosian Library, Milan, 1804. A canal of irrigation, derived from the Ticino, had, it appears, been commenced by the Milanese so far back as 1179. canal was then only carried from Abiate on the Ticino, as far as Gagiano, about half the distance to Milan. In 1227, it was prolonged to Milan; and was probably then first converted to purposes of navigation, for the various streams which traversed or flowed near the city were then directed into it; and in 1296 a project was conceived of uniting it with the Lambro, and through that river with the Po, which, however, was not then executed. In 1438, one of those incidental stimuli was applied to the ingenuity of the Milanese engineers which so often lead to unforeseen consequences. The construction of St. Peter's indirectly assisted the Reformation;—that of the Duomo of Milan led to some step in advance in hydraulics, which, if not amounting to the doublegated lock, was shortly followed by that invention. It was to overcome the difficulty of conveying the materials for the Duomo, furnished from the Alpine quarries of Candoglia, that some con-

trivance became necessary for lifting vessels from one level to another. The Ticino and the canal had brought the marble to the suburbs of the city, but there it remained, till the ditch of the city, having been rendered navigable, but at a higher level, certain conche were devised for passing the vessels by an alternate increase and decrease of the water. 'Pro faciendo crescere et decrescere aquam.' These are the words used in an account of the expenses of the work existing in the archives of Milan. One of these, the Conca di Viarena, constructed in 1439, raised vessels to a height of four Italian braccie. We think these facts and dates make Visconti and his engineers formidable rivals to Zendrini's brothers of Viterbo; but, in the absence of any design or other certain description of the conca of this period, we still doubt whether it can be classed with the pound-lock, or was, in fact, much more than the application of the sostegno-long used in rivers-to effect a junction between two artificial lines of navigation under circumstances which gave a considerable command of water. It appears that the raising of the lower level was obtained by stopping, at a fixed hour, and for a considerable time together, the apertures established along the length of the canal for purposes of irrigation. Amoretti, speaking of the machinery for regulating the issue at these apertures, uses the surgical word otturamento, a styptic application. It is probable that these issues, and that by which the canals were connected, were of the simple and clumsy construction still used in China-bars of wood resting on one another in two vertical grooves of masonry, and elevated in succession as occasion requires. For these the improvement of a sliding flood-gate was in time substituted, which is said to have been borrowed from our masters in the art of military engineering, the Turks.

But none perhaps of the Italian writers who have discussed these matters had better opportunities of investigating the Milanese archives, or took more pains to do so with reference to the works of Visconti, than Fumagalli. The following passage from his book on the antiquities of Milan (1792) will show that his inquiries left him a warm, though not an unreasonable or uncompromising advocate of the claims of Lionardo—if not to the absolute invention, at least to the practical application of the lock to purposes of inland navigation:

'For the rest, in asserting for Lionardo the boast of the invention of the conca, we do not pretend that it was entirely his own, or that it issued an entire novelty from his brain. We know for certain that before his time other conche and sostegni, and the like contrivances, had been constructed on rivers and canals, and specially on our own. We have seen above, that at Viarena a conca had served since the year 1439

to facilitate the passage of barges from the great canal to the ditch of the city, in which latter there was also a second conca near the suburb of the Porta Vercellina. The existence of other conche in the little canal near the Benaglio, in the year 1471, is apparent from a despatch of that year of the magistracy, one of which conche was probably the one at the spot called Gorla, which, in a decree of 1533, Francis Sforza the Second ordered to be removed, probably as having been rendered useless by the construction, in 1496, of the one situated at the Cassina de' Pomi. If, in the designs of conche in the Ambrosian MSS., Lionardo's object was to delineate that alone which was of his own invention, in such case we should have to attribute to him three particularities at once among the most beautiful and the most singular, inasmuch as all three are discernible, slightly sketched by his hand. The first is that of the gates turning on hinges, for the purpose of the more easily opening and shutting. The second is the closing of the same at an obtuse angle, the construction best adapted to sustain the pressure of the water, and for management against a current. The third has reference to the little doors or sluices in the gates for the rapid filling or emptying of the conca. And the fashion so sketched by Lionardo is the one since practised in the rest of Italy, in Holland, and in France, in the formation of conche on rivers and canals, all posterior in date to ours.'*

Our readers will hardly fail to observe that, in a passage which we have quoted from Frisi, there is distinct mention of hinges in the case of the sostegno constructed at Stra by the brothers of Viterbo. We have also to remark that the term sostegni a gradino, as used by the advocates of Lionardo, must be taken to imply merely a system of locks applied at various distances to the same canal, but not in immediate connexion, like those of the Bridgewater canal at Runcorn, or those of Mr. Telford at the western termination of the Caledonian. Frisi is distinct on this point,

'Above all,' he says, 'that invention deserves to be known in Italy which unites together different sostegni, so as to effect an immediate passage from one to the other. With us the sostegni are all isolated, and separated one from the other by a portion of the canal. In France, in Sweden, in Flanders, and in other countries, wherever it is necessary to partition off a considerable fall in a tract of no great extent, the sostegni a gradino are constructed in such a manner that the descent takes place immediately out of one into the other, and thus the intervening gates belong equally to the two contiguous chambers.'

Frisi, who had seen the works of Brindley at Runcorn, might have added, that it would be the object and boast of an engineer so to construct his canal as to force together as much as possible in this manner the lockage which it required. The uninterrupted level of the Bridgewater canal from Leigh and Manchester to

^{*} Delle Antichità Longobardico-Milanesi, tom. ii. p. 126.

Runcorn, and the concentration of its descent to the Mersey at the latter place, have always been considered as among the most

striking evidences of the genius and skill of Brindley.

From all these disquisitions we are led to infer that some doubt exists whether the brothers of Viterbo really effected any material improvement in certain clumsy contrivances which existed in Italy in the fourteenth century, perhaps even so far back as the twelfth. One fact only seems certain, that the first application of a series of locks by which water and what it floats is made to walk up and down stairs, was the work of that mastermind which for variety of accomplishment has no equal perhaps in the records of human genius and acquirement—of one who had the hand of Apelles and the head of Archimedes-who with the first could with equal felicity give their respective expression to the countenances of our Lord and his betrayer, and trace the intricacies of wheel-work and the perspective of machinery-with the second could all but anticipate, in an age of comparative darkness, the discoveries of Copernicus, Newton, and Cuvier. Those who think these terms exaggerated may refer to the pages of Mr. Hallam's 'History of Literature' for the confirmation of such part of our eulogy as is not to be found in the MS. folio of the Ambrosian library, or on the wall of the Dominican refectory. It is strange that in such a city as Paris the works of such a man should be allowed to remain unprinted and unedited. A Vinci Society at Paris would be a worthy rival to our Bannatyne, Shakspeare, Camden, Spalding, et hoc genus omne in Britain.

Lionardo's work, which still exists, was inspected as a model in 1660 by F. Andreossi, for whom the honour has been claimed by his descendants of the scheme for the great canal of Languedoc. It is rather remarkable that so early a work should so long have maintained so high a reputation in such a school of hydraulic art as Northern Italy. It is perhaps to be accounted for by the circumstance that the territorial divisions of the district so copiously watered from the Alps and Apennines, presented political obstacles to continuous lines of artificial navigation: hence the skill of the engineer was rather directed to purposes of drainage, irrigation, and security, to 'tame the torrent's thunder-shock,' or fertilise the marsh, than to make the best of friends and the worst of enemies (as the Duke of Bridgewater was wont to call water)

subservient to purely commercial purposes.

For the claim of Holland to priority in the application of the lock, we refer our readers to the article on Inland Navigation in Brewster's 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' attributed to the authorship of Messrs. Telford and Nimmo. Their researches led them to the conclusion that the invention was known in YOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLVI.

Holland at least a century before its application in Italy. With the utmost deference for these two eminent names, we are yet inclined to doubt whether the instances they quote in support of this position are sufficient to establish it. The placeat granted so far back as A.D. 1253, by William Count of Holland, to the city of Haerlem, for the construction of certain sluices at Spaarendam, ordaining 'transmeatum quemdam aquarum qui Spoya vulgariter appellatur, vel foramen per quod majores naves cum suis oneribus possint de facili pertransire in Dampuo apud Sparnam,' is, we think, inconclusive, and wé doubt whether either this or the other examples quoted of Dutch works anterior to the fifteenth century establish anything further than the application of some form of the early sostegno or single-sluice, more or less improved. We consider, however, that the conclusions of such writers make this branch of the subject well worthy of further investigation. It is not in our judgment at all improbable that in an age when ideas travelled more slowly and precariously than at present, the engineers of the two countries may have worked in complete independence each of the other. The artificial navigation of Italy was doubtless more exclusively of an inland character, and the invention of the Dutch had the additional stimulus of the natural circumstances which lead to the necessity of the tidal-sluice and lock-gate in its various forms.

In Mr. Prescott's notice of the canal constructed by Cortez in 1521, for the military purpose of conveying his brigantines from Tezcuco to the neighbouring lake, we find mention of dams and locks. As indeed the distance was half a league, and as the operation appears to have been that of rendering a mere brook or ravine (fossata) navigable for vessels of some burthen, it would be difficult to conceive how some such contrivances could have been dispensed with; but we have to regret that among the extracts cited in Mr. Prescott's notes from Spanish authorities, there is no passage which describes them. (See 'History of the Conquest of Mexico,' vol. iii. p. 78.) The description of the work by Cortez himself in his third relation, addressed to Charles V., does not condescend to many particulars, but he gives the depth by the rough measurement of the human stature, 'quanto saria la statura di due homini.' (Ramusio, vol. iii. p. 266.) The countrymen of Cortez in Old Spain have achieved but little in The canals of Aragon and Segovia are their only this line. works of any consequence, and both are unfinished. The former, commenced by Charles V. in 1529, but remodelled and extended in the latter part of the last century, is described by a recent traveller, Captain S. Cook, R.N., as presenting an unnecessary width of surface to the sun, a great mistake in a warm climate,

and as more used for irrigation than traffic. The aqueduct by which it crosses the valley of the Rio Zabon is said to be a magnificent work of the kind, and to have cost about 130,000l. Should Spain ever enjoy the advantage of a government, its attention might be usefully directed to effecting the junction of the two seas by the extension of this canal from Tudela to some point on the coast of Biscay.

Of two locks in Sweden, Mr. Telford says, 'near Wenernsborg two connected locks have long existed, each 182 feet in length and 39 feet wide. They were constructed about the year 1600, in the reign of Charles IX., by Dutch engineers, probably under the direction of John of Ostrogotha, who had travelled much and

seen such inventions. He died in 1618.'

The first locks constructed in France, it is supposed, were the seven adjacent locks at Rogny, on the Canal de Briare, commenced by Henry IV. in 1605, and conducted during the five following years of his reign under the superintendence of Sully. The work was interrupted by the assassination of Henry, and not resumed till 1638. As, however, the main difficulties of the line were dealt with under his reign, and as its completion in 1642 only carried out the original plan, the credit due to the sovereign and the minister of having set an early example in the improvement of inland intercourse remains unaffected. That example produced brilliant consequences in the reign of Louis XIV. The Canal of Orleans, begun in 1682 and finished in 1692, saved eighteen leagues of difficult and precarious river navigation between Orleans and Briare. The Canal de Loing, finished in 1724, completed the junction of these two canals with the Seine.

Further south meanwhile the power and enterprise of Louis had been displaying itself on a far greater scale. The Canal of Languedoc, begun in 1667 and finished in 1681, had realised a project which for centuries had inspired the fancy of the greatest rulers of France—Charlemagne, Francis I., and Richelieu—the junction of the ocean with the Mediterranean. For any detailed description of this undertaking we must content ourselves with referring our readers to the numerous works extant and accessible on the subject, such as those of De la Lande, the Chevalier Allent, and General Andreossi. The latter author sets forth the evidence on which he founds the claim of his ancestor, F. Andreossi, as the original inventor of the plan which he certainly assisted to execute, to the exclusion of the pretensions of Riquet, as asserted in an inscription on the lock of Toulouse, and admitted for many years without question.

We are ill qualified to decide on the merits of a controversy which still has its warm and enlightened partizans on either side in France. It is more to our purpose—that of noting a few leading facts and features of the rise and progress of inland navigation—to call attention to its relative state at this period in England. We are indebted to Mr. Hughes for a quotation inserted in his interesting 'Memoir of James Brindley,' which bears upon this subject. It is from a work of one Francis Mathew, who, in the year 1656, addressed the Protector Cromwell on the advantage of a water communication between London and Bristol:—

'Mathew in his day,' says Mr. Hughes, 'was probably considered a bold and daring speculator; and what was the extent of the plan by which he proposed to effect his object? It was this: to make the rivers Isis and Avon navigable to their sources by means of sasses, and to connect their heads by a short canal of three miles, across the intervening ridge of country. It is amusing enough to follow the argument of this primitive amateur, for he ventures not to call himself an engineer, in his endeavour to convince the world that his project, novel and gigantic as he admits it to be, is not beyond the capacity of the state to execute. As for private enterprise, whether by individuals or by a corporation, he considers it quite out of the question for such a work; but he ventures to think that the state might execute it with a reasonable prospect of success.

'The condition,' says Mr. Hughes, 'of engineering science in the time of Mathew may be inferred from the following extract from his book, relating to the general subject of inland navigation. He recommends—

feazible, there to make a wharf, magazine, or warehouse, for all such commodities as are useful to those parts of the country, both for trade and merchandizing, and service in time of war with far greater expedition. If any other river, practicable for boats, lye near the head or side of the said river, and that the ground favour the opening of a still river to be drawn between them, then to joyn them with sasses or otherwise. But should the ground be repugnant, then a fair stone causey, not exceeding one little day's journey for horses or carts, to be raised between the said rivers. By the like industry many mediterranean passages by water, with the help of such causeys, would be formed from one sea to the other, and not to have the old channel of any river to be forsaken for a shorter passage; for, as hath been said, rivers are never out of their way."

It is hardly fair to look down from the height of modern achievement with contempt on a man who, at all events, did his best to call public attention to a neglected subject. Had Mathew succeeded in fixing upon it the vigorous mind of the Protector, his feeble suggestion might have fructified, and Bridgewater and Brindley might have been anticipated by a century. It is true that while such a representative of the engineering

science of England was addressing the English Government, Colbert, Riquet, and Andreossi were digesting the scheme for the junction of the Atlantic with the Mediterranean, and dealing with elevations and volumes of water from which Mathew would have shrunk in dismay. It is perhaps strange that Louis XIV.'s grandiloquent and characteristic proclamation, which made so many French bosoms beat high, should have had no echo in England. It is, however, far stranger that the example of the great work, accomplished in 1681, with its 100 locks, its 36 aqueducts, and its elevation of some 600 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, should for eighty years have been lost upon England; and that when the hour and the man at last arrived, a scheme more substantial, but far less gigantic, should have been treated as the dream of a madman. We cannot even find that the Canal of Languedoc was ever cited by Brindley or his employer in reply to the wise men who questioned their sanity. It is true that the Canal of Languedoc affords no example of a navigable aqueduct, the piers of which stand in the bed of a navigable river, and constructed on a scale which leaves the navigation of that river unimpeded; but even the Pont du Gard might have sufficed to strip Brindley's project of the Barton Aqueduct of its supposed impracticability. If Brindley, however, was acquainted with the existence of such works at this period, he was assuredly so ignorant of their details as to be utterly innocent of plagiarism. With regard to the Duke of Bridgewater himself there is more room for doubt. He certainly visited France and Italy in his youth; and hence Mr. Hughes, while defending zealously, and we think most justly, his claim as the originator of navigable canals in England, infers that 'undoubtedly he had seen and studied the great canal works of Italy, Holland, and other countries.' The question is one of more curiosity than importance, but there is at least no proof of the truth of the assumption.

The history of Francis Duke of Bridgewater is engraved in intaglio on the face of the country he helped to civilize and enrich. His memory is held in veneration in his own country, and beyond it; and, we may add, in affection as well as respect by the population of his own Lancashire neighbourhood, a race zealous in its attachments, and not indisposed to what Mr. Carlyle calls 'hero worship.' The best records of an eminent man are certainly his works. The 'Principia' and the 'Transfiguration' are more substantial memorials of Newton and Raphael than the pages of any biographer; but yet few are altogether indifferent to even the pettiest minutiæ of the lives and habits of such men. We love to hear of Newton's untasted and forgotten dinner.

dinner, and to trace in Vasari Raphael's morning progress to the Vatican surrounded by enthusiastic pupils. In this instance our curiosity for such details has been but slenderly gratified. Correspondence to ransack, there is none. It is not strictly true to say, as has been said, that Brindley could not write; but it is true to say of his employer that he would not: he had at least an aversion to the use of the pen. We know not that, with the exception of meagre articles in foreign works, any one has attempted to discharge for the Duke the task of biography; which in the case of Brindley has been more than once performed.* These remarks are no preface to any such deliberate attempt of ours; yet a few scattered notices of so remarkable a benefactor to his country may be worth collection and admission

into these pages :- 'His saltem accumulem donis.'

Francis, sixth Earl and third and last Duke of Bridgewater, was born in 1736, the youngest of five children. His father died when he was eleven years old; and one only of the four elder brothers had lived to enjoy for a short time the title. On the death of this brother, Francis succeeded to the dukedom. Though the loss of a mother, usually a far greater misfortune than that of a father, was spared him, it is said that he met with little attention from one whose affections in the first year of her widowhood were transferred to a second husband. It is certain that his education was much neglected; and we have heard that some attempt was contemplated to set him altogether aside on the score of mental deficiency. Horace Walpole writes to his Florentine Pylades, Sir Horace Mann, in 1761,— You will be happy in Sir Richard Lyttleton and his duchess—they are the best humoured people in the world.' We have reason to believe that little of this valuable quality was dispensed to the benefit of the sickly boy, who probably gave little promise of long surviving his consumptive brothers, and less of future eminence in any department. The field of exertion which he lived to select could hardly be foreseen by wiser people than his worldly relatives. His guardians, the Duke of Bedford and his brother-in-law, Lord Trentham, sent him, at the age of seventeen, to make the tour of Europe. They selected for his companion a man of the highest distinction for talent and acquirement, the scholar, the traveller, and the antiquarian, Robert Wood, author of the well-known works on Troy, Baalbeck, and Palmyra. The usual consequences of this Mezentian connexion between an accomplished and matured man and a backward and unruly boy did not fail to show themselves, and

^{*} The notices of the duke in those two valuable works, the French 'Biographie Universelle' and the German 'Conversations Lexicon,' have autedated his birth by ten years.

evidence exists that Wood often wished himself back in the desert he had so lately left. His work on Palmyra, which was published immediately after his return from the East, bears date 1752, and in March of the following year he started with his pupil. To a man so gifted his new companion must have been a bad exchange for Bouverie and Dawkins: and who ever yet felt the luxuries of European travelling a compensation for the delights of the desert? Wood, indeed, was no college pedagogue, but a man of the world-of that world which acknowledges a Chesterfield as its guide in morals as well as behaviour. He was induced with some difficulty to persevere in his undertaking. It is probable that during their residence in Italy he may have communicated to his pupil some taste for the arts, which afterwards displayed itself in the formation of the Bridgewater Gallery. He sat for his portrait to Mengs, probably by the duke's desire, for the picture is now in the Bridgewater collection. The duke made also some purchases of marbles, tables of Egyptian granite, such as still tempt English purses in the shops of the Roman scarpellini. These, however, remained in their original packing-cases till after his death. We much regret that we have been unable to find any trace of the duke's route beyond Lyons, except his visit to Rome. It is possible that the works of Lionardo on the Milan canal may have engaged his attention; and equally so that, on his return homeward, he may have taken a route through the south of France, which, at Narbonne, Toulouse, or elsewhere, may have brought the greater works of Louis XIV. under his observation; but we have nothing but conjecture to guide us, and we have no reason to believe that he passed through any part of Holland.

We have little record of the duke's habits between the period of this journey and the attainment of his majority. The Racing Calendar bears witness that from 1756 to 1770 he kept race-horses. He had also for some time a house at Newmarket. The bulky man of after-years was once so light and slender of frame that he occasionally rode races in person; and, on one such occasion, we have heard a bet was jokingly proposed that he would be blown off his horse. He rode a race in Trentham park against a jockey of royal blood, the Duke of Cumberland. Whatever were his pursuits, or the degree to which he indulged in them, they soon merged into the one occupation of his remaining life.

It will sometimes happen, as Dryden tells us,-

'That when some proud usurper Heaven provides,
To scourge a country with his lawless sway,
His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of fortune's way!'

If men occasionally rise from obscurity to such perilous elevation, it fortunately also sometimes occurs that others born to coronets on their cradles, and scutcheons on their coffins, will descend from the dignity of doing nothing to the office of thinking and acting for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. As England is not a country of Spanish grandees, and the blood of her aristocracy is, in sporting phrase, continually crossed, there are no physical reasons why the higher faculties of the mind should not be pretty equally distributed among all her classes. With reference, however, to that portion of her aristocracy which has been compared to the Trinity House, in that it is composed of elder brethren, it may be said that political ambition is the incentive which most usually calls its powers into conspicuous action. The fact is, that politics are the most social of serious pursuits; and though real distinction in this sphere, as in others, is only to be gained by great sacrifices of ease and pleasure, it is still compatible with a large indulgence in the social excitements which wealth and inherited station hold out for acceptance, and which even, to some extent, form part of the business of a political leader, and become agents of his influence. If Sir Isaac Newton had been born to an earldom and a rent-roll, his parents or guardians might have warned him that Euclid was very well, but that fluxions did not become a gentleman; and the sacred fire within him might have burnt out in the calculations of political finance, or, more unprofitably, on the course of Newmarket or at the gaming-table. The self-exile from the circle we are ticketed from birth to enter, the brooding over one design, the indomitable perseverance which can alone master success in such objects as those of the Duke of Bridgewater's manhood, can, in the nature of things, seldom be exhibited by the nobles by inheritance of any country. It is well known that they were conspicuously exhibited by the Duke of Bridgewater. Perseverance was in his nature, but we believe that accident had a share in its development—that a disappointment in love first alienated him from what is called the world-and that this affair of the heart was the cardinal passage of his existence. We mention it not merely as having influenced his destiny, but also as having afforded a signal illustration of that determination of character and resolute will which afterwards carried him through all his difficulties.

Deeply smitten with the charms of one of two sisters famous for their beauty, he had sued and been accepted; and the preliminaries of the marriage were in progress when an obstacle occurred. The reputation of the other sister, more renowned for beauty of the two—though hardly with justice, if the engravings of the day be faithful—but undoubtedly more fair than wise, had suffered from evil

reports. The duke, who had heard and (as men of the world usually do where female reputation is concerned) believed, announced to his intended bride his resolution against a continuance of intimacy: we know not whether the prohibition extended to intercourse. Sisterly affection revolted at this condition, but he persevered to the extent of breaking off the marriage. Such scruples in an age not remarkable for rigid aristocratic morality, and on the part of a pupil of Wood, might be suspected to indicate want of ardour in the attachment. The circumstances, however, refute this suspicion. The charms of the lady alone had attracted the suitorcharms which had, previously to the duke's suit, placed one ducal coronet on her brow, and speedily replaced the one she now sacrificed to sisterly affection, by another.

Their impression was in this instance so deep, and the sacrifice so painful, that he who made it to a great extent abandoned society, and is said never to have spoken to another woman in the language of gallantry. A Roman Catholic might have built a monastery, tenanted a cell, and died a saint. The duke, at the age of twenty-two, betook himself to his Lancashire estates, made Brindley his confessor, and died a benefactor to commerce,

manufactures, and mankind.

While upon this subject it may be worth while to remark that our account of this episode in the duke's life may serve to supply the readers of Horace Walpole with the explanation of a passage in one of his letters to Marshal Conway. He writes, Jan. 28, 1759.—

'You and Mr. de Bareil may give yourselves what airs you please of settling cartels with expedition. You do not exchange prisoners with half so much alacrity as Jack Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton have exchanged hearts. It is the prettiest match in the world since yours, and everybody likes it but the Duke of Bridgewater and Lord Coventry. What an extraordinary fate is attached to these two women! Who could have believed that a Gunning would unite the two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton? For my part I expect to see my Lady Coventry Queen of Prussia. I would not venture to marry either of them these thirty years, for fear of being shuffled out of the world prematurely to make room for the rest of their adventures.'

We do not profess to know why Lord Coventry should have objected to his sister-in-law's second marriage. We have explained why the Duke of Bridgewater may have done so. Was it to conceal his chagrin, and carry off his disappointment with a good grace, that he performed a feat very inconsistent with his after habits, alluded to in the subsequent letter of March 9 to Sir Horace Mann :-

'Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton are married. My sister. sister, who was at the Opera last Tuesday, and went from thence to a great ball at the Duke of Bridgewater's, where she stayed till three in the morning, was brought to bed in less than four hours afterwards.'

Beyond the allusion quoted above from Horace Walpole we have met with no written notice of this incident in the duke's life; but our oral authority is such as to leave us no doubt on the subject, and we cannot think that we have over estimated its importance. We are aware that the validity of his claim to the title which by very general consent has been bestowed upon him, of Father of British Inland Navigation, has been cavilled at on two grounds-first, on that of an act obtained by his father, Scroop, first Duke of Bridgewater, and others in 1737, for rendering Worsley brook navigable; and secondly, on the stronger instance of the Sankey navigation, the act for which was obtained in 1755, and which was opened in 1760, whereas the duke's first act received the royal assent in March, 1759, and the Barton aqueduct was opened in July, 1761. The first ground of impeachment we consider hardly worth notice, unless to illustrate the difference between a vague and timid conception, the execution of which was never attempted, and the brilliant realizations of Brindley. On the second Mr. Hughes makes the following remarks, p. 8:-

'The credit of the Duke of Bridgewater having been denied by some, who contend that the Sankey Brook Canal in Lancashire was constructed and designed before his, it may be proper to examine the truth of this assertion. In the year 1755, an act was obtained for making the Sankey Brook navigable from St. Helens to the river Mersey, but the proprietors of the navigation afterwards determined to abandon the stream and to make an entirely new canal, using the water of the stream merely to feed the canal. Accordingly the canal was dug as close along the side of the stream as practicable, and opened for navigation in the year 1760. In the mean time the Duke of Bridgewater applied to Parliament in 1758 for power to construct a canal, not in the bed of any stream, not near or parallel with the course of any stream, but entirely across the dry land, and quite irrespective of the position of streams, except in so far as they might be made to afford supplies of water to his canal. Upon a consideration of these facts, I confess myself unable to see any ground whatever for putting the merit of any other person in this respect in competition with that of his grace, who undoubtedly deserves the whole credit of planning, at the time of attaining his majority, a work which reflects immortal honour on his memory, and confers a rank upon him greater, immeasurably greater, than all that which is due to his title and his station. Undoubtedly he had seen and studied the great canal works of Italy, Holland, and other countries, and he deserves undivided credit for having so perseveringly determined to see them imitated in his own country and through his own means.'

We have given elsewhere our reasons for doubting the assumption of Mr. Hughes as to the effect of the duke's continental tour. With his other observations we concur, and, doing so, we are inclined to lay the greater stress on the probability that if the duke had become the husband of the most beautiful woman of her day, he might indeed have become the father of a race of Egertons, but not of inland navigation. This title could hardly have been won, unless circumstances had allowed of the complete and continued concentration of the whole energies of the man on the one object. Under the influence of eyes not inferior to those of the duke's ancestress, Churchill's loveliest daughter, immortalized by Pope, when he writes in his epistle to Jervas, how—

'Beauty waking all her forms supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes'—

he would have been more likely to have protracted his honeymoon in the myrtle-shades of Ashridge than to have adopted the course by which alone his canal schemes could have reached success—namely, fixed his residence in the coal-field of Worsley and on the confines of Chat Moss. In the lady's opinion, at least, Brindley and Gilbert might have been unwelcome additions to a connubial tête-à-tête, and uncouth appendages to circles recruited from White's and Almack's. Eventual Egertons might also have been strong prudential checks on speculations which as things turned out could involve no ruin but his own, but which at one time brought him so near its verge that almost any one but a childless enthusiast would have retreated in dismay. We must take into account that if the duke started on his foreign travel under disadvantage from neglected education, he returned from Paris, in the modern phraseology of Christ Church and Trinity, a fast young man, on which point we have evidence as satisfactory as that on which we have relied for the fact of his intended mar-The following communication, furnished by the kindness of a surviving contemporary of his latter years, will show the pitch of slowness to which he afterwards retrograded. So little is recorded of his personal habits that we make no apology for minutia not strictly relative to our main subject :-

'It was in the summer of 1797 that I passed a few weeks at Trentham with his grace. He was every day (as who in that eventful period was not?) very anxious for the arrival of the newspapers and intelligence from London, and when there was no London bag, which was then the case on Tuesdays, he called it emphatically a dies non. At table he rejected with a kind of antipathy all poultry, veal, &c., calling them "white meats," and wondering that every one, like himself, did not prefer the brown. He rebuked any one who happened to say port wine, saying, "Do you ever talk of claret-wine, Burgundy-wine? &c." In

person he was large and unwieldy, and seemed careless about his dress, which was uniformly a suit of brown, something of the cut of Dr. Johnson's. Mr. - of - passed some days with us, and during his stay the duke was every evening planted with him on a distant sofa in earnest conversation about canals, to the amusement of some of the party. I can confirm the race with the Duke of Cumberland; -it was in allusion to the altered appearance and dress of the Duke of Bridgewater that the Marquis of Stafford mentioned to the late Chief-Baron Macdonald and myself what a change there was in his person and apparel since his grace rode that race in blue silk and silver with a jockey-cap; -and I believe the ground on which it took place was the terrace at the back of the wood. Apropos of the Duke of Cumberland's visit to Trentham, the old greenhouse (fuit Ilium, and Mr. Barry has levelled these things) was hastily built just before that visit as a skittle-ground for his royal highness to play in. There was also prison-bars and other games of the villagers for his amusement.'

If any of the fast young men of the present day are readers of this Review, these passages may serve as a warning to them to resist the first inroads of business, the seduction of the improba syren, occupation, lest peradventure they live to build steeples instead of chasing them, or to dig ditches instead of leaping them, and sink in dress, habits, and occupations to the level of Dr. Johnson or the Duke of Bridgewater. For ourselves we have dwelt thus long on this passage of the duke's life for the same reason and with the same interest with which travellers trace great rivers to their sources, and historians great events to their obscure causes. We are far from supposing that if he had never lived England could long have remained contented with primitive modes of intercourse inadequate to her growing energies. Brindley himself might have found other patrons, or if he had pined for want of such, Smeatons, Fultons, and Telfords might have arisen to supply his place. But for the happy conjunction, however, of such an instrument with such a hand to wield it, inland navigation might long have had to struggle with the timidity of capitalists, and for a time at least would perhaps have crept along, obsequious to inequalities of surface and the sinuosities of natural water-courses. When we trace on the map the present artificial arterial system of Britain-some 110 lines of canal, amounting in length to 2400 miles—when we reflect on the rapidity of the creation, how soon the junction of the Worsley coal-field with its Manchester market was followed by that of Liverpool with Hull, and Lancashire with London-we cannot but think that the duke's matrimonial disappointment ranks with other cardinal passages in the lives of eminent men, with the majority of nine which prevented the projected emigration of Cromwell, and the hurricane which scattered Admiral Christian's fleet and drove back to the Downs Downs the vessel freighted with Sir Arthur Wellesley and his

If we had any reason to suppose that, previously to this affair, the duke differed from other young men in respect of susceptibility to female attraction, the following paragraph from a newspaper of the day would furnish an indication at least to the contrary. Its date is October 11, 1755: 'A marriage will soon be consummated between his Grace the Duke of Bridgewater and Miss Revel, his Grace being just arrived from his travels in foreign parts.' Such a paragraph leaves a wide field for conjecture.

If, as we have reason to believe, the lady in question was the daughter of Thomas Revel, of Fetcham, in Surrey, who married in 1758 George Warren, of Pointon in Cheshire, afterwards Sir G. Warren, K.B., she was a considerable heiress. The newspapers are certainly prone to bestowing young dukes and great heiresses on one another upon slight provocation, and without any consent or collusion of the parties. Still we may reasonably hope that the report was at least founded on the solid basis of a flirta-We wish we could ascertain whether it went the length of dancing. In France we know that his grace resisted an infusion of that accomplishment with the usual tenacity of a young English-Like other boys, he was more amenable to the fencing-His habits of riding continued to a late period of his life, and a groom and two horses formed part of his reduced establishment at Worsley, when he is said to have brought his personal expenses within 400l. per annum.

By the members of the circles he thus abandoned, by those who missed him at the betting-stand, the club, or the assembly, he was probably considered a lost man. They were mistaken, but not unreasonable. When certain stars shoot thus madly from their spheres, they seldom shine in any other. When a man of birth and wealth, sensible of the effects of a deficient education, shrinks from the toil of self-improvement, which can alone raise him to his proper level, and flies from contact with his equals in rank because they are superior in cultivation, it is terribly probable that low company and sensual indulgence will be the substitute for that he quits. To the co-operation of such causes with his love disappointment the duke's abrupt secession was probably attributed; and if so, his friends and relatives must have considered their worst anticipations confirmed when rumours reached them from Lancashire that his two chief associates were

a land agent and a millwright.

There was, however, a work to be done. The hour was at hand when the latent manufacturing and commercial energies of England were to be set loose by the inventions of Watt, and Arkwright. Arkwright, and Crompton. To their development the improvement of internal intercourse was an essential preliminary. The instruments for this great work were selected by Providence from the highest, the middle, and the humblest classes of society, and Bridgewater, Gilbert, and Brindley formed the remarkable trio to whom the task was delegated. Of these, Gilbert, whose functions as a coadjutor were the least distinct, has attracted least notice, but if his share in the transaction could be certified, we doubt whether it would be found that he contributed much less

to its success than the other two.

We are unable to trace with positive certainty the circumstances which introduced John Gilbert to the notice of the duke; but, as the elder brother Thomas was agent to the duke's brother-in-law. Lord Gower, by whose influence he sat for the borough of Lichfield, there can be little doubt that this was the channel of the introduction. John Gilbert was much engaged in mining speculations. In some of these it is probable that he became cognizant of the merits of Brindley, who so far back as 1753 had engaged in the draining of some mines at Clifton, near Manchester. have no doubt that it was Gilbert who introduced Brindley to the duke, but we have no positive evidence of intimacy between Gilbert and Brindley earlier than 1760, when the brothers Brindley, and Henshall, the brother-in-law of James, purchased the Golden Hill estate, full of minerals, in partnership with Gilbert. Gilbert was also an active promoter of the Trent and Mersey canal, of which Brindley became the engineer, and is said to a triffing degree to have turned his influence with the latter to his own advantage, by procuring a slight deviation from the original scheme of the Harecastle Tunnel, and bringing it through his own estate. J. Gilbert is described to us by a surviving friend

'practical, persevering, out-door man. He loved mines and underground works; had like to have been killed at Donnington Wood, when he was down in the work, by holding his candle too near the roof. The foul air went off with a loud explosion, and blew the gearing at the pit eye into atoms. He was saved by a collier throwing him flat down and lying on him in the drift, but had his stock burnt partly off his neck, and the crown of his head scorched. The collier was badly burned, but Mr. Gilbert provided for him and his family.'

We may mention that the elder brother Thomas was the author of those parochial unions which bear his name, and which, having been unquestionable improvements on the old system of poor-law, have been much used as engines of resistance to the introduction of the new.

It is certain that in J. Gilbert's energy, perseverance, and firmness

firmness the duke found a spirit kindred to his own. It has been said that, when the moment arrived for admitting the water into the Barton aqueduct, Brindley's nerve was unequal to the interest of the crisis, that he ran away and hid himself in Stretford, while Gilbert remained cool and collected to superintend the operation which was to confirm or to confute the clamour with which the project had been assailed. On some important points of engineering connected with this aqueduct he successfully maintained his opinions against those of Brindley. One anecdote connected with Gilbert illustrates the extent of the pecuniary difficulties which the duke experienced in the progress of his undertaking, by the nature of the expedients to which he was compelled to resort. It is well known that at one period the duke's credit was so low that his bill for 500%. could scarcely be cashed in Liverpool. Under such difficulties Gilbert was employed to ride round the neighbouring districts of Cheshire, and borrow from farmers such small sums as could be collected from such a source. On one of these occasions he was joined by a horseman, and after some conversation the meeting ended with an exchange of their respective horses. On alighting afterwards at a lonely inn, which he had not before frequented, Gilbert was surprised to be greeted with evident and mysterious marks of recognition by the landlord, and still more so when the latter expressed a hope that his journey had been successful, and that his saddle-bags were well filled. He was unable to account for the apparent acquaintance of a total stranger with the business and object of his expedition. The mystery was solved by the discovery that he had exchanged horses with a highwayman who had infested the paved lanes of Cheshire till his horse had become so well known that its owner had found it convenient to take the first opportunity of procuring one less notorious.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than the origin and progress of the Bridgewater Canal presented to that of the Canal du Midi. No turgid proclamation heralded the former, 'written'—as Andreossi avers of that of Louis XIV.—'in that elevated style, and bearing the impress of that firm and noble character which marks alike the projects and the productions of the age of Louis XIV.' There was no Colbert to find the funds, no Riquet to receive the magnificent entailed reward of the profits, no Corneille to furnish the flattery. To these and such as these, armed with all the paraphernalia of maps and sections and calculations, Louis gave audience in his sumptuous chamber at Versailles. Round the humble hearth of the black and white timbered manor-house of Worsley, or of the still humbler village inn, three hard-headed men, of simple manners and attire, discussed a project

project unnoticed by governments, and deemed hopeless by the few besides themselves who gave any attention to the matter. To fill the place of a sovereign, the uncontrolled master of vast revenues, there was an English nobleman, proprietor of extensive but somewhat encumbered estates; and if to conceive and direct the work there was a greater original genius than Riquet or Andreossi, that genius could barely read and write, and was hired in the first place at two and sixpence a day. Such at least is the statement of one who had enjoyed opportunities of information,-Francis Ezerton, the last Earl of Bridgewater, who died at Paris in the odour of eccentricity. He adds that Brindley offered to engage himself exclusively to the duke for a guinea a week,—but a slight increase on the former sum. If this be true, it confirms the French proverb that the vrai is not always the vraisemblable. It is clear that at the time when Brindley entered the duke's service his fame as a mechanician was considerable. He had already introduced inventions of his own for the drainage of mines, the improvement of silk-machinery, and the grinding of flints for the potteries of Staffordshire, and in 1756 he had begun to apply his vigorous intellect to the steam-engine. It is said, however, that in all or most of these matters he had been thwarted and restricted by the jealousy of rivals and the stupidity of employers. It is probable enough that disgust with his late patrons, sympathy with the new, the nature of the task before him, and consciousness of power to accomplish it, may have combined to make him court the duke's service on the lowest terms. For his own interest the speculation, perhaps, was not a bad one; for it appears that very speedily after the commencement of the Bridgewater Canal, Brindley was employed by Earl Gower and Lord Anson to survey a line for a projected canal between the Trent and the Mersey. There can be little doubt, as Earl Gower was the duke's brother-in-law, that the selection of Brindley was at the duke's recommendation.

As the materials for Brindley's life in the 'Biographia Britannica' were furnished by his brother-in-law, Mr. Henshall, it could hardly be expected that at this distance of time his present biographer, Mr. Hughes, could add much to the little there recorded of his personal peculiarities. The following remarks on his professional character appear to us in the main well founded. After giving a summary of the great works on which Brindley was engaged, which comprises some dozen of the principal lines of navigation in the kingdom, Mr. Hughes proceeds:—

'In taking a hasty retrospect of Brindley's engineering career, it is important to observe that all the works he projected, planned, and executed, are comprised within a period of twelve years, and by far the greater

greater part of them within the last seven years of his life. It is amazing to reflect that the man who had to struggle, without precedent or experience to guide him, with all the difficulties which attended the early history of canals, should himself have effected and originated so much. There can be no doubt that he possessed an intellect of the highest order, that his views were most comprehensive, and his inventive faculties extremely fertile. Brindley was wholly without education, and it has even been asserted that he was unable to read and write, the utmost extent of his capacity in the latter accomplishment extending no further than that of signing his name. This, however, has been disputed, on the authority of his brother-in-law, who stated that he could both read and write, though he was a poor scribe. However this may be, it is certain that he was quite ignorant in the vulgar sense of the word Education, and perfectly unacquainted with the literature of his own or any other country. It may be a bold assertion, and yet I believe it to be one with strong presumptions in its favour, that Brindley's want of education was alike fortunate for himself, for the world, and for posterity. There was no lack of scholars in his day more than in our own; nay, the literary coxcomb had then a more flourishing soil in which to vegetate. But where were the Brindleys among those scholars? Where were the men capable of the same original and comprehensive views, the same bold unprecedented experiments upon matter and the forces of nature, which the illiterate Derbyshire ploughboy dared to entertain and undertake? If we range the annals of the whole world, and include within our survey even those examples of sacred history where divinely appointed ministers were raised to work out great designs, we shall find no instance more remarkable, nor one which more completely violates the ordinary expectations and probabilities of mankind than this, in which the uneducated millwright of a country village became the instrument of improving beyond the bounds of sober belief the condition of a great nation, and of increasing to an incredible amount her wealth and resources. But it may be asked, why would Brindley have been less fit or less likely to accomplish all he did, if at the same time he had been The answer is, that a mind like Brindley's would have lost educated? much of its force, originality, and boldness, if it had been tied down by the rules of science, his attention diverted by the elegancies of literature, or his energy diluted by imbibing too much from the opinions of others. Alone he stood, alone he struggled, and alone he was proof against all the assaults of men who branded him as a madman, an enthusiast, and a person not to be trusted.'-p. 42.

This passage, and more in the same style, shows the estimation in which Brindley's talents are still held by men conversant with all recent improvements, and competent by their own professional studies to judge of his achievements. Mr. Hughes's comparison of him with Moses and Joshua, we consider ill judged and not in point; inasmuch as civil engineering had nothing to do with the passage either of the Red Sea or the Jordan. That Brindley at a certain period of his life could write, rests upon better testimony

even than the report of his relation, as specimens of his writing were furnished not long since from the office at Worsley, for the use of Mr. Baines, author of that excellent work 'The History of Lancashire.' Of a singular scheme attributed to Brindley, that of a bridge over the Irish Channel between Portpatrick and Donaghadee, Mr. Hughes remarks:- We know nothing, except that it was said to have been a very favourite scheme of Brindley's, and was to have been effected by a floating road and canal, which he was confident he could execute in such a manner as to stand the most violent attacks of the waves.' We know of no better authority than a newspaper paragraph for attributing anything so foolish as this idea to Brindley. If he ever entertained it, two things are certain—that his head was turned by success and adulation, and that he had never been in the Irish Channel in a gale of wind. The latter is likely enough; we are slow to believe the former of a man so eminently practical and so

simple-minded.

Of Brindley apart from his works little then can be said, because little is now known. With regard to the personal habits and character of his great employer, it may be neither superfluous nor inappropriate to mention that if he declined to fill, in the House of Lords or elsewhere, the place assigned to him by birth and wealth, as a resident landlord and employer he left behind him a deep impression not only of power and authority, but of the kindly virtues, which in his case, as in many others, lurked under a somewhat rough exterior. If he preferred the conversation of a few friends and confidants of his schemes to the gossip of London circles, his intercourse with the poor man and the labourer was frequent and familiar, and his knowledge of their persons and characters extensive. His surviving contemporaries among this class mention his name with invariable affection and reverence. Something like his phantom presence still seems to pervade his Lancashire neighbourhood, before which those on whom his heritage has fallen shrink into comparative insignificance. The Duke's horses still draw the Duke's boats. The Duke's coals still issue from the Duke's levels; and when a question of price is under discussion-What will the Duke say or do? is as constant an element of the proposition, as if he were forthcoming in the body to answer the question. He had certainly no taste for the decorations which lighten and adorn existences less engrossed by serious pursuits. The house he built commanded a wide view of the works he constructed and the country he helped to fertilize, but it was as destitute during his life of garden and shrubbery, as of pineries, conservatories, and ornamental pigsties. Rising one morning after his arrival from

London at this place, he found that some flowers had been planted in his absence, which he demolished with his cane and ordered to be rooted up. The labourer who received the order, and who in Lancashire phrase was flytten for this transgression of the Duke's tastes, adds that he was fond enough however of some Turkey oaks which had been brought down from a London nursery-garden, and took much interest in their proper disposal. His nature had certainly more of the oak than the flower in its composition, though not, in Johnson's phrase, the nodosity without the strength. While resident in London his social intercourse was limited within the circle of a few intimate friends, and for many years he avoided the trouble of a main part of an establishment suited to his station, by an arrangement with one of these, who for a stipulated sum undertook to provide a daily dinner for his Grace and a certain number of guests. This engagement lasted till a late period of the Duke's life, when the death of the friend ended the contract. These were days when men sat late even if they did not drink hard. We believe the Duke's habits were no exception to the former practice, but if we may judge from a Worsley cellar-book, which includes some years of his residences there, his home consumption of wine was very moderate. He is said to have smoked more than he talked, and was addicted to rushing out of the room every five minutes to look at the barometer.

We have conjectured that the Duke's early association with Wood might possibly have generated the taste for old pictures which ultimately displayed itself in the formation of the Bridgewater collection: an accident, however, laid the foundation of that collection. Dining one day with his nephew Lord Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland, the Duke saw and admired a picture which the latter had picked up a bargain for some 10l. at a broker's in the morning. 'You must take me,' he said, 'to that d-d fellow to-morrow.' Whether this impetuosity produced any immediate result we are not informed, but plenty of d-d fellows were doubtless not wanting to cater for the taste thus suddenly developed: such advisers as Lord Farnborough and his nephew lent him the aid of their judgment. His purchases from Italy and Holland were judicious and important, and finally the distractions of France pouring the treasures of the Orleans Gallery into this country, he became a principal in the fortunate speculation of its purchase. A conversation recorded with Lord Kenyon, father to the present lord, illustrates his sagacity in matters connected with his main pursuit. At a period when he was beginning to reap the profits of his perseverance and sacrifices, v 2

Lord Kenyon congratulated him on the result. 'Yes,' he replied, 'we shall do well enough if we can keep clear of those d—d tramroads.'

Nothing was more remarkable in the operations of the duke and his great engineer than the rigid economy with which they were conducted. It is well known that the ingenuity of Brindley, as his novel task rose before him, was constantly displaying itself in devices for the avoidance or the better distribution of labour. It was perhaps fortunate that the duke possessed no taste for those luxuries of architectural embellishment with which the wealth of modern railroad companies enables them, without imprudence, to gratify the public eye. The indulgence of such a taste might have risked the success of his undertaking, and the fame of a ruined speculator might have been his lot. He shrunk, however, from no expense and no experiment which, to use a phrase of his own, had utility 'at the heels of it;' nor was his one of those ordinary minds which are contented with a single success, and incapable of pushing a victory. About the end of the last century, at a moment when other men would have been contented with results obtained, before Bell or Fulton had shown the availability of the steam paddle-wheel for navigation, he made an attempt to substitute the steam-tug for horse towage on his canal. The following notice from one of his surviving servants substantiates this interesting fact :-

'I well remember the steam-tug experiment on the canal. It was between 1796 and 1799. Captain Shanks, R.N., from Deptford, was at Worsley many weeks preparing it, by the duke's own orders and under his own eye. It was set going, and tried with coal-boats; but it went slowly, and the paddles made sad work with the bottom of the canal, and also threw the water on the bank. The Worsley folks called it Buonaparte.'

It may be presumed that the failure was complete, for no second trial appears to have been made. Eight coal-boats were, however, dragged to Manchester, of twenty-five tons each, at a little more than a mile an hour. We find in Mr. Priestley's volume that a similar experiment was made on the Sankey Canal in 1797, when a loaded barge was worked up and down by a steam-engine for twenty miles; but, singular as it may appear, says Mr. Priestley, to this time vessels have continued on this canal to be towed by manual labour. The application of steam power to haulage on canals has, by the invention of the submerged screw propeller, been rendered a mere question of comparative expense, as all detriment, either to banks or bottom, from the propelling machinery, is obviated. In the case, however, of heavy goods, we

apprehend that no material increase in the rate of speed can be obtained, as the mere displacement, independent of the cause of motion, generates, at a slight increase of velocity, a wave sufficient to destroy any banks not fenced with masonry. Mr. Houston's beautiful discovery has indeed shown, that if the speed can be increased to a considerable extent the evil ceases—at least with boats of a particular construction; and the fast passage-boats, long used on the Glasgow and Lancaster canals, and lately adopted on the Bridgewater, have proved the merit of his invention. The labour to the horses is somewhat painful to witness, though the stages are short. In other respects we scarcely know any aquatic phenomenon more agreeable to the eye than the appearance of one of these vessels at her full speed. In grace of form and smoothness of motion they rival the swan-like gondola itself of Venice.

Descriptions, more or less detailed, of the duke's works are to be found in many publications. It may be sufficient here to state that the line of open navigation constructed under his acts, beginning in Manchester, and branching in one direction to Runcorn, in another to Leigh, amounts in distance to some thirtyeight miles, all on one level, and admitting the large boats which navigate the estuary of the Mersey. Of this the six miles from Worsley to Leigh were constructed after Brindley's decease. We use the expression open, because to this we have to add the extent of subterranean navigable canals by which the main produce of the Worsley coal-field is brought out in boats, to be conveyed on the open canal to its various destinations. This singular work was commenced in 1759, and has been gradually pushed on, as new coal-workings were opened and old ones became exhausted. Frisi speaks of them with much admiration at a period when they extended for about a mile and a half:—at the time we write, the total length of tunnels amounts to forty-two miles and one furlong, of which somewhat less than two-thirds are in disuse, and rendered inaccessible. There are in all four different levels. The main line, which commences at Worsley, is nine feet wide and nine high, including four feet depth of water. The others are the same height, but only eight feet wide. Two are respectively at fifty-six and eighty-three yards below the main line: the fourth is thirty-seven yards above it. The communication with the latter was formerly conducted by means of an inclined plane, which has however been disused since 1822, the coal being now brought by shafts to the surface. Distinguished visitors have visited this curious nether world. The collective science of England was shut up in it for some hours, rather to the discomfiture of some of its members, when the British Association held its meeting at Manchester in 1843. Heads, if not crowned, destined to become so, have bowed themselves beneath its arched tunnels: among others, that of the present Emperor of Russia.

The Duc de Bordeaux is the last on the list.

In his testamentary dispositions for the entail of his Laneashire estates, it is well known, at least to conveyancing lawyers, that he evinced extreme anxiety to carry power beyond the grave. As this desire in its excess becomes often a subject of animadversion, it is just to observe that the main object he had in view in this portion of his will was to secure to the public the continuance, the perpetuity, as far as human things can be perpetual, of the advantage of his undertakings. Whether in devising a scheme for this purpose, by which power was to be dissociated from property, he adopted the best means for his end may be doubted. The purpose is the more unquestionable, as he left the other portion of his magnificent possessions without a single condition of entail.

'There is a Providence that shapes our ends Rough hew them as we may.'

The gentlemen of Liverpool and Manchester, who originated the railroad between those towns, will well understand us when we say that one effect of his peculiar dispositions for the management of his canal property after his death, was to accelerate the introduction of 'those d—d tramroads' in which his sagacity taught

him to foresee dangerous rivals to the liquid highway.

In 1829 the time was doubtless ripe for the introduction of that wonderful contrivance, the locomotive engine, and from obvious local circumstances it was almost inevitable that Liverpool and Manchester should take the lead in its adoption. The fact is nevertheless notorious that the manner in which irresponsible power had for some time been exercised, with reference to the public, in the management of the Bridgewater line of navigation, accelerated a crisis which under other circumstances might for a time have been delayed. Great fear and confusion of mind felt upon canal proprietors. The invention which, in the opinion of many practical men, was to supersede their craft, started like Minerva full armed from the brains of its various contrivers. Few machines in the records of human ingenuity have attained such early perfection as the locomotive engine. It placed the powers of fire at once at issue with those of water:—

Old Father Thames reared up his reverend head, And fear'd the fate of Simois would return; Deep in his sedge he sought his oozy bed, And half his waters shrunk into his urn.

It was vain to raise the cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.'

The progress of anterior improvements was appealed to, and with justice. The Yorkshire fox-hunter going to or returning from his sport will occasionally find himself on a flagged pathway, flanked on either side with an abyss of mud, and only wide enough to admit of progress in single file. This is the packhorse road of our ancestors, and, except the occasional semblance of the animal itself with its load displayed on village-signs, things as retentive of odd bygone facts as the picture-writing of the Mexicans is now the only memorial of a mode of communication which in the memory of man was hardly superseded by the waggon and the coach. The latter machines, doubtless, still survive; but many a tinkling peal of bells was silenced, many a set of dock-tailed horses with their accourrements of tinted worsted put in abeyance by Brindley, as many a four-horse coach has since been slapped into flies and station omnibuses by the Harlequin wands of the Brunels and Stevensons. Even their inventions begin to tremble. We can hardly expect that in our time the disembodied spirit of Bishop Wilkins, if it revisit the glimpses of the luminary it proposed while in the body to invade, will be gratified by the triumph of some aerial machine over the railroad. He must be a bold man, however, who would now predict how long the capital vested in the present system of railroads may continue undisturbed and unaffected by some new application of power. While we write, it is possible that nothing but the mass of the investment and the pre-occupation of lines of country (and even these are but feeble impediments to British enterprise and ingenuity) prevent it from being so interfered with by the atmospheric railroad. Perhaps some still simpler scheme of galvanism, or gaseous explosion, is fermenting in the cranium of some unknown mechanician, which may supplant the invention of Watt. Of the relative prospects, then, of railroad and water-carriage it would be presumptuous to speak; but some dozen years of experience enable us to say that there is an inherent force of vitality in the latter, which will at least secure it an honourable death and respect from its conquerors.

As such an euthanasia is, we trust, for the present postponed, we would fain leave not altogether unnoticed one or two topics which we consider worthy the deep attention of all in any way connected with the administration either of canals or railroads. The former have raised, the latter are raising, within the sphere of their influence, a population which by its numbers and its exigencies ought to remind us of a great truth—a truth quite as often lost sight of amid the pursuits of peaceful gain as in the hot chace of military fame and conquest—more often, we fear, forgotten in Protestant than in Roman Catholic countries—'Man does not live

by bread alone.' We are not now on the subject of railroads, and we forbear addressing to that quarter considerations to which we believe and trust that corporate bodies comprising the élite of the land for wealth and intelligence are already alive. The case of canals, also, we consider in some respects more peculiar and more pressing. The floating population of the latter is by its avocations and its migratory habits rendered in some respects almost as distinct a race as that of the sea, without being accessible to the religious impressions which affect those who see the wonders of the great deep. It is comparatively an easy task for the wise and good to take advantage of those natural circumstances which render the mariner peculiarly susceptible to religious influences, and this duty has in many instances not been neglected. On board the vessel of Columbus all hands were invariably mustered for the evening hymn, and with that ritual sound was hailed the appearance of the shifting light which first betrayed the existence of the New World to its discoverer.* It was for the special use of the mariner of his country that Grotius composed his treatise on the truth of the Christian religion. † In our own service many have laboured in this sacred cause, and when the morning rose on the bay of Aboukir, what spectacle was it which most astonished the French survivors of that awful night on board the vessels of their captors? Not merely that of energy unimpaired by slaughter, and discipline unrelaxed by triumph; it was that of the general celebration of divine service throughout Nelson's fleet. We fear that the inland navigator has many of the rough vices of the regular mariner, and if his opportunities of religious instruction, warning, and consolation have hitherto been far scantier, it behoves those who derive profit from his toil to be the more considerate and active in devising the mitigation of such an evil. Nor do we mean to aver that the employer has been universally neglectful. In many quarters exertion has been made, and we will venture to say, wherever made-rewarded. All honour to those who carried in the British parliament, against a vexatious, we trust a penitent opposition, the Weaver Churches Bill.

There are, however, stations of resort on lines of navigation at

^{*} Puesto que el Amirante à los diez de la noche vido lumbre... y era como una candelilla de cera que se alzaba y levantaba, lo qual a pocos pareciera ser indicio de tierra. Pero el Amirante tuvo per cierto estar junto à la tierra. Por lo qual cuando dijeron la "Salve," que la acostumbran decir é cantar à su manera todos los marineros, y se hallan todos, rogó y amouestólos el Amirante que hiciesen buena guarda al castillo de proa, y mirasen bien por la tierra. — Diary of Columbus, First Voyage, l1th of October.

[†] Propositum enim mihi erat, omnibus quidem civibus meis, sed præsertim navigantibus, operam navare utilem, ut in longo marino otio impenderent potius tempus,
quam, quod nimium multi faciunt, fallerent.—Preface to the treatise De Veritate

which, for various reasons, it might be neither easy nor expedient to plant and endow regular places of worship, to which another and very effective expedient may be adapted. On the broader canals at least a condemned barge, vulgo a flat, may be converted at a trifling expense into a floating chapel, suitable for a congregation of some 150 adults. We can bear witness that such have been filled by zealous and grateful worshippers, many of whom had never before with 'holy bell been tolled to church,' many of whom would never have been tempted within the precincts of one on dry land, some from indolence, others perhaps from the scarcely censurable shyness and pride which so often prevent the poor man from contrasting his worn habiliments with those of richer neighbours. We think the sternest opponent of cheap churches, the greatest stickler for spires, chancels, and roodlofts, would forego his objections in favour of these arks of refuge, if he could witness their effects.

There is another subject, of far greater complexity, which has engaged the attention of Parliamentary committees, as yet without any decided result,—that of Sunday canal traffic. We are not of the sterner school of Scotch Calvinism in this particular, but we certainly think that the mere consideration of gain to proprietors ought everywhere to give way to the great object of procuring rest for man and beast on that day, and opportunity for worship and for relaxation of every innocent kind to the former. We doubt, however, whether the religious or moral interests of Manchester would be advanced by a sudden stoppage of all the passage-boats which often convey at present the clergyman, established or dissenting, to the scene of his labours, or the artisan and his family to Lord Stamford's noble park. Sure we feel that the immediate effect of such stoppage would be to multiply the few horses and drivers who do thus labour on the Sabbath, by an enormous figure, in the shape of all descriptions of hired land conveyance. Stop them too,' would reply the zealous and sincere champion of strict observance. We cannot make of England the Hebrew camp in the wilderness, and we doubt the obligation to attempt it. It is, in our humble judgment, far better in this and other analogous cases to keep in view such an arrangement of hours as may not only not obstruct, but multiply the opportunities of attending divine service, and thus attract people to rural churches and chapels, rather than drive them into suburban public-houses.

We have now touched, albeit discursively, on three principal species of the genus Canal: the canal of supply for domestic consumption, the canal of irrigation, and the canal for inland conveyance of merchandise. It might be expected that we should say something on a class of works exceeding these in magnitude,

and of great antiquity-the Ship Canal. Though a legitimate branch of our subject, however, it would be impossible for us to go into either its history or its prospects, without swelling this article beyond all due bounds. With reference to remote antiquity-whether originating in military schemes, like the Velificatus Athos of Xerxes, and the artificial river of Drusus uniting the Rhine and the Issel, or in more purely commercial purposes, like that projected by Sesostris and finished by the Ptolemies, from the Nile to the Red Sea-it deserves an ample discussion. In more modern instances the results have not always been such as to invest the subject with an interest proportionate to its grandeur. In this point of view, the most splendid of our own undertakings in conception and execution (the Caledonian) has hitherto turned out a failure. Its eminent author, Mr. Telford, was engaged in a sounder and more successful operation of the same class, though of less dimensions, in the Swedish canal of Gotha, of which he revised the survey, and superintended the execution. With some exceptions, we may almost assert that neither the sea-risk of the shipowner, nor the toil of the mariner, has been as yet materially diminished by this class of works. There is something specious and attractive in the notion of cutting isthmuses and connecting oceans by a direct communication for sea-going vessels, which has in all ages excited the imagination of sovereigns; but while subjects have counted the cost, governments have more frequently talked and deliberated than acted. Even Louis XIV. resisted the temptation of the éclat, and the suggestions of Vauban, in the instance of the Canal of Languedoc. In speaking thus, however, of the past and present, we insinuate no prognostications as to the future. The straw, we are aware, is stirring. It is possible that while we write, under the patronage of such men as the Bridgewater of Modern Egypt, Mehemet Ali, schemes may be approaching maturity which, if executed, will leave their traces not only on Ordnance maps of six inches to the mile, but on Mercator's projection, and the school atlases of rudimental geography. Cadets now studying at Addiscombe may live to lock down into the Red Sea on their way to Calcutta, and the steamer from Hong Kong may bring our dispatches through Panama; but with our present degree of information the discussion of such projects would be premature.

The mention of the name of Mehemet Ali makes it impossible to pass without notice the achievements in hydraulics of that remarkable man, who has summoned European science to cooperate with the physical force of numbers, marshalled under a more than Oriental despotism. The Canal of Mahmoudieh, connecting Alexandria with the Nile, is but one of forty-five works

in pari materià constructed under his auspices. According to Clot Bey's description, it is twenty-five leagues in length, and was completed in ten months by the labour of 313,000 men. If the reputation of sovereigns could be measured by the number of cubic feet of earth removed in their respective reigns, Mehemet Ali's name will be tolerably conspicuous on the record. In the article of canals alone, exclusive of bridges, dams, and other enormous works of construction and excavation, the account in 1840 stood at nearly 105,000,000 of cubic metres. Taking one of these as the average day's work of an Egyptian labourer, and considering that, except in special cases, these works only proceed during four months of the year, Clot Bey calculates that, for some years past, the number of individuals annually employed on

bydraulic works in Egypt has been 355,000.

In an article of our April Number for 1837, on Mr. Michel Chevalier's 'Letters on North America,' will be found some notice of the then comparative state of internal intercourse in France, England, and the United States. The condition of these three countries, both relative and positive, with respect to railroads, has doubtless been much altered in the years which have since elapsed, while inland navigation has probably more nearly preserved its proportions. Additions to the latter have been perhaps little called for in England. In France, as Mr. Chevalier then observed, the want of works to make her existing canals available by improving the access to them from her rivers, as in the signal case of the Canal de Languedoc and the Garonne, was more pressing than that of new lines of navigation, though there is doubtless room for remunerative undertakings of both descrip-In all three countries capital and enterprise have been attracted by preference to the railroad. In Mr. Tanner's summary of the canals and railroads of the United States, published in 1840, we find a list of proposed railroads for the State of New York alone to the number of eighty-four, with an authorized capital of 26,000,000 dollars. We find no mention of any new canal company, as bread to this intolerable quantity of sack. In 1837, Mr. Chevalier estimated the number of miles of railroad and canal in the United States at 7350. In 1840, by Mr. Tanner's summary, they would approach 9000, of which water claims for its share about 4300. If, however, North America claim the superiority natural to youth in respect of activity of enterprise, the luxuriance of her virgin soil has in many instances been rank and deceptive, and many of her schemes have doubtless lacked the solidity which in the main has characterized the proceedings of England and the Continent. Mr. Tanner writes:-

With regard to the abstract question of revenue, it is obvious that a large

large portion of the immense sums invested in canals and railroads in the United States will fail in producing the anticipated results. Visionary enterprises of all sorts are the distinguishing characteristics of the times, and the almost infinite variety of schemes which of late have been pressed upon public attention, and adopted without due caution, have in some instances resulted in the diversion of funds from objects of undoubted utility and advantage to schemes of an opposite character. The mode of improvement, and its fitness for the purposes to which it is designed, are considerations to which little regard has been paid in deciding upon the location of some of the public works in the United States. Hence the numerous failures, and the consequent withdrawal of public confidence in such investments generally.'-p. 23.

It is sufficiently notorious that certain other considerations, besides the choice of 'location,' have been overlooked in the public works of North America, the neglect of which would considerably impede the further march of improvement in any other community. We leave, however, this topic in the abler hands to which of right it belongs. We of the Quarterly have no money to invest in foreign stocks. Our indignation would be tame, and our satire pointless, in comparison with that of others. We content ourselves with saying to our insolvent relations on the other side of the Atlantic what, in virtue of the length and discursiveness of this article, our readers will ere now have been tempted to say to us-

* Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt."

ART. II.-1. La Russie en 1839. Par le Marquis de Custine. 4 tomes. Paris. 1843.

2. Ueber das Werhe 'La Russie en 1839.' Von N. Gretsch. Aus den Russischen übersetzt. Heidelberg. 1844. 3. Un Mot sur M. de Custine. Paris. 1843.

4. Russian Fragments, by a Geologist. London. 1844 (not published).

5. Rapport de la Commission d'Enquête. St. Pétersbourg. 1826.

6. Mémoires d'un Maître d'Armes; ou Dix-huit Mois à St. Pétersbourg. Par Alex. Dumas. Paris. 1840. 2 tomes.

7. A Visit to St. Petersburg in the Winter of 1829-30. Thomas Raikes, Esq. London, 1838.

DE CUSTINE is a very clever and, we dare say, a rapid penman; but that these volumes are mainly, or largely, composed of letters written during the few weeks of 1839 which he devoted to a personal examination of Russia, is, we presume, just as true a bit of 'avant-propos' as that 'Mr. Henry Davis, bookseller

bookseller in London,' kept back the correspondence of Matthew Bramble, Esq., until he could be quite sure that Lieutenant Lesmahago had left town. Nor do we think him over judicious in other statements of his preface. He announces that, after 'a conscientious study of the history of the Russian empire,' he started for that region in hope of there discovering additional grounds for his aversion to representative governments. No man with a teaspoonful of brains could have studied the history of Russia, and supposed that a representative form of government would suit that country for a century to come; as little could he have expected to find in a Russian tour, however perfunctory, weighty reasons for abolishing the French Chambers. Such a student as the Marquis must have been aware, even as far back as June, 1839, that the middle class is more powerful in France than in any other European kingdom, and that in Russia there is no middle class at all. However, M. de Custine has altered his political views since June, 1839; he is still a high royalist—but he has become also a strenuous advocate for extending the popular franchises. We must be allowed to hesitate about believing that his Russian tour worked that salutary change; but we have no scruple in congratulating Madame de Grammont on this accession to the new doctrine that Acheron must be appealed to for the benefit of Olympus-that the only chance for the fleur-de-lis is to come back on the top of the bonnet rouge.

We also think the piety of both preface and book a piece of doubtful tact. Let no voluptuous elderly dandy, however skilled in rhetoric, fancy it easy to make himself up in print so as to pass muster for a saint. The speckled pantaloon will be detected beneath the Capuchin domino. From his inability to write two letters on end without some affectionate puff of his valet Antonio, the sole companion and comforter of his hyperborean wanderings, we conclude he means to ascribe his conversion to the influence of this attached Italian: but it is, we fear, too obvious that the 'curled Anthony' has left that job incomplete. Lachrymose twaddle about the state of the Marquis's soul, and the right divine of the Pope, mystical reveries, and monastic bigotries are sadly out of keeping with the general scope and tenour of his sentiments and reflections, which are those of a cynical Sybarite. The truth is, we suspect, that the Marquis de Custine found himself not much better received among the upper Carlists than he had been, in spite of early associations, by Louis Philippe; and the religious fervour is a last attempt to melt the ice of the

Dowager Faubourg.

There is no difficulty in accounting for the grand staple of his volumes—abuse of Russia from the Czar to the Moujik. Such

is at this time the sure recipe for selling either book, pamphlet, or newspaper among the mob of Parisians. The rage against Russia is what the rage against England was in the day of M. Thiers. And writers of the White Cockade party are eager to take up the popular view on any outlying question—for other

reasons which require no toilsome analysis.

By his own story, however, he leaves Paris with prejudices for, not against Russia. If so, he seems to have begun at a very early stage to get rid of his delusions. No farther on than Ems, where he and Antonio halt for a day or two to be baked up in that little breathless oven, amidst the usual batch of decorated swindlers and self-dubbed baronnes—an accident affords him a first glimpse of Muscovite royalty and courtiership. The Grand Duke Alexander arrives, with a suite occupying ten or a dozen vehicles; and though the Marquis did not exchange a word with any of the party, we are favoured with the results of his conscientious study thereof. The Marquis discovers that St. Petersburg travelling-carriages are not so neatly appointed as those from Long-Acre—a fact which, unless Parisian equipages are much changed since we last saw the Tuileries, need not have astonished the student. He discovers also that the Grand Duke looked better in plain clothes after dinner than he did when he stepped from his open britchka in uniform. Is not the Marquis conscious how much more charming his own appearance is after he has been well brushed and bathed, and tweezered and frizzled out by Signor Antonio, than when he comes all heat and dust, nose blistered, and whiskers grizzly, off a long journey? Even a Grand Duke of twenty is subject to such circumstances as these. The Marquis adds that he had 'an air of melancholy combined with dissimulation.' It would seem he did not dissemble the gravity of mood which must now and then pertain to a young man, with such a destiny in prospect, unless he be a fool: but that the habitual expression of the countenance is either sad or sinister will be news to such of our readers as chanced to see him on the banks of the Thames a week or two after he changed horses in the valley of the Lahn. But the worst has yet to be told:-the members of the suite appeared more at their ease when the Imperial Highness was out of sight than when he was by: they seemed different men. This discovery cut our experienced traveller to the heart.

Ems disturbed, then, M. de Custine's original prejudice in favour of Russia and the Romanoffs; but we hear no more about those outlandish objects for many subsequent letters. These are devoted to M. de Custine's own family history; he makes no apology—'mes voyages,' he says, 'sont mes mémoires'—who can

quarrel

quarrel with a bit of the autobiography of M. de Custine? Not we, certainly, on this occasion. Entirely disagreeing with him as to his grandfather the revolutionary general and victim, and also as to his father-who if a less culpable victim was in every sense a more insignificant one-we admire all that is here told or that we ever heard about his mother, and willingly allow that, though nothing but the most arrant vanity could have introduced these details into a book entitled 'La Russie en 1839,' the letters that contain them are the best in the book. They are hardly inferior to the early chapters of Madame d'Abrantes: but we cannot afford to pause here on the Reign of Terror, nor even on the author's lamentations over the irreligion and immorality of Northern Germany (all for want of the Pope): we must hurry on at once to the port where the dampschiff is getting up her steam, and M. de Custine, in spite of Antonio's dread of sea-sickness, at last makes up his mind for the Neva.

He took this step notwithstanding also the advice of a Lubeck innkeeper, whose sagacity he by and bye extols. 'Don't go to Russia,' said Boniface, 'that is a terrible place. When the natives come this way in the beginning of the season, they are as lively as larks—so many birds just out of the cage. When they return towards winter, they look as dull as gibcats. Russia must be a

hell upon earth.'

Russia is far enough from the Garden of Eden; but we are afraid that facts analogous to the innkeeper's might be produced to the discredit of any country in Europe. See the English lawyer, or doctor, or member of parliament, as he starts for Calais or Ostend in the first week of August, the toils of his vocation just cut, Rhine, Loire, Alps, Pyrenees, Munich, or Milan in his mind's eye; and take another look at the worthy gentleman when he disembarks again in November or January, to resume the old round of cares and duties under an atmosphere of fog. But the Russian traveller packs up, ere his own region is more than half thawed from a seven months' winter, and when the steamboat drops him, after his rough tumble on the Baltic, under a summer sky, with the greenest of fields all about him, what wonder that he should exhibit unusual elasticity of spirits? He returns, as an Englishman does, to the routine of life, which is never quite so gay a thing as its holiday; but mine host of Lubeck must have been fortunate if another difference, unmentioned in the record, had not now and then attracted his notice. The Muscovite emigrant is usually young in more senses than one; -whether he has Paris, or Baden-Baden, or Vienna in his view, when he sets out his purse is probably long and heavywhen he returns it peradventure contains piastres enough to pay

his passage to Kronstadt. 'Voluptates exeuntes non ineunte's specta.' It is not every one that can

'When Child looks black step on to Curll,'

and wipe off bills by libels.

Once fairly in the steamer, M. de Custine loses no time in tossing his remaining pro-Russian fancies overboard; but he calls potent aid to his help in this work. Among the passengers is a Russian prince—the Marquis says he betrays no man, and therefore gives only the initial K---, but the description is so full that he might just as well have printed Koslowski-more especially as the gentleman happened to die before the book was published, or, as we believe, before it was penned. Had that not been so, indeed, and had the Marquis believed what he fervently preaches as to Nicholas the First, this letter would have been as murderous an atrocity as ever roused the indignation of society—for he makes his 'fat old Russian prince, who, born in Rome, had embraced the Romish religion, married a foreigner, spent almost all his life out of Russia, &c. &c.—and whom a certain steam-boat landed at St. Petersburg on the 10th of July, 1839—he makes this so delicately veiled subject of Emperor Nicholas, the mouthpiece of a long monologue—wherein not only is the Russian government as a system denounced as the most odious that ever disgraced the world, but the reigning Czar is distinctly branded as daily and hourly investing the system with new gratuitous barbarities, the offspring of his own cold-blooded cruelty. We say it is to be hoped the Marquis was aware that old K- slept with his fathers; but he does not say so-and our readers will see by and bye that M. de Custine has no scruple about betraying the living.

For the rest, we have no difficulty in believing that Koslowski, remembered here in London as a notorious wag, amused himself to his heart's content with mystifying the exquisite gobemouche at his elbow on deck. The stories which Custine affiliates on his jolly humourist are not bad, some of them, considered as materials for an Annualist's budget—about, for example, a great Boyar, who built a high castle on a rocky island in the Baltic, garrisoned it with a desperate band of deserters, and carried on the trade of sea-king, wrecker, arch-pirate, &c., at a grand rate in those latitudes-during the reign of Paul-whose imperial bile being at last roused by such irregularities, the stronghold was besieged in form, the οί πολλοι knouted to death, and the high-born leader sent to Siberia—though, be it noted, without such severity of treatment ensured for him and his family when deposited there as Nicholas would undoubtedly enforce in case of similar proceedings being brought to light in the Baltic of 1839! And Custine swallows

swallows this nonsense—or invents it—we are at a loss to guess which

We suppose we are indebted, in part at least, to Koslowski's audacious quizzing for the history of their own steam-boat. This vessel, called the 'Nicholas First,' had been nearly destroyed by fire about a year before. The Marquis states that four or five ladies must have perished but for the gallant efforts of a young French passenger; and regrets that, from 'the obliviousness of Russian gratitude,' he could not recover 'the name of his brave countryman.' We beg to inform him that the 'strong swimmer' in question was no Frenchman-but M. Dashkoff, then attached to the Russian Legation at Copenhagen; and that young Dashkoff's noble exertions were well rewarded, and are in no danger of being forgotten. He goes on to say, 'After a strict investigation, the Emperor broke the captain, a Russian; the unfortunate man was replaced by a Dutchman, but this person is said to be without authority over his crew. Foreign countries lend to Russia nobody whom it would be worth while to keep at home.' He adds, by and bye, 'It must be allowed that the composition of our crew is not such as to inspire much confidence—a Dutch captain, a Danish pilot, Saxon or German sailors from the inland parts; these are the set to whom the Russian packet is entrusted.' The steamer being called the 'Nicholas,' it must needs be a Russian vessel, and a vessel of the Russian government: but it was not Russian at all, nor is there one word of truth in all the particulars here given. The 'Nicholas' was in 1839 as in 1838 the property of the Lubeck Steam-boat Company: the captain displaced by the company (not broken by the autocrat) was a Lubecker, by name Stahl-his successor also a Lubecker, by name Voss; the crew were all Lubeckers; and the pilots were Danes or others, according to the population of the coasts the vessel had to pass between Travemunde and Kronstadt.*

Proclaiming his fat friend a Radical (which is true enough), the Marquis adds triumphantly, 'Whatever is liberal in Russia leans to Romanism!' The Russian liberals of whom the world has heard most, happen to have been clearly convicted of the meanest as well as foulest of crimes—sycophantish plotters of assassination which cowardice alone prevented them in any case from perpetrating. Will the holy father on the Quirinal give the Marquis a benediction for this compliment to the faith?

He next makes his brother Catholic describe and criticise in a most Christian fashion the 'femmes du Nord,' more especially the Russian ladies. According to him they are a species of

human mollushs, who creep through existence in a doze of imbecility—'they have not even passions'—'elles rêvent seulement ce que les autres font.' We suppose it is meant to be insinuated that popery would cure them of that. Some of these anomalous creatures appear to have contrived to irritate our devout man a little by condescending to be amused during this voyage by an ignoble French passenger-in fact, a lively, rattling bagman and ex-lancer-who was always ready with small attentions, laughed with vulgar heartiness, told Joe Millers new to the North, and sang the songs of the last vaudeville-all horribly 'mauvais genre.' Yet they took him for a gentleman, the Marquis doubts not, for they smiled and chatted and even danced with himwhile 'the prince and l,' says the pious voyager, 'looked on and laughed sous cape.' How could they grudge a glimpse of hilarity to the poor backboneless innocents? Yet he admits that several of them were civil enough to himself-nay, insinuates that he could see, though they hob-nobbed and waltzed with the boisterous Roturier, their more serious coquetries were levelled at a nobler object. But he is soon satisfied that the prince was rightthey have not even passions—they only dream—for lo! when the company landed, every petticoat among them found some male Muscovite waiting on the quay, and off they all bundled bag and baggage home with their husbands or brothers, or possibly lovers, not one of them even remembering to give the Marquis a parting simper. 'I might have foreseen how it would be,' sighs this moralist; 'I am ashamed of having allowed the thing to disturb me. Qu'étois-je, moi, pour des mères de famille?' Not much.

The Marquis's placidity was not restored by some detention at the Custom-house, and a very exact and deliberate overhauling of all his boxes and bottles and cosmetical battery by a 'perfumed Cerberus.' The loftiness of his presence, however, secured his pockets from investigation, and he brags that he after all cheated the Post-office. The Russians may be stupid for not having adopted the theory of free-trade, but a Frenchman has no peculiar title to urge that reproach; and so long as it is their financial system to raise a large share of the revenue by imposts on foreign manufactures, no foreigner has the slightest right to complain of them for endeavouring to do thoroughly that which they judge fit to be done in a matter indisputably within their own jurisdiction. If individuals of our traveller's order are scrutinised more rigidly than elsewhere—and we doubt whether St. Petersburg even now goes much beyond either Calais or Doverhe might have heard of circumstances not unlikely to sharpen the eyes of Cerberus. Nowhere in the world is smuggling practised on so large a scale, by natives of rank and adventurers of pretension. Only three years ago all St. Petersburg rang with a case of special scandal. Some half dozen brilliant shops on the Newski Perspective were discovered to have been furnished with all their display of bijouterie and knicknackery—by means of the despatch-

boxes of a German legation.

Having at length passed Cerberus, the Marquis finds himself in the infernal regions. Here we must acknowledge a meritorious originality. Many before him had abused the country at large, the nation at large, the government from top to toe, with uncompromising rigour; but he is the first who has had the courage to avow that he could see nothing grand in the general aspect of the capital. This is quite new—but there is no disputing the decree of genius. When he comes to particulars we are disturbed, First of all he is shocked with the regularity of the plan: the straight parallel streets, the uniformity of the massive quays, the endless perspectives of Grecian or Italian elevations-all this is disgusting. No narrow, crooked lanes, with black gables of a thousand shapes beetling over them-no dark mouldering towers, buried among masses of frowsy picturesqueness-no 'zigzag!' We are as fond of mediæval churches and palaces, and all the features that surround them, in cities of mediæval origin, as the Marquis, or even as Mr. Prout, can be; and we think it a great pity that the 'classical' forms of architecture were ever introduced at all into either London or Paris; but the foundation of St. Petersburg was part and parcel of the grand scheme for amalgamating Russia with Europe; and if the founders had not adopted what had come to be the established style of European art, but, in erecting their new city, repeated the half Tartar architecture of Moscow and Novogorod, they would have acted in diametrical opposition to the ruling idea. But what is it that the Marquis really would have recommended? The public edifices might no doubt have been done, one and all, in any style that happened to please the imperial fancy; but can he suppose that the Russian nobility and merchants would have gone on building their new houses and palaces all in accordance with that pattern, in case it had been one entirely at variance from the modern examples of the great cities of the West, unless they had been compelled to do so by a sweeping and continuous pressure of tyranny? Is that what would have suited the Marquis's views as a propagandist of liberty and civilization?

Then the dear 'zigzag.' It is delightful in its own place, and of its natural date. The crooked streets of ancient towns had been the lanes of primitive villages—the cul de sac had been a farm-yard—and so on. They are historical things as well as pict

turesque: it costs a pang to part with one twist of them. Imagine any rational man planning a great city as a novel whole on the zigzag principle! Such a colossal Cockneyism would be the laughter of the world. But in what old town is it that, when a new street is to be built, the immense sanitary advantages of straight lines and wide spaces do not counterbalance the pictorial disadvantages of any contrast between the original and the addition?—Suppose Paris were burnt to the ground to-morrow, would the citizens, with all their proud and grateful regard for barricades, dream of reproducing the labyrinthine sinuosities inherited from Lutetia Parisiorum? We doubt if a new zigzaggery would be thought of, except perhaps some of a particular descrip-

tion in the neighbourhood of the resurgent chateau.

The Marquis expresses special contempt for those public buildings which have 'façades and porticoes, after the fashion of Greek temples.' He says they have the air of 'expatriated edifices, banished from the perpendicular rocks with which alone they harmonise, to the flat swamps of Lapland.' We never heard the Pantheon vituperated for not being mounted on a crag, nor the temples of Pæstum for their position upon a level shore. There is no question about the glorious effect of a Parthenon on an Acropolis; but when Athens spread herself over the subject plain, pillared temples and porticoes enough marked, and, we believe, adorned, the extended capital of Æstheticism. But let him look at home. Does even the unhappy Neva wander through a more dead level than that which is honoured with the substructions of the pillared Bourse and the porticoed Madeleine?

Another set of copies-though we know not of what, for, if pictures and prints may be trusted, the existing world has nothing like them—give even greater displeasure to our connoisseur: the quays of the Neva-'such vast granite quays bordering such a mere bivouac.' The 'bivouac' has lasted some time already on its 'swamps;' but if, as he justly conceives, the chief danger consisted in the proximity of a large river liable to be flooded, and at the same moment possibly to find its discharge into the Baltic impeded by a marine current, the product of strong and longcontinued westerly winds, we are at a loss to guess what defensive measure could have been devised better than that gigantic circumvallation of granite bulwarks, embanking the stream and encasing the town, which has usually been applauded as the most glorious monument of Catherine's royal munificence. Eighteen English miles of granite quays! What a vision for Sir Frederick Trench! But for them, the one serious inundation of recent times must indeed have had most calamitous consequences. By them this gorgeous capital was then saved; and by them, in case of a recurrence

recurrence of such a visitation, she may hope to escape again. But in contemplating such recurrences as inevitably frequent, and in all probability ultimately fatal, the Marquis betrays his ignorance both of the past and the present. A recent English traveller, of scientific eminence, says:—

'The inundations of the Neva, like those of the Volga, have been for a course of time declining in frequency, and (with the memorable exception of 1826) in extent and duration. The chief cause of the altera tion is in both these cases (and in multitudes of others in various parts of the world) the same—namely, the progressive clearing of the internal forests, which served as vast reservoirs of moisture for the feeding of the lakes from which the rivers proceed. Whoever compares the Volga of the present day (often in dry summers closed for navigation even below Kazan) with the descriptions of half a century ago, will comprehend the enormous change that has been effected in consequence of this disappearance of wood, with the natural results in draining and otherwise. The process is going on, though not as yet so rapidly, in the parent regions of the Neva. I am strongly of opinion, however, that the defence of St. Petersburgh might be, and ought to be, and I have no doubt it one day will be, rendered complete, by something in the form of a huge breakwater, after the model of Plymouth, extending from near Oranienbaum towards Kronstadt, and which, checking the violence of the inflowing marine current, would allow a sufficient body of the fresh water to escape. This truly would be an "imperial work, and worthy kings." '-Russian Fragments, by a Geologist. 1844.

In this same first letter from St. Petersburg, asserted to have been written according to the date it bears, and, if so, written before M. de Custine had stepped a yard beyond the town, he proceeds to state his opinion of the environs, or, as Jonathan would say, 'the surroundings.' The Marquis assures us that one 'may travel through hundreds of leagues of the neighbouring provinces without resting the eye on anything but ponds, marshes, stunted firs, and birches of sombre green;' and he adds that 'he now begins to understand' why the Russians wish strangers to visit them in winter; 'for then,' says he, 'six feet of snow hide all the deformity: in summer we can see it.' No doubt ponds, marshes, stunted firs, and sombre birches, may be seen within less than a hundred leagues of St. Petersburg. No doubt the ancient forests have disappeared in the neighbourhood of the capital, and agriculture, fighting at sad odds against such a climate, has not yet been able to replace them everywhere by smiling fields; but better things too may be discovered, without any very serious stretch.

'No lover of the picturesque,' says our English Geologist in his preface, 'will regret a visit to the falls of the Narva (of which, by the bye, I never saw a decent drawing), the fine old castle of Narva, the adjoining rocky and vertical cliffs of the Baltic, and the plain that witnessed Charles's

Charles's first victories. The magnificent falls of Imatra, in Finland (well described by the Hon. W. F. Strangeways*), are within an easy day's ride of Petersburg; but if the traveller will venture on "hundreds of leagues," he may see his fill of some of the richest and grandest scenery, of various sorts, on the habitable globe. In June and July, even in the very northern governments, he shall have before him a vernal burst of wild-flowers never surpassed even by the bella primavera of Italy. Let him turn, for instance, in the direction of Archangel, and I think he could hardly help being cheered in heart by the gorgeous "garden of roses" opening around him, wherever the massive forest has been cleared. The scenery of the White Sea left on me impressions of delight and admiration never to be effaced—that glassy sea, with its islands of crystalline rocks crowned by brilliant monasteries, surveyed from a foreground of heathy copsewood, amidst which a Scottish eye recognises scores of plants dear to boyish recollections. But how could the Marquis divine the existence of such things as these? Much more how was he to imagine, what he never gave himself a chance of seeing, the majesty of the forests in the central governments, where you are driven for days, near the mighty Volga, under oaks, to match whose endless myriads of giants even England could show only a handful of celebrated park beauties, each the pet and pride of its possessor, historied by Gilpins and painted by Constables? What could he dream of the Alpine passes and deep gorges of the Ural, with their dense forests of the lofty Pinus cembra-of the sublimity of the rankly-vegetated southern steppes of the prodigious corn-oceans of the Ukraine? But there would be no end to the enumeration. And this, M. le Marquis, is the true frame of St. Petersburgh. Such a country merits such a metropolis.'

The geologist alludes evidently to the following sentence:-

'The Russians' (says M. de Custine) 'will not answer me; they will say, "A journey of four months!—he cannot have fully seen things." It is true I have not fully seen, but I have fully divined."—English Trans. vol. iii. p. 344.

The words of the original are, 'J'ai mal vu, mais j'ai bien deviné'—'I have guessed well!' But, candid as this confession seems, he did not give 'four months' to Russia. He landed at St. Petersburg on the 10th of July, and we find him dating from

Tilsit by the 26th of September.

How charming his divination why the Russians like strangers to visit them in winter! The snow of course covers effectually all these monstrous abominations of architectural plagiarism—these horrid parodies of the Greek temple and the Roman palace—these mountains of granite, marble, and bronze so absurdly reared on a platform of mud and morass. The Marquis himself seems to own that the Russians are a hospitable set of people: a very little inquiry might have taught him that their

^{* &#}x27;See " Geol. Transactions," vol. i., where there is also a sketch of these falls.'
hospitable

hospitable season, their time for social reunions and amusements of every sort, is not the brief summer, which must be taken advantage of for the inspection of estates, situated many of them at vast distances in the interior, but the long winter when all who can afford the luxuries of life are in town.

The occurrence of a wedding in the imperial family brings fine folks enough to St. Petersburg before he leaves it, and he has an opportunity of seeing some most splendid fêtes numerously and brilliantly attended. It may be doubted whether royal dinners or balls in any part of the world are particularly distinguished for real ease and gaiety; but, according to the noble Frenchman, dirges and funeral processions elsewhere are life and hilarity itself compared with the festive assemblages of these Sclavonian slaves under the roof of their tyrant. 'Not one gay face did I see-on ne rit pas quand on ment-liars can't laugh!' *- This is the only thing that beats a nation of liars. He says it is a very common way of trying to please the emperor to walk about in winter without a great coat-'this flattery of the climate has cost the life of more than one ambitious individual' (vol. i. p. 284). The poor soldiers, they must appear exactly in the same uniform as in summer. Whoever told him all this could both lie and laughsous cape. Russian sentinels in winter are most comfortably cloaked and blanketed—and soldiers on drill or parade happen to wear coats, trousers, and boots lined and padded with wool or fur. The emperor and his minister of war do not voluntarily freeze such costly creatures as soldiers to death.† The only people who walk about St. Petersburg in cold weather without as much cloth and fur as they can carry are, we should 'guess,' in a double sense Johnny Raws—they are on a par with the northern dilettanti who expose themselves to the midday sun of August in Seville or Naples.

One of these awful mockeries of merriment—where the 'gracieuse familiarité du Czar accueillant ses serfs n'étoit qu'une dérision de plus'—took place in the Winter-palace; and the Marquis heard with amazement that the vast gilded and illuminated catacomb about which more than a thousand gaudy ghosts glided in their dismal *Polonaise*, had been burnt down and rebuilt within the twelvemonth; but his astonishment merged in sheer horror, as well it might, when he gathered that the portentous resurrection had been accomplished at the cost of more human life than anybody in the empire of Nicholas dared to calcu-

^{*} This passage is omitted in the English version bearing the Cockney title of 'The Empire of the Czar,' &c. But errors of omission and commission are equally abundant in that performance. We are almost ashamed of having made any use of it.

[†] See Venables, Domestic Scenes in Russia, 1839, p. 221.

late. Six thousand unhappy bondmen had been impressed for the service—they worked day and night under the terror of the knout—in order to accelerate the operations of the decorator, the interiors were kept at a furnace temperature, and the serfs turned out, when one gang relieved the other, into the freezing air (without of course daring to put on their sheep-skins), died off as fast as Murat's Neapolitans did in the retreat from the Beresina.

*To work miracles at the cost of the life of an army of slaves may be great; but it is too great, for both God and man will finally rise to wreak vengeance on these inhuman prodigies. Men have adored the light, the Russians worship the eclipse: when will their eyes be opened?

-vol. i. pp. 136, 137.

As he mentions a Polish lady as his usual authority on court mysteries, we presume she honoured him on this great occasion. Her ladyship, if she knew anything of the matter, knew that the palace was restored by contract with the principal tradespeople of St. Petersburg in the same manner exactly as Louis Philippe manages affairs of the sort in Paris, or as the facile princeps of builders in our time does at Munich. The workmen were the ordinary ones of the capital—the best of their classes—there was not one conscribed or compelled man among them-but there was great competition for the employment, for the wages were good, and, whether the Polish lady and the French seigneur will believe it or no, there was great and real zeal arising from not only the common motives of professional emulation and vanity, but also from feelings called national pride and loyalty ;feelings which animated high as well as low upon the occurrence of that calamitous visitation—for it is well known that the native merchants of the empire met at Moscow, and subscribed a most magnificent sum for the rebuilding of the palace, though the emperor declined to accept it. That among five or six thousand workmen some died in the course of the year in consequence of the accidents inevitable in such an operation, may be very true; but that multitudes of men, or that one healthy Russian, died in consequence of sudden transition from hot air to cold, is a story which no one who had the slightest knowledge of Russian habits could have swallowed. Why did it not occur to the Polish dame to inform her Marquis that the unnatural custom, which from time immemorial every Russian peasant observes, of rushing from his hot vapour-bath to roll himself in the snow, is the frightful progeny of an ukase by Nicholas the First?-M. de Custine says many of the doomed slaves worked in 'a sort of cap made of ice' to keep their brains from boiling. We wonder how the caps were kept from melting; and if they were not, how the slaves contrived to work at their painting painting and gilding with the ice-water eternally flowing over their eyes. They must have been hydropathical decorators.—For the contemptuous denial he gives to every syllable in this whole story, M. Gretsch appeals to two Frenchmen then resident in St. Petersburg, M. de Montferrand, architect, and the great painter Horace Vernet, who we suppose had something to do with the decoration of the Winter Palace. We should like to see a sketch of him in his ice-bonnet.

So much for the murders. We agree with M. de Custine that the restoration of the palace in so short a space was a foolish caprice. No doubt of it-great buildings hastily erected can never be thoroughly finished. This impatience of delay in such matters, however, is the fashion not of St. Petersburg, but of the age we live in. Only see how huge Babylons of brick leap from the ground at Manchester whenever our cotton-lords dream of a chance for a new market. But these are mushrooms. That really magnificent pile of wickedness, Crockford's, was run up and finished outside and in, all in the course of one short summer. When members of parliament who quitted London in August, 1843, came back in February, 1844, they found the same street embellished, by virtue of no Ukase but Mr. Sidney Smirke's, with a still grander club-house where they left nothing but the rubbish of the Thatched-house tavern-a totally new and gorgeous representative of the humble farm-house that appears in our old prints as the next-door neighbour of St. James's palace. When people do not grudge substituting plaster of Paris for common mortar, walls may be both reared and painted at a rate that might almost have satisfied Aladdin; and in the Czar's case the solid marble masses had probably suffered little from the fire—it was chiefly the interior linings and vaultings that had to be renewed as to material. But still we condemn the whole system; we admire it as little in a Russian emperor as in the tricking and trucking tyrants of the League, who do indeed cause the children to pass through the fire to Moloch.

This is soon followed by a still more precise account of another Russian tragedy. Some of our readers remember, probably, that a sad accident occurred on the then new railway between St. Petersburg and Zarskozelo, in August, 1840. It was a case of two trains coming into collision. The Marquis has been told, and thinks fit to believe, that the victims were 500 killed, besides multitudes maimed and wounded; but says he, it was difficult to arrive at the real numbers, for 'corpses and limbs had all been swept away before daybreak, and the police drove all inquirers from the spot—les gourmandèrent de leur curiosité, et leur ordonnèrent rudement de retourner chacun chez soi.' Now

we turn to page 32 of the pamphlet by M. Gretsch, who was at the time a director of the Railway Company, and he says the killed were in number five, and the wounded were two: giving the names of all the sufferers but one, a young person whose remains were not recognized or reclaimed, he being no doubt a stranger: and M. Gretsch pledges himself to pay M. de Custine 10,000 francs if he will produce the name of the sixth that was killed or the third that was hurt. He adds, that the numbers were pretty sure to be ascertained exactly, as the directors, not by order but of their own freewill, gave pensions to the families of the sufferers on application at their office; and finally, that the accident occurred twelve English miles from St. Petersburg,

and there was not one policeman at or near the scene.

This fable of 1840 is avowedly a patch upon the letters of 1839—but that is only, we must suspect, because the date could not be overlooked. We repeat our decided conviction that the whole story of the composition is fabulous. If there be one word of truth in the Marquis's representation of his own feelings while in Russia, he was in terror all the time—he saw a spy in every acquaintance—never thought of the emperor but as 'the head-jailor of an immense prison;' and never got into his carriage without vivid apprehension that the Muscovite on the box might turn out an 'Agent de Police,' and the drive find its termination in Siberia. He paints himself as naturally a nervous person, disposed to see things en noir, existing from hour to hour in state of the most harassing alarm lest any unguarded word or look should betray his real sentiments on the subject of Russia and its government.

'At each step I here take, I see rising before me the phantom of Siberia, and I think of all that is implied in the name of that political desert, that abyss of misery, that tomb of living men,—a land peopled with infamous criminals and sublime heroes, a colony without which this empire would be as incomplete as a palace without cellars.'—vol. ii. p. 18.

We might quote fifty passages to the same tune; and yet he represents himself as engaged in a series of colloquies with Polish ladies and French refugees, who did nothing but abuse the emperor and the people, and every night writing down every word they said to him with all his own fierce reflections and commentaries, and keeping all this mass of perilous MS. about him, liable at any moment to be scrutinized in case any circumstance should happen to draw on him the attention of the omnipresent police. Either the colloquies are of subsequent manufacture, or the Marquis was at once the most tremulous of visionaries and the most fool-hardy of satirists.

What brings out the truth of the case with additional clearness

is the contrast of tone between the one letter here printed, which the Marquis states himself to have sent to Paris at the time by the post, and all the rest in the series. That letter is a tissue of pompous compliments to the emperor, the empress, the capital, the country, the people—everything couleur de rose: all the others are steeped in gall and wormwood. The puffing letter had of course been circulated among the Marquis's Parisian sodalities-it would not do therefore to suppress it-at any rate, indeed, it was too pretty a set of paragraphs to be lost: but his pretext for its tone is that he knew his correspondence would be scrutinized, and really could not make sure that his friends would be allowed to hear of his safe existence in the 'vast prison,' unless he took the precaution to address them as he did. Such elaborate artifice about the letter for the post, and such childish honesty in the nocturnal contributions to his own swelling portfolio! Credat Judœus. But he had such a treasure in his Antonio!-

'An Italian may compete in finesse with even a Russian. The Italian in question has been for fifteen years my valet-de-chambre. He has the politic brain of the modern Romans, and the honourable heart of the ancient. Had I ventured in this land with an ordinary servant, I should have abstained from writing my thoughts; but Antonio, countermining the espionnage, assures to me some degree of safety.'—vol. iii, p. 111.

As liars cannot laugh, we are puzzled to guess the rationale of the following facts: - En fait de spectacle ce qu'on préfère ici c'est le gymnase-en fait de lecture c'est Paul de Kock-les amusements futiles sont les seuls permis en Russie.' slaves should prefer the only amusements that are permitted them seems natural; but that the Ukase power should prescribe exclusively provocatives of laughter for people who cannot laugh, is a finishing refinement of cruelty. The system, however, must have been found objectionable in some way-for all succeeding (as well as prior) visitors of St. Petersburg seem to have discovered abundance of theatres there-French comedy and tragedy, German ditto ditto, Russian ditto ditto-both Italian and German operas. Nor can we make up our minds to believe that all literature, native and foreign, is either forbidden or neglected, except only the novels of Paul de Kock. But if the Russians do really give him the preference to all the George Sand breed, we are not surprised. How could ladies without passions be expected to take particular satisfaction in the classics he desiderates? For ourselves (though on other grounds) we agree with these mollusks. To our taste genuine fun, though mixed up with laxity and coarseness, is less execrable diet than eternal rechauffés of all possible horrors glued over with mawkish romance

romance and garnished with atheism, or with pantheism, the atheism of blown-up frogs. 'Un Bon Enfant' is bad-but it is not after all to be put into the same category with the 'Mysteres de Paris.' But the Marquis has hardly done with the exclusive favour of Paul de Kock, before he forgets his lamentation, and describes himself as catechized by some superfine ladies about his own literary intimates and connexions in Paris, among whom of course the vulgar name of De Kock is not encountered. He could not, merely from regard to his own consistency, miss the opportunity of puffing his peculiar circle of blue-stockings by representing them and their productions as objects of the intensest interest and curiosity at the uttermost ends of the earth. But, to be sure, he takes care to puff himself at the same time - I am aware, M. le Marquis, that you live habitually among whatever is most spirituel et charmant,' &c. &c. The passage may afford a hint for the next edition of Scribe's 'Camaraderie,'

Mr. Raikes says:-

'In the year 1836, six hundred and seventy-four original works, and one hundred and twenty-four translations, were published in Russia. Scientific works, dramas, and school-books. seem to have increased, and, on the other hand, novels and romances have decreased. Three hundred and fifty thousand volumes of foreign books were imported into Russia in that year, one-half of which were bought at St. Petersburg.'—Visit, p. 195.

But 'liars' after all 'can laugh'—even at a court ball. The Marquis informs us (vol. ii., p. 312) that—

The greater part of the women of fashion, especially those born at St. Petersburg, do not know their national language; but they learn a few phrases of Russian, which they repeat when the emperor passes within hearing. One of them is always on the watch to warn the rest of the approach of the master. He is flattered to find how well he is obeyed: the moment he is gone they begin their French talk again, and laugh at his expense.'

That the ladies of the Russian noblesse are ignorant of the Russian language is a new fact; but the terror-born flattery and the avenging laughter harmonise beautifully with another description by the same master-hand, in vol. iii., p, 11;—

'Les courtisans Russes, pareils aux dévots perdus en Dieu, se glorifient de leur pauvreté d'âme. En présence de l'empereur l'hydropique respire, le vieillard paralysé devient agile, il n'y a plus de malade, plus de goutteux; il n'y a plus d'amoureux qui brule, plus de jeune homme qui s'amuse, plus d'homme d'esprit qui pense: il n'y a plus d'homme !!! C'est l'avanie de l'espèce.'

We are beset with puzzles. Upon what principle does this papist state (vol. ii. p. 173) that, whereas protestant heretics consider

sider the sermon as the most important part of divine service (which is perhaps true as to some unepiscopal sectaries), the Greek schismatics, in Russia at least, have dropped the sermon altogether? 'Les temples Grecs ne servent plus de toit à la chaise de la vérité. Les Grecs-Muscovites retranchent la Parole de leur culte.' Our readers are acquainted with the Russian experiences and observations of more than one respectable British ecclesiastic of recent times, and therefore are well aware that M. de Custine's 'guess' is entirely wrong. That judicious as well as pious missionary, Dr. Pinkerton, in his modest volume, published in 1833, gives us translations of six sermons by dignitaries of the church, then living or very lately dead, as 'specimens of the style of preaching which prevails among the Russian clergy'- 'specimens (the Doctor adds) of energetic and pathetic writing, not unworthy of men who are proud of having learned eloquence in the school of Chrysostom.' It is true that pulpits are not in fashion in Russia, but the parochial clergy preach from the front of the altar every Sunday, and the bishops on all the principal festivals, and some of them on other days also."

When your bow is a long one, it is particularly expedient to have two strings to it. Accordingly the Marquis says in one page that Russia is a country in which only Russians could live; but in another we are told, that if you hear of a scientific soldier or sailor, a good doctor, architect, or engineer in Russia, you may be sure he is a foreigner—nay, that all the superior tradesmen in St. Petersburg are imported from abroad;—we had already been assured that foreign countries lend to Russia nobody worth keeping at home. It is impossible to reconcile such statements,

especially when we are over and over reminded that-

'I hate but one evil, and if I hate it, it is because I believe that it engenders and includes all the others: this evil is falsehood. It is the horror with which it inspires me that gives me the desire and the courage to write these travels: I undertook them through curiosity, I relate them from a sense of duty. A passion for truth is an inspiration which supplies the place of energy, youth, and enlightened views. . . . The passion for truth, which in the present day pervades the hearts of Frenchmen, is still unknown in Russia.'—vol. ii. pp. 12, 13.

Nor, indeed, do we know how to reconcile this modest paragraph itself with what the same gentleman says of himself at vol. iv. p. 447:— 'J'aime mieux me tromper et parler, que d'avoir vu juste et de me taire l'

Yet, we must do the Marquis the justice to say that he is not inconsistent, on the whole, as respects his self-portraitures.

^{*} See 17. Pinkerton's 'Russia,' pp. 249, 250, and from pp. 413 to 481.

Varnished

Varnished as these are usually with a daubing of pious sentimentality, when we look below, the grand figure is recognised in whatever dress or attitude to be really drawn from the life—the likeness speaks for itself. A vanity, at once voracious and fastidious, never betrayed itself more pitiably: but that is not the worst feature—the utter want of delicacy, generosity, of all heart and all gentlemanlike feeling, is not less effectively projected. Silly vanity has seldom appeared in company with more steady spite and malice—it is the drunkenness of self-conceit without a

gleam of its good-humour.

We shall by and bye offer a few specimens of his treatment of superiors; but the insolent airs he gives himself whenever he comes into contact with people whom he is pleased to consider as quite below his own sphere, are not less disgusting than his cringing malevolence as a courtier. Eager to pry into everything that might lend a zest to some scrap of his romance, the Marquis solicits the minister at war for an order (never conceded, as he had been told, either to native or foreigner) to see the interior of the state prison at Schlusselbourg: the General answers, with official brevity, that he will communicate the request to the Emperor. His majesty took no notice as to the state prisonhe probably thought the stranger mentioned that from entire ignorance of the inflexible regulations—but not doubting that Custine's curiosity embraced the locks, piers, and sluices near the fortress, which scientific travellers never omit to examine -his majesty desired that he might be furnished with permission to inspect all these very ingenious contrivances for perfecting the navigation of the Neva. This courteous attention, coupled with such awful silence as to the state prison, costs Custine a sleepless night and his readers some most dreary soliloquies; but he does not dare to make no use of his order. He rises pale and ghastly, and Antonio has unusual difficulty in Adonizing him-but at last he sets off-now meditating ruefully how Kotzebue was packed into Siberia-now wondering whether some subaqueous dungeon was not written in his book of fate. The Chasseur who accompanied him had of course received final instructions-it was the day of doom. But this tragic opening soon lands us in the comedy of every day life.

On arriving at the water-works (some thirty or forty miles above the capital) he is respectfully received by the resident officer—a captain of engineers. The engineer has lately married a pretty girl who speaks only Russian—he presents the great man to her—she presides at 'a sort of collation,' but shows little animation in her brief interview with the unintelligible hero, who eats and drinks and stares at her as **a statue of hospitality

hospitality in white muslin trimmed with pink' - a bundle of affectation, 'like other femmes du nord, whose conceit is so great that they have no need of words to betray it.' The uxorious captain ascribes the astonished air of the Marquis to admiration of his 'curious image of rosy wax-work'-and hints that it may be as well to proceed to the sluices. The dangerous Marquis is reluctantly victimized — takes no sort of interest in what he is shown, but tells the engineer everything is interesting in so interesting a country, and so on-thus hoping to insinuate himself so far into the officer's good graces as to make him forget his duty and assist him ultimately in getting access to the fortress. The engineer, after many objections, yields so far as to consent to introduce him to the Governor. The Governor seems surprised, but is exceedingly civil-which the Marquis accounts for by saying that he took the visit as a tribute to his own personal celebrity-that, no doubt, having been what this apostle of truth condescended to tell the Governor. Another collation is served, and then the Governor makes little difficulty about showing the fortifications and the church—but upon this the Marquis, who now thinks himself irresistible, coolly demands to see the state prison. We have often admired in romances of the Radcliffe school the morbid pertinacity of heroes and heroines to dwell on and explore what they represent as objects of their deepest horror-but the sublime curiosity of the Marquis is not a whit less triumphant over the weaknesses of nature. After abusing both Engineer and Governor for their caution, which was less than it should have been, he says-

'I cannot sufficiently express my astonishment at the manner in which the Russian government is served by its agents. At the time, this sentiment made me as impatient to leave the fortress of Schlusselburg as I had been eager to enter it. I began to fear lest I should become by force one of the inmates of that abode of secret tears and unknown sorrows. In my ever-increasing sense of its oppressive influence, I longed only for the physical pleasure of walking and breathing beyond its limits. I forgot that the country into which I should return was in itself a prison; a prison whose vast size only makes it the more formidable.'—vol. ii. pp. 190, 191.

Yet he urges his request on the Governor—perfectly aware (he says) that if it were granted it must be at the risk of the Governor's ruin—he re-urges it, until the veteran's patience is at last exhausted—and he is bowed out of the forbidden fortress into 'the wider prison.' 'I was the weakest,' says M. de Custine: 'I found it necessary to yield.'

Thus restored, malgré lui, to the 'physical pleasure' for which he had so earnestly been sighing, new sufferings await him. 'On returning from my melancholy visit, a new labour awaited me at the engineer's: a ceremonious dinner with persons of the middle classes. The engineer had gathered around him, in order to do me honour, his wife's relations and a few of the neighbouring landholders.

"I felt that there reigned in this society a hostility, ill disguised, against real greatness and true elegance, to whatever land they might

belong.

The men did not speak to me, and appeared to take little notice of me; they did not understand French, beyond perhaps being able to read it with difficulty; they therefore formed a circle in a corner of the room, and talked Russian. One or two females of the family bore all the weight of the French conversation. The toilette of these ladies, who, with the exception of the mistress of the house, were all elderly, was wanting in taste. This society was more candid, though less polite, than that of the court; and I clearly saw what I had only felt elsewhere, namely, that the spirit of curiosity, sarcasm, and carping criticism influences the Russians in their intercourse with strangers. They have us as every imitator hates his model; their scrutinising looks seek faults in us with the desire of finding them. As soon as I recognised this disposition I felt no inclination to be indulgent myself.

We pass over a little skirmish with the engineer's mother-inlaw, in the course of which Custine tells her, 'I invariably speak my real opinions.'

"A sound of voices in the street attracted everybody to the window: it was a quarrel among boatmen, who appeared outrageous in their anger. The conflict was likely to become bloody, when the engineer showed himself upon the balcony, and the sight alone of his uniform produced a miraculous effect. The rage of these rude men calmed, without its being necessary to address them a single word; the courtier, the most perfectly broken in to falsehood, could not have better disguised his resentment.

"What an excellent people!" cried the lady who had undertaken to

entertain me.

"What pitiable beings!" I thought, as I re-seated myself, for I shall never admire the miracles of fear. However, I deemed it wiser to be silent.

"Order is not so easily re-established in your country," continued my indefatigable enemy, never ceasing to scrutinise me with her inquisi-

tive eyes.

'This impoliteness was new to me. In general, I had found the manners of the Russians too obliging for the malignity of mind which I could detect under their fine phrases; here I recognised an accord between the sentiments and their expression, that was yet more disagreeable.

" We have among us the inconveniences of liberty; but we have also

the advantages," I replied.

" What are they?"

"They would not be understood in Russia."

" They can be dispensed with."

" As can everything else that is not known."

'The conversation, which could not become general, was carried on in this manner until dinner. At last, after a long delay, we seated ourselves at table. The dinner did not pass over without constraint, but it was not long, and appeared to me sufficiently good, with the exception of the soup, the originality of which passed all bounds. With the exception of this infernal ragout, I ate and drank with good appetite. There was excellent claret and champagne on the table, but I saw clearly that they had put themselves out on my account. The engineer, a great man at his sluices, was nothing at all in his own house, and left his mother-in-law to do its honours, with the grace of which the reader may judge.

'At six in the evening my entertainers and myself parted, with a satisfaction that was reciprocal, and, it must be owned, ill-disguised. I left them for the castle of —, where I was expected. The frankness of the fair plebeians had reconciled me to the mincing affectations of certain great ladies. One may hope to triumph over affectation, but

natural dispositions are invincible.'-vol. ii. pp. 193-199.

It is unnecessary to dwell on minor touches in this specimen of autobiography—the consistency of bragging that he always speaks his real opinions, then recording the serene audacity with which he told the thing that was not, whenever he fancied that might serve his turn—then bursting with rage because these Russian rustics did speak in accordance with their sentiments, and in the next sentence delighted to get back to the fine ladies whose 'affectations,' as he 'elsewhere felt,' are meant to disguise the same 'malignity.' These things are not worth a commentary; and every human being, gentle or simple, who possesses one atom of right feeling, will have anticipated all that we could say as to the general effect of the picture. The insolent conceit, the narrow and shallow mind, and the puny heart stewed and sodden in false excitements until every drop of nature's juice has been vitiated—these are confessed in every line about the domesticities of the scene. What was the offence of this engineer, his wife, and their relations and neighbours? They were Russians, and they did not belong to the courtly class of society—their dowagers were not rigged out in the fashion of Madame Recamiertheir, he admits, good dinner included one national dish (batavinia) which few strangers like at the first tasting any more than they do a singed sheep's head in Scotland, or jugged hare and garlic in Spain, or chamois cutlets and cherry sauce in Switzerland, or smoked salmon with sweet-peas in Germany-few of them could speak French at all—only one could speak it with any fluency what the rest said to each other, being Russ, he could not understand a word of-he had consequently little opportunity of showing off his conversational talents—but every sentence he did say appears

to have conveyed as much ignorance and insult as he could contrive to condense. Owning that from the first moment he regarded the whole party with contempt and aversion, he wonders that a parcel of barbarians should have had wit enough to comprehend his appreciation of them, and, slaves as they were, that they did not consider it necessary to drill every look and gesture as if this worshipper of sincerity and plain speaking were their lord. But it would be too much to retrace the serpent through all its slime. The head and front of the offence was that these good people had obviously 'put themselves out of their way on his account.' Captains of engineers do not entertain with claret and champagne every day in the year: and this poor captain had in fact exposed himself to a serious risk by introducing his visitor to the governor-and was, as the Marquis subsequently states, reprimanded from head-quarters for so doing. We have in this age of locomotion had publishing travellers of every rank and calibrebut we venture to say not one on the list has exhibited himself as receiving any man's hospitality in the style of this Marquis de la vieille roche.

And what after all was it that made Custine so intensely anxious to see the state prison at Schlusselburg? It was because there died and there was buried the Prince Ivan Antonovitch-and his fate had excited all this eagerness in the Marquis because it has been kept a mystery-it is, after the lapse of 100 years, a subject on which nobody in Russia dares either to write or speak. But what follows? M. de Custine presents his readers with a full account of Ivan's catastrophe supplied to him by a French friend at St. Petersburg, who, he says, would have been sent to Siberia if it were known he had given him a scrap of such a narrative. This surely is 'the mystery of iniquity!' What will our readers say when we tell them that the narrative in question is translated verbatim from the printed 'Transactions of the Russian Academy'-the very document relied on by Karamsin in the standard work on Russian history?—But consider for a moment M. de Custine's account here of himself. The only Frenchman whom he mentions as consorting much with him when at St. Petersburg is a tutor in a nobleman's family - he accompanies our Marquis very often in his walks and drives-translates Russian poetry for him, &c., &c. No one can doubt that this is the Frenchman whom he represents as risking Siberia by disinterring for him the black tragedy of Ivan. If the police of Petersburg be distinguished by anything like the vigilance which the Marquis ascribes to it, there could be no difficulty about identifying the man who committed that horrible indiscretion from his zeal for M. de Custine:-

Perhaps my passion for the truth obscures my judgment; but it seems

to me that evil triumphs so long as it remains secret. The only law that I impose on myself, under a sense of delicacy, is to forbear making any allusion to persons who desire to remain unknown.'—Custine,

vol. iii. p. 81.

We have quoted the Schlusselburg letter in this place because we wished our readers to understand with what sort of feelings the Marquis accepts and returns the civilities of people in ordinary life, before we called their notice to his treatment of the imperial family. By them Custine represents himself as having been overwhelmed with polite attention of every possible sort—to an extent indeed which must surprise any one who had perused certain volumes on Spain, and does not reflect how far off Russia is. We cannot read the new work without detecting that, with all his hatred of Louis Philippe, he was very willing to accept the patronage of the eminent French ambassador at St. Petersburgbut that M. de Barante was far from troubling himself particularly for the promotion of his views;—it peeps out that he did not even present the Marquis to the Emperor, and the silence on a variety of occasions is not less significant. In like manner, we think in all he says about one illustrious and very clever lady, who has chanced to live a good deal out of Russia, it is not difficult to trace a distance and reserve on her part which argued considerable suspicion with respect to M. de Custine. But neither M. de Barante nor this amiable princess could be likely to volunteer any unfavourable suggestions on such an occasion; and accordingly the Marquis was most courteously welcomed. He repays it all à la Schlusselburg.

The Marquis takes pains to give us an exalted notion of the effect that his renowned name, imposing presence—(he sported a staff uniform*—to which he owns he had no right)—the elegant timidity of his address, &c. &c.—produced, taken all together, upon both their imperial majesties. He seems to doubt which of them he captivated the most. The Emperor, he says, was evidently attracted to him by some very extraordinary feeling or mixture of feelings—and through fifty pages he describes himself as practising every art of flattery his imagination could suggest—telling Nicholas that he (Custine) had for years worshipped him afar off as the grand genius of the century—the only real sovereign and lawgiver—the type of magnanimous straightforward virtue—which cherished prepossessions have been confirmed to a very enthusiasm of romantic

^{*} He intimates that he still holds the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. We were not aware that the Marquis's name stood even on the demi-solds list of the French army so late as 1839. Perhaps he alludes to the National Guard—but we had understood it to be the rale of the Carlist seigneurs to serve in that force as privates only.

admiration on personal inspection of the unrivalled capital of an unrivalled empire, and of the phænix himself, who unites in his aspect the beauty of Apollo and the majesty of Jupiter. How much of all this the timid bashful stranger ventured to say, we beg leave to offer no conjecture; but there can be little doubt that he was fawning enough, and it is probable the Emperor carried his condescension to an unwise extent in conversing with him, though we are far from accepting the reported colloquies as authentic in detail. They are evidently worked up and embroidered with the same sort of novelist trickery that sickened everybody in the perusal of Madame d'Arblay's Streatham and Brighton diaries—but, in fact, we defy a traveller of this stamp to give, even if he tried it, a fair view of the conversation of any man, let alone of any monarch. Vanity, when developed to the Custine pitch, is a melancholy malady. Its noxious secretions becrust every organ of perception. But if to that habitual dimness and deafness, clinging curse of inveterate self-delusion, the object adds a consciousness of shabby purpose, and labours at once to indulge and disguise malice, a species of mental palsy aggravates the moral leprosy, and the agony of the attempt to stand erect and look honest in the face of a destined victim of spite, will leave an avenging bewilderment on faculties more vigorous than M. de Custine's. He tells us-

'I could write a treatise on the different kinds of shyness, for I am the accomplished model of them all. No one has suffered more than I have, from my infancy, under the attacks of this incurable disease, scarcely known to the rising generation. Familiarity with the world enables us to dissimulate the infirmity, and that is all. The most timid men are often the most eminent in birth, in dignity, and even in merit. I long believed that timidity was modesty combined with an exaggerated respect for social distinctions, or for the gifts of mind; but how then could be explained the timidity of great writers, or of princes?'—vol. ii. pp. 46, 47.

Dean Swift says, 'I never wonder to see that men are wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed;' and we must confess we have seldom been more surprised than with the impudence of this self-proclaimed incarnation of shyness in his delineations of Nicholas. We do not exactly feel ourselves entitled, merely because a living man is an emperor, and a Custine has insulted him, first by hypocritical flattery, and subsequently by dastardly libels, to make his personal character, his probity, his honour, his domestic habits and relations, the subjects of the same sort of discussion that undoubtedly awaits all of this elevated order when once levelled with the other children of Adam in the doom of Nature. We therefore stick, as much as we find it possible,

possible, to the autobiographical beauties of the Marquis's work; and we think our readers must agree with us in admiring, hardly less than his whinings over the timidity of 'great writers,' the following speculation as to the effect of that and other qualities of his upon the Emperor of Russia:—

'Perhaps the ice of my shyness served to stimulate his self-love: to compel admiration would still be to make himself obeyed. Perhaps he had a desire of trying his power on a stranger. Perhaps it was the instinct of a man who had long lived deprived of the truth, and who believed he had for once met with a sincere character.'—vol. i. p. 277.

But even this is beaten by another paragraph in the same letter—to which we call special attention with reference to what we have been suggesting as to the real nature of the feelings which M. de Custine wishes to cloak under a pretext of ultrasensitive shyness. He has, according to his narrative, fascinated the emperor into a confidential conversation, throughout which his Majesty is represented as holding language and expressing sentiments on the whole to his honour. This narrative, having been preceded by a volume of sneers and sarcasms, and here and there solemn declamations against the emperor—being interwoven with most fulsome compliments to the emperor—and being followed by two more volumes, chiefly of libels on the emperor-the Marquis has rather a difficult card to play to keep himself all right in the eyes of the high-minded reader, 'whose sympathy and approbation alone he covets.' He feels this and puts forth all his dexterity :-

I felt myself subdued. The nobleness of sentiment which the emperor displayed, and the frankness of his language, seemed to me greatly to temper his omnipotence. I confess I was dazzled! A man who could, notwithstanding my ideas of independence, make himself forgiven for being absolute monarch of sixty millions of fellow-beings, was, in my eyes, something beyond our common nature; but I distrusted my own admiration. I felt like the citizens among us, who, when surprised by the grace and address of the men of other days, are tempted by their good taste to yield to the captivating lure, but their principles resisting, they remain uncomfortably stiff, and endeavour to appear as insensible as possible. It is not in my nature to doubt a man's words at the moment they are addressed to me. A human being who speaks is to me the organ of Deity: it is only by dint of reflection and experience that I recognise the possibility of design and disguise. This may be called a foolish simplicity, which perhaps it is; but I solace myself for such mental weakness by the recollection that its source is a mental virtue: my own good faith makes me believe in the sincerity of others—even in that of an emperor of Russia.'-vol. i. p. 273. We

We quoted already, 'Je ne hais qu'un mal: ce mal, c'est le mensonge.' This same 'organ of Deity' tells, at vol. i., p. 297, a cock-and-bull story about the murder of a lady's maid, which the bereaved mistress, from terror of the czar, has never said a word about, though it happened six months before, until she confides it to the Marquis de Custine—'Parce que je suis étranger,

et que je n'écris pas-à ce que je lui ai dit.'

The lucubrator guarded of countermining Antonio, distinguishes himself in his account of the nuptials of the beautiful Grand-Duchess Mary and the Duke of Leuchtenberg. That this alliance should have been so readily sanctioned by the Emperor excited surprise at the time throughout Europe; but we are mistaken if any one except M. de Custine ever insinuated the slightest suspicion that his Majesty acted in the matter on motives or speculations of political interest. That the two young people had fallen desperately in love even he does not affect to doubt-but he suggests that to ascribe the Emperor's assent to mere paternal tenderness, would indicate a childish simplicity—he must have had something deeper and dearer at heart. The Marquis offers no conjecture as to what that something could have been; and we are not surprised it should have puzzled him to hazard a guess. Had the romance concerned a duke of Bordeaux, or a prince of Asturias, a prince of Vasa, a duke of Reichstadt, even a chained eaglet of Ham-there would have been no difficulty: but the son of the amiable Eugene Beauharnais could derive from his blood no claim, however visionary, to any throne on earth-no claim to any distinction or dignity beyond that of a ducal title and appanage in the snug kingdom of Bavaria. The remotest male branch of the pettiest among the old sovereign houses of Germany would, in the eyes either of heraldry or of ambition, have been 'a better match' for a Russian Princess. But it is enough to smile at the machiavelianism of the Marquis's inuendos on this score-various passages in his description of the ceremonial provoke something different. At the close of a most disgraceful string of paragraphs, he says :-

'Freedom of expression would appear mauvais ton to people who have not all learnt their French from the same vocabulary. A certain degree of plebeian sensitiveness has insinuated itself into the language of the best society in France. Such are the reasons which deter me from relating that which, this morning in the Imperial Chapel, brought a smile on the face of more than one grave personage, and, perhaps, more than one virtuous lady.

'The officiating archbishop did not disgrace the majesty of the scene.

At the close of the ceremony, the emperor came and bent before him,
respectfully

respectfully kissing his hand. The autocrat never fails to give an example of submission, when there is a hope that this example may be of profit to himself. —vol. i. p. 212.

Our sensitiveness may be plebeian—but we had rather not

venture on any remarks.

M. de Custine's chivalrous treatment of the empress may be briefly adverted to in this place-briefly, very briefly, for reasons which everybody but M. de Custine will understand. The most modest of great writers—this walking blush—invests his first interview with her majesty with a most alarming softness. The empress is a woman—a virtuous woman, he admits—but the purest of the sex may have her struggles; and what soul that has a grain of poetry in it does not sympathise with the startling throb which agitates the breast of that matron, be she clad in russet or in purple, who, after a long course of prosaic innocence in which she fancied herself to be contented and even happy with her lot, discovers suddenly, in one electrical moment, that it had all been a dull dream—that never till then had the real depths of her heart been stirred-never, never till now had Nature's true magnetism thrilled her being-the two spirits alone framed and suited for being imparadized in communion had up to this one mutual glance remained strangers to each other-and it is now too late; cruel destiny has blundered irretrievably—the die is cast—even youth is over. Such emotions, familiar to all who have studied man and woman in Balzac and Dudevant—these were the ineffable impulses that shot through the inmost fibre of the pensive czarina, devoted and hitherto uncomplaining victim of cold sublunar misarrangements, as in the midst of an imperial festival, in honour of a daughter's nuptials, her eye rested on the most modest of the sons of genius. The gorgeous hall is blazing with lights-not lamps, the Marquis. seizes an instant to tell us, but all real wax-candles-a thousand courtly guests are crowded round in an interminable maze of stars, ribbons, feathers, and diamonds; but all becomes to her in that moment an unreality—a blank—she has seen Custine. Vain are all the circumvallations of order and etiquette—the empress has merged in the heroine-neither mistresses of the robes nor ladies-in-waiting, lord chamberlains or gold-sticks or silver-sticks, can thwart the movements of one who has acknowledged the sovereignty of the ideal. We transcribe some sentences - 'Mes voyages sont mes mémoires.' Here is the first sketch of her majesty-scene the chapel:-

'The figure of the empress is very elegant; and, though she is extremely thin, I find an indefinable grace about her whole person. Her mien, far from being haughty, as I had been informed, is expressive

of an habitual resignation. Her soft blue but rather sunken eyes told of deep sufferings supported with angelic calmness.'—vol. i. p. 194.

And now for the ball-room—let the authoress of 'Le Secrétaire Intime' hide her diminished head:—

'The temperature of the day had risen to 50 degrees, and, notwithstanding the freshness of the evening, the atmosphere of the palace during the fête was suffocating. I took refuge in the embrasure of an open window. There, completely abstracted from all that passed around, I was suddenly struck with admiration at beholding one of those effects of light which we see only in the north, during the magic brightness of a polar night. The tints of the picture cannot be described by words. The domes of the church of Saint Nicholas stood in the relief of lapis lazuli against a sky of silver; the illuminated portico of the Exchange, whose lamps were partially quenched by the dawning day, still gleamed on the water of the river, and was reflected-a peristyle of gold: the rest of the city was of that blue which we see in the distances of the landscapes of the old painters. This fantastic picture, painted on a ground of ultra-marine, and framed by a gilded window, contrasted, in a manner that was altogether supernatural, with the light and splendour of the interior of the palace. It might have been said that the city, the sky, the sea, and the whole face of nature, had joined in contributing to the magnificence of the fête given by the sovereign of these immense regions.

'I was absorbed in the contemplation of the scene when a sweet and penetrating female voice suddenly aroused me with the question, "What

are you doing here?"

"Madam, I am indulging in admiration. I can do nothing else to-day."—It was the empress. She stood alone with me in the embrasure of the window, which was like a pavilion opening to the Neva.—

"I am certain that you and I are the only persons here who have

remarked this effect of light."

"Everything that I see is new to me, Madam; and I can never cease to regret that I did not come to Russia in my youth."

"The heart and the imagination are always young."

'I ventured no answer. In retiring she said, with a grace which is her distinguished attribute, "I shall recollect having suffered and admired with rou: I do not leave the ball yet; we shall meet again this evening." '—vol. i. pp. 239-240.

This is evidently the opening canto of a new Don Juan—
'pleasant but wrong.' In canto the second she invites him,
through one of her ladies, to a private view of her English cottage,
a quiet little domestic villa, included within the great park at
Peterhoff. He proceeds thither alone—the lady-in-waiting is
ready to receive him—the window is open into the garden—the
empress appears (of course) in a shady alley not far from the
window. He quits the countess and steps out. The empress
confesses that she had come on purpose to meet him. The pair

re-enter

re-enter the cottage—the countess has (of course) withdrawn—they lounge through the dining-room, the drawing-room, the billiard-room. He understands her half-conscious anxiety to convince him that her real taste is all for the humble simplicity of nature—she too reads the language of that eloquent eye—he would like to see the upper story too—she takes courage—and leads the way to 'a very narrow well-carpeted staircase.' They ascend.

So far well—but, after saying, 'this is my daughter Olga's room, that was Mary's,' and so on—just as the Marquis expects her to indicate her own boudoir—oh! astounding inconsequence!—she summons one of her sons from his corner—desires the boy to show the Marquis papa's library—and disappears.

After this no more romance about the czarina. Custine, like one who has been accustomed to reverses, makes a gallant effort, and is presently himself again.

'I should have wished to have found less luxurious furniture in this house, and a greater number of objects of vertu. The ground-floor resembled that of all the houses of rich and elegant English people, but not one picture of a high order, not one fragment of marble, or of terracotta, announced that the owners of the place had a love for the arts.'

Alas! the Marquis was still in Tartary. Not a single Payne Knight vase or bronze tit-bit from the villa of Hadrian. Nothing better, we fear, in the English cottage than a few drawings of English scenery, and commonplace engravings of George IV., Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, and Wilkie's 'Village Politicians.'

Deep had been the disappointment—and noble is the revenge !—

Every one sees the state of the empress, but no one mentions it. Wife, children, servants, relations, favourites,—all in Russia must follow in the imperial vortex, and smile on till they die. All must force themselves to conform to the wish of the sovereign, which wish alone forms the destiny of all. The empress is dying under the weight of this slavery. She has given too many idols to Russia—too many children to the emperor. "Exhausting herself in grand dukes! What a destiny!" said a great Polish lady, who did not think herself obliged to speak reverently with her lips of what she hated in her heart.

There are scattered over western Europe many Poles who openly warred against Russia, and have refused to make any such submission as might restore them to their confiscated estates.*

^{*} It is a great mistake to suppose that few of the noble Poles, concerned in the revolt, have since made their peace with the Emperor. Multitudes of that class are now in full possession of everything they forfeited—not a few are employed in very high departments of his service—even among his representatives at foreign capitals there is at this moment a distinguished insurgent of Warsaw.—But we hope to give an entire article in an early Number to the recent history of Poland and the Poles.

We respect the misfortunes of such of them as had never sworn allegiance to the Russian crown, but distrust even these as critics of the character of Nicholas. To Parisian Poles, of authority thus at best questionable, no doubt M. de Custine has been much obliged for his materials—but we reject entirely the evidence of his St. Petersburg friends of the Polish nation—lords and ladies who have bowed the knee to Baal, who hating in their hearts, as he says, Emperor, Empress, and all that belongs to them, hang on there as courtiers, partake in all the hospitalities of the imperial circle, and whenever they get hold of a gaping foreigner stuff him with their own malignant inventions or exaggerations. Such a person was this 'great Polish lady.'

The Marquis from this page forth devotes himself, in effect, to his grand task of blackening Nicholas. His open looks, frank air, and fair words, shall no longer take in M. de Custine.

But it will not do to avow the purpose so early. Tied up, to a certain extent, by the necessity he is under of acknowledging great personal civility, he is for a time 'shy' about committing himself distinctly as a leading evidence against the Czar. He, on the contrary, makes many efforts to keep alive in the reader's mind a persuasion that very reluctantly could he be induced to mix up with the materials derived from his own observation anything of a worse sort drawn from others. Serious and honourable are his scruples-but 'Amicus Socrates,' &c .- so by and bye he does fill page after page with anecdotes reported to him by persons whose intelligence he takes care to puff, which anecdotes are one and all calculated to impress the reader with a conviction that the Emperor is a false Byzantine hypocrite, and at heart a tyrant of the genuine old Tartar ruthlessness. But M. de Custine is an artist, and also a philosopher; therefore he interweaves his personal sketches and these darker contributions with a dexterous tissue of sentimental speculations, the drift of which is to stimulate curiosity, prevent our interest in the theme from falling asleep-in short, to harmonise and reconcile the apparently discordant narrations, by suggesting that Nature meant Nicholas to be an honest and a humane character, but that his position as an absolute prince has been too much for Nature; and that, though we may give implicit credence to the worst that Jacobin bear-leaders and Polish demireps tell M. de Custine about him and his doings, the ultimate mood of our minds, as respects the man, should be one of compassion, on the whole, rather than of reprobation, contempt, and disgust. The man who wears that crown must become, in no long time, a living type of falsehood and cruelty. Nicholas is regarded by M. de Custine with pity. The contemplation of such a personage

sonage is a severe affliction to the Marquis. This sort of tone is preserved till towards the close of the work. In the later chapters all is unmixed blackness—and M. de Custine comes

forward both as a bold witness and a damning judge.

Unlike M. de Custine, we never were admirers of despotical governments: we think and always thought that the best which can be said for any really despotic system is, that the country where it prevails is not in a state to profit by any other; and in such a state that any attempt suddenly to alter the system must be a piece of insane and bloody folly. We demur, however, to the position that a despot must necessarily be either false or cruel; on the contrary, we believe with Gibbon that the happiest century in the history of the ancient world was that during which it was governed by an unbroken succession of upright and humane despots; and considering the Russian nation, as a nation, to be as yet very far from that stage of advancement which renders real practical despotism not merely unsuitable for the great nations of Western Christendom, but impossible to be introduced among any one of them, otherwise than through the terrors of a democratical revolution—we hold it equally irrational and uncharitable to doubt that a Russian czar may discharge the functions of his most onerous, at this day, of all human stations, without forfeiting his place among the conscientious and benevolent servants of the King of kings.

No reader will dream that we think of examining here in detail the whole, or many, of M. de Custine's reported anecdotes. It is enough for our readers to be assured that they are all given upon precisely the same sort of authority—and to have it clearly established that such authority was worth just nothing. Ex unque leonem is a rule which space-bound reviewers must adhere to even

in the case of so uncommon a variety as the Marquis.

According to his authorities the savage completeness of the czar's tyranny is betrayed in nothing so fearfully as in the utter silence consequent upon any specific exertion of his imperial caprice; and the Repnin chapter is a prominent example:—

"M. de Repnin governed the Empire and the Emperor: he has been out of favour for two years, and for two years Russia has not heard his name pronounced, though that name was previously in everybody's mouth. In one day he fell from the pinnacle of power into the lowest depth of obscurity. No one dared to remember that he was living, nor even to believe that he ever had lived. In Russia, on the day that a minister falls from favour, his friends become deaf and blind. A man is as it were buried the moment he appears to be disgraced. Russia does not know to-day if the minister who governed her yesterday exists."

Thus far M. de Custine is a reporter: but he now bursts out for himself:—

To whom will the people one day appeal from the mute servility of the great? What explosion of vengeance is not the conduct of this cringing aristocracy preparing against the autocratic power?

'I can perceive that I am feared here, which I attribute to its being known that I write under the influence of my convictions. "This is a

sincere man," they think, "therefore he must be dangerous."

'The Russians, no doubt, do me too great honour by this inquietude, which, notwithstanding their profound dissimulation, they cannot conceal from me. I do not know whether I shall publish what I think of their country, but I do know that they only do themselves justice in fearing the truths that I could publish.'—vol. i. pp. 85-87.

We need not dwell on M. de Custine's grand sentences about himself, and the suspicion he so causelessly excited. The name of Prince de Repnin is associated with great power and great events in the history of Catherine-but not in that of Nicholas. The living bearer of that title was never the Emperor's minister, nor in any sense or shape the possessor of such influence as the Marquis ascribes to him. He was for many years governor of Little Russia, a provincial post, remote from the capital. He ceased to occupy this 'pinnacle of power' in 1837; and, as that circumstance attracted little notice in St. Petersburg at the time when it occurred, it is not wonderful that it did not form a common topic of conversation there in 1839. We 'guess' they do not talk much in 1844, either at the Carlton or at Brookes's, of a gentleman who retired in 1842 from the government of New South Wales or Nova Scotia. But to confound 1769 with 1839, and Little Russia with the Empire of All the Russias, and bottom on such blundering a solemn and pathetic diatribe against Nicholas and his nobility! How justly might the Sclavonian aristocrats dread the birthday of M. de Custine's 'truths!'

Whoever has a lively curiosity on the subjects of rebel candour and Jacobin veracity, will find score upon score of similar anecdotes disposed of in the tract of M. Gretsch, who writes like a plain rather heavy matter-of-fact man, and in the very clever and sparkling brochure, 'Un Mot sur Custine.' We proceed to some specimens of M. de Custine's own personal testimony against

Nicholas. He says :-

'My opinion is, that without wounding the delicacy, without failing in the gratitude due to individuals, nor yet in the respect due to self, there is always a proper manner of speaking with sincerity of public men and things, and I hope to have discovered this manner.'—vol. iii. p. 326.

The Emperor having invited M. de Custine to be present at Moscow, on his majesty's approaching visit to that capital, and witness a magnificent military spectacle, being a representation of the manœuvres of the battle of Borodino on the field itself, toge-

ther with the laying of the foundation of a monument there—the Marquis, though already heart-sick of Russia and eager to get out of it—for he had by this time spent three whole weeks of midsummer at St. Petersburg—felt that it would be alike uncivil and imprudent if he did not proceed to the ancient capital accordingly. Arriving there some days before the emperor (August 8th), he forms acquaintance with a young nobleman who, he says, spent eighteen hours of every four-and-twenty at the tavern—and from this personage and his fellows in debauch he imbibes (drinking water to their champagne—the Marquis is sober)—a new stock of authentic anecdotes. Believe who will that there is a nunnery at Moscow of which the nuns are all prostitutes and murderers—and so on. We pass to the spectacle at Borodino.

M. de Custine is welcome to his opinion that the battle here commemorated was won by the French. Everybody knows that the Russians retired from Borodino the day after the battle, and that Buonaparte advanced to Moscow. But nevertheless the world is well agreed that Borodino was not only a Russian but an European triumph. It was the first complete battle—(Asperne was only the commencement of what closed at Wagram)-Borodino was the first great stand-up fight in which Napoleon's enemies were not driven from the ground before him-and he was, moreover, greatly the superior in numbers, especially in cavalry. No Russian soldier fled-there was no 'sauve qui peut' -the central retrenchment was taken and retaken-its defenders died gloriously on their native soil-and the field was finally kept. In a word, this terrific day proved that though Russians might, by overwhelming numbers, be compelled to retreat, they could not be conquered even by the most gigantic armament that ever Europe had seen assembled. Well might Nicholas and his nation recur to the laurels of Borodino.

As we said, however, we have no objection to a Frenchman's conviction that the battle of 1812 was a French triumph. But several English officers of our acquaintance were also at Borodino in August, 1839, and they uno ore object to his dolorous representation (vol. iii. p. 263) of the sufferings of the poor old worn-out soldiers of 1812, compelled by the imperial tyrant to leave their cottages wherever situated—'from Kamschatka, from the Caucasus, from the extremities of Siberia,'&c. &c.—to resume their long-dropped habiliments of war, trudge to the Moskwa, and there fight their battle o'er again, to the grievous affliction of their aged joints, for the diversion of the czar, and the augmentation of dramatic interest in his sham conflict. The truth is, these gentlemen assure us, that not one retired veteran took part in the scene of the day—they were there as spectators. There was no compulsion to bring one of them to the place.

A general

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A general invitation was issued by the emperor to all pensioners of the campaign of 1812 to attend, if convenient and agreeable; and very many a proud old heart leaped at the summons. They were conveyed to Borodino and back again at the emperor's cost, were entertained as his guests during the whole time the expedition lasted, were gratified with new uniforms, that they might appear like what they had been on the field of their early glory—and went home delighted and enthusiastically grateful. The compliment paid to them was regarded with unbounded delight by the young troops who in their presence enacted themselves and their French antagonists. Custine compares Nicholas on this occasion to Peter the Great, who, he says, introduced living bears into a masquerade given on the wedding of his jester: adding, 'tous ces divertissements prennent leur source dans la même passion—le mépris de la vie humaine.'

So much for the sham battle—now for the monument, of which our sham staff-officer was invited to see the foundation-stone laid. He says it is a monument consecrated and dedicated to the Russian army of 1812 and to Prince Bagration; and proceeds to denounce the imperial spleen which excluded from this monument

the name of a greater than Bagration-viz. Witgenstein.

L'homme au génie duquel la Russie dut sa délivrance, n'est pas représenté dans cette répétition générale: c'est que, malheureusement pour lui, il est vivant. Son nom ne sera pas prononcé à Borodino, et on va élever sous ses yeux un monument éternel à la gloire du Général Bagration, tombé sur le champ de bataille. Sous les gouvernemens despotiques les guerriers morts ont beau jeu. Cette absence de probité historique, cet abus de volonté d'un seul homme qui impose ses vues à tous, qui dicte aux populations jusqu'à leurs jugemens sur des faits d'un intérêt national, me paraît la plus révoltante de toutes les impiétés du gouvernement arbitraire. Frappez, tortuez les corps, mais ne faussez pas les esprits,' &c. &c.

Fine rhetoric—but the truth! Prince Witgenstein had nothing to do with the battle of Borodino—he commanded a separate corps opposed to the left of the French advance, and was never during the campaign within three hundred miles of Borodino. Worthy man and good soldier as he was, he never had or asserted the slightest claim to the general plan of the campaign. He conducted his own flanking operations with gallantry—though he has not escaped criticism for failing to move from the Baltic Provinces with such rapidity as might have enabled him to cut off the routed French army upon the Beresina. But his fame, place it at the highest, is that of a Platoff, a Milarodowitch, a Benningsen—not that of a Barclay de Tolly, who was the author of the grand plan of strategy for the defence against Napoleon—nor of a Kutúsoff, who inspired the Russian soldiery as a mass with his

own enthusiasm of national devotion, and was commander-in-chief at Borodino—nor even of a Bagration, whose consummate skill in conducting a most difficult retreat, and in uniting his corps d'armée, in excellent order, with Kutúsoff's at the preconcerted day, enabled the commander-in-chief to fight that terrible battle. Bagration was second in command, and he died there in the crisis of conflict. To both Barclay de Tolly and Kutúsoff, but not to Bagration, monuments had been years ago dedicated at St. Petersburg; but, even if these things had not been so, could anything have been more natural, less provocative of malignant criticism, than that a pillar reared at Borodino should be inscribed with the name of the only officer of the highest rank who fell on the 7th of September, 1812?

But M. de Custine is not merely unjust, and absurdly so in his criticism—he is wholly wrong as to the *fact* on which he comments. The great monument at Borodino, founded by Nicholas in August, 1839, has simply this inscription:—

⁶ Napoleon marched to Moscow in 1812. ⁶ Alexander marched to Paris in 1814.

Near this monument, on the spot where Bagration fell, the Emperor also laid on the same day the foundation of a small monument inscribed with Bagration's name. It has the appearance of a decorated tombstone.

Finally, there is nothing but the 'one evil which he hates' in this Marquis's story about Witgenstein being 'in a sort of disgrace, living forgotten sur ses terres.' One of the first acts of Nicholas as emperor was to promote him to the rank (as rare in Russia as in England) of field-marshal.* He was entrusted with the chief command in the first campaign against Turkey, but his physique was so dilapidated that it was necessary to substitute Diebitch for the passage of the Balkan. Prince Witgenstein continued to receive all possible marks of honour and respect from his sovereign till the day of his death. That so very old a man, the Lynedoch of Russia, should have chosen to live at his country-house, in a comparatively mild climate, rather than hang on upon the court of St. Petersburg, is not very surprising. His last public appearance was at the grand reviews of 1837, when the emperor, at whose right hand he rode, and the army vied in the warmth of their reception of the veteran. The only reason why he was not at Borodino in August, 1839, was that he had grown too feeble to quit his elbow-chair. He sunk, but a few months afterwards, under a disease as incurable as M. de Custine's shyness.

^{*} There are only two field-marshals on the Russian Army List of 1844—the Duke of Wellington and Prince Paskiewitch.

We have now to solicit attention to a long narrative, and worked up with very elaborate art, on the fate of which must mainly depend the judgment of the European world as to M. de Custine in his character of a witness, and also of a judge. It is his coup de grace for the Emperor:—

'I was just preparing to enter my carriage when a friend insisted upon seeing me. He brought a letter, which he would have me read at the very moment. But what a letter, gracious God! It is from the Princess Troubetzkoi, who addresses it to a member of her family charged to show it to the emperor. I wished to copy it, in order to print it without changing a syllable, but this I was not permitted to do. "It would go the round of the whole earth," said my friend, alarmed by the effect which it produced upon me.

"The greater reason to make it known," I replied.

"Impossible. The safety of several individuals would be compromised; besides, it has only been lent me in order to show you on your word of honour, and on condition that it shall be returned in half an hour."

'Before alluding to the contents of this letter, it will be necessary to recount, in a few words, a lamentable history. Let the public read and blush,—yes, blush; for whoever has not found means to protest, with his utmost power, against the policy of a country where such acts are possible, is to a certain extent an accomplice.'—vol. ii. pp. 216, 217.

One might have supposed that if Custine's friend anticipated so much danger from the revelation of the letter, the revelation of its character and tenor would be viewed with nearly equal alarm; and that the Marquis would consequently observe a rigid silence concerning it in his book; but that is not his way. He immediately shuts himself up, and sits down to write the history of Troubetzkoi, his wife, and her perilous letter.

'The Prince Troubetzkoi was condemned as a convict to hard labour fourteen years ago. He was at that time young, and had taken a very active part in the revolt of the fourteenth December.

'The first object of the conspirators on that occasion was to deceive the soldiers as regards the legitimacy of the Emperor Nicholas. They hoped, by the error of the troops, to produce a military revolt, and to profit by this, in order to work a political revolution, of which, fortunately or unfortunately for Russia, they alone at that time felt the necessity. The number of these reformers was too limited to afford any chance that the troubles excited by them could end in the result proposed. The conspiracy was defeated by the presence of mind of the Emperor, or rather by the intrepidity of his countenance. That prince, on the first day of his authority, drew from the energy of his bearing all the future power of his reign.

'The revolution thus crushed, it was necessary to proceed to the punishment of the culpable. The Prince Troubetzkoi, one of the most deeply implicated, unable to exculpate himself, was sentenced to labour

in the Uralian mines for fourteen or fifteen years, and for the remainder of his life was exiled to Siberia, among one of those distant colonies that malefactors are destined to people.'—vol. ii. pp. 217, 218.

It is true that Troubetzkoi was one of the 'most deeply implicated'-that 'he had taken a very active part in the insurrection '- that he was 'unable to exculpate himself' - and that his final doom was Siberia; but the Marquis's language affords no adequate notion of the facts of the case. If he had, before he undertook his historical task, read the 'Rapport de la Commission d'Enquête of 1826, which embodies the confessions of the conspirators and the documents seized in their possession, M. de Custine would have found it clearly proved—that Prince Serge Troubetzkoi was one of the two officers who laid the foundation of the first secret revolutionary society in the army, on their return from the west of Europe in 1816;—that he was a leading office-bearer in every one of the revolutionary societies formed within the army, and also of those that embraced civilians, between 1816 and 1825;—that he had been the acting president, under whatever title of boyar, director, or counsellor-in-chief, of some one or other of these societies during the whole of those nine or ten years-except only when he was travelling abroad on the general business of the conspiracy-engaged in the endeavour to connect its plans and movements with those of secret societies then organized in Germany, and of the remaining adherents of the Jacobin faction in Paris-or consulting certain longsome heads in London about codes and constitutions for 'the Federal Republic of the Sclavonian peoples;'-that, in every one of the Russian clubs, the necessity of assassinating the Emperor Alexander, as a first step, was discussed; that in the majority of them that measure was agreed to by a great plurality of votes; that in more than one the assassination of the other princes of the imperial house was decreed; that in one the assassination of all the princesses also was favoured by the more ardent patriots: -that Troubetzkoi was one of the seven chiefs who met in autumn 1825, and drew lots for the execution of the general sentence against Alexander;—that when that design was frustrated by the emperor's fatal illness at Taganrog, Troubetzkoi (no longer surely a young man) was the president (some witnesses style him the 'political chief,' others 'the DICTATOR') of the coalition of conspirators who hurried to St. Petersburg, and there prepared everything—but feasibility, sense, or courage—for the military insurrection on the accession of Nicholas;—that the attempt was made—some few of the chiefs being brave and resolute fanatics but that the DICTATOR, the destined head of the provisional government, turning out a miserable poltroon, and infecting others VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLVI. with

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with his cowardice, the principal features of the carefully rehearsed play were omitted when the curtain drew up.

Troubetzkoi himself, on the first shot being heard, rushed, not to his allotted post at the head of his perverted regiment, but to the house of his sister-in-law, the Austrian ambassadress. The intrepid energy of Nicholas produced the effects which Custine dares not dissimulate: the revolt was crushed, and tranquillity restored in the space of a few hours. The leading conspirators, above thirty in number, were all, in the course of that or the next few days, apprehended—the shelter of Madame de Lebezeltern's petticoat availed not—and Mr. Raikes says quite correctly:—

'Regardless of all those ties which, however bad the cause, had bound him to his former friends and associates, Troubetzkoi scrupled not, under the impulse of fear, to betray every secret of the plot in which they had mutually been engaged; he gave up every paper in his possession, and the name of every family, or individual, whom it was in his power to criminate; names, indeed, of high importance, some of which had never been implicated by a rumour of suspicion. Having thus filled up the measure of his treachery, first to his sovereign, and then to his colleagues in rebellion, he exhibited the lowest point at which human degradation can arrive, by falling at the feet of his imperial master, and begging that his life might be spared. The reply of Nicholas must have intimated to him, if he had any feeling left, the sovereign contempt which his conduct had inspired. "You may live," said he, "if you can think life worth retaining under such circumstances." He was banished to Siberia."—Visit, p. 203.*

The emperor resolved to spare all but the five who, being in situations of high military trust, had actually drawn the sword and confronted his faithful troops. The rest were drawn up around the gibbet, when the five came out. They were there stripped

^{*} Mr. Raikes gives afterwards a striking anecdete concerning—for it is now no secretthe son of Suwaroff. 'The next step, and the most delicate, which, while it proves the
alent and address of the Emperor, speaks no less highly for the magnanimity and real
greatness of his character, was the examination of those hitherto unsuspected persons
who had been so meanly betrayed by the recreant Troubetakoi. Some of these individuals were of superior rank and situation in the empire, belonging to high and noble
families, whose names were connected with former brilliant services to the state, which
could never be forgotten. Foremost in this class stood Colonel———. The Emperor
summoned him to his presence, totally unconscious of the treachery which had been
practised upon him; he then showed him the papers which were to prove his guilt,
and while the abashed culprit stood copacience-struck in his presence, he nobly threw
them assepsed into the fire. Nicholas then addressed him with the feeling of a friend,
he told him that his name was a sufficient guarantee for the future; that he could imagine the past was only a momentary delusion; and that, even if his guilt had not been
exaggerated, he himself would never wish to become acquainted with it. He then recommended him to join the army in Persia without delay, to conduct himself there in
a manner that might justify this indulgence, and prove to the world, by future acts of
loyalty and devotion, that all the late rumours attached to his character were unjust
and unfounded. He went, and has since distinguished himself on several occasions.

Many others were treated with the same delicacy and mercy.'—pp. 204, 205.

of their decorations and uniforms by the hands of the hangman, and clad in the livery of convicts; they then stood by while the five suffered. Next day the Dictator and the others were on their way to Siberia.

We think our readers will agree that M. de Custine does not commence his history of Troubetzkoi with a very honest paragraph. It is proper to mention that in another of his chapters he gives a fuller and a pretty accurate account of the conduct and bearing of Nicholas throughout the day of the insurrection. But it is also proper to add that whoever wishes to read the ablest narrative of that day's transactions must turn to the 'Mémoires d'un Maître d'armes, ou Dixhuit Mois à St. Pétersbourg,' published in 1840 by Custine's countryman, Alexandre Dumas. That work presents a general contrast to M. Custine's, inasmuch as under a form of fiction it is but slightly disguised truth. We shall have occasion to recur to it by and bye—meantime let us proceed with our Marquis—

"The prince had a wife whose family was among the most distinguished in the land. This princess could not be dissuaded from following her husband to his tomb. "It is my duty," she said, "and I will fulfil it; no human power has a right to separate a wife from her husband; I will share the fate of mine."

'This noble wife obtained the favour of being buried alive with her unhappy partner. I am astonished, since I have seen Russia and the spirit of its government, that, influenced by a lingering relic of shame, they have thought it right to respect this act of devotion during a period of fourteen years. That they should favour patriotic heroism is very natural, for they profit by it; but to tolerate a sublime virtue that does not accord with the views of the sovereign was an act of remissness for which they must have often reproached themselves. They feared the friends of Troubetzkoi; an aristocracy, however enervated it may be, always preserves a shadow of its independence,—a shadow that serves to cast a cloud over despotism.

'From the fear, then, of exasperating certain influential families, the government yielded to a kind of prudent compassion. The princess departed with her husband the convict, and, which is more extraordinary, she reached her destination. The journey was alone a frightful trial: hundreds,—thousands of leagues in a telega, a little open cart without springs, over roads that break both carriages and human bodies. The unhappy woman supported these and many other hardships and privations, which I shall not describe for want of the precise details; for I wish to add nothing to the strict truth of this history.

'Her conduct will appear the more heroic when it is known that, until the husband's ruin, the married pair had lived somewhat coldly together. But is not fervent devotion a substitute for love? Or rather, is it not love itself? Love flows from many sources, and of these self-sacrifice is the most abundant. 'They had never had children at Petersburg; they had five in Siberia.

'This man, rendered glorious by the generosity of his wife, has become a sacred object in the eyes of all who approached him. Who indeed

would not venerate the object of an affection so sacred?

'Nicholas would have long since pardoned the criminal had he been as great as he pretends to be; but clemency, independently of its being repugnant to his natural disposition, appears to him a weakness by which a king would degrade the kingly office: habituated as he is to measure his power by the fear which he inspires, he would regard mercy as a violation of his code of political morality.

'The husband and wife have lived for fourteen years by the side, so to speak, of the Uralian mines; for the arms of a labourer like the prince are little suited to the work of a pick-axe. He is there for the sake of being there, and that is all: but he is a convict, and we shall soon see to what this condition condemns a man—and his children! —vol. ii. pp.

218-221.

Nothing more just than the representation here given of the character and conduct of Princess Troubetzkoi; but the description of her as being 'of one of the highest families in Russia' is as sheer nonsense as the sentence of her lord to the 'Uralian mines.' Her father is a French emigrant, by name Laval—and Custine himself tells elsewhere (vol. iv. p. 240) a malicious story about him, as being in fact no Laval but a Lovel, and making all haste to drop his coat-of-arms on the arrival in St. Petersburg of the Duc de Montmorency-Laval as French ambassador. This shows that Custine did not even know Madame de Troubetzkoi's family name. His assertions and speculations as to the difficulty she had in obtaining permission to share her husband's exile will be regarded with some suspicion by any one who has read the 'Mémoires d'un Maître d'armes.'

The main interest of this work turns on the fortunes of a young subaltern officer of high family, who had a part in the conspiracy. of 1825. We are enabled to state positively that it gives a true history of the misguided young man in question-hardly any circumstance about him is disguised except his name. He became known to Dumas's old friend the fencing-master (for Dumas has on this occasion merely done what Swift did for Captain Creighton) through a beautiful countrywoman, a Parisian milliner, who had been seduced by the gay youth not many months before the catastrophe of Taganrog. His connection with the plot was as clear as Troubetzkoi's; but, like the Dictator, he had not drawn his sword on the decisive day—his regiment remained firm, and he had no opportunity to separate himself from its ranks. His life accordingly was spared, and he too set out for Siberia. The poor grisette would fain follow-but she had no powerful powerful friends to consult with or to interfere for her. Her lover's family did not live at St. Petersburg—they were of the ancient nobility faithful to Moscow; but, in any case, what would they be likely to care, at such a moment, about this poor deserted stranger, this humble mistress of the unhappy convict? She had no one to trust in but the fencing-master. She told him that she was with child—that her affections were fixed for ever—that she was resolved to convert all her little property into money, and follow her lover to Siberia. The maître d'armes in vain represented to her the rashness of this project—the distance, the danger: the difficulty even of obtaining leave to go to Siberia on such an errand—since she was not a wife. She was inflexible. She placed herself at the palace-gate, and put her petition into the hands of the Emperor himself as he stepped from his droshki. He glanced on the paper:

- ' Etes-vous sa sœur?-ou sa femme?'
- ' Non, sire.'
- ' Qui donc êtes-vous?'
 - 'Dans sept mois je serai la mère de son enfant.'
 - 'Pauvre petite!'

This was all that he said—but she understood his look and accent. She immediately sold her shop and goods, and called in her debts, and found herself mistress of 30,000 rubles (about 15001.), with which she prepared to set off. But while she was making her last arrangements for the long journey, she received a letter signed by her lieutenant, and dated from a post far beyond Moscow. It was brought to her by a person in whom the writer desired her to place implicit confidence. He was, the letter said, a government agent, who also had had connection with the recent conspiracy, but escaped all suspicion. He had found means to gain over an officer of the detachment conducting the prisoners to their destination. If a sum of 30,000 rubles were delivered to the messenger, her lover would be free-he would escape beyond the frontier, wait somewhere in Germany until she could join him, marry her, and settle for life with her in France. Once out of Russia, his own family would supply him with sufficient means of subsistence, The milliner without hesitation gave the man her 30,000 rubles. The maître d'armes, on seeing the letter, conceived suspicion that it was a forgery; but she was triumphant, and not to be disturbed in her dream of bliss. In a few hours, however, the maître d'armes found means to ascertain, from various little circumstances, and at length to convince mademoiselle, that she had been robbed of her all-her connection with the subaltern had been known, her object in selling off her things was divined, and some St. Petersburg scoundrel had devised and achieved that in-

^{*} Maître d'armes, vol. ii. p. 71.

human robbery of the generous and defenceless girl. The maître d'armes now accompanied her to the palace, and the emperor admitted them to his presence. The story was told, and believed. The emperor demanded if the maître d'armes would undertake to escort the girl to Siberia, provided he, the emperor, would furnish a suitable conveyance, and defray the charges of the journey. The good Frenchman assented readily, and they left the palace overpowered with joy and gratitude. An aide-de-camp followed them, conducted them to the imperial stable-yard, and desired them to select a carriage. They fixed on one—the aide-de-camp told them it should be at the girl's door next morning—that they had nothing to do but to make their packages. At the hour appointed, the aide-de-camp came in the carriage, and after seeing them into it, gave mademoiselle a small work-box, of which the empress had been pleased to ask her acceptance. It contained the sum of 30,000 rubles in bank-notes.

After a tedious journey they reached the place where the subaltern was stationed, and the maître d'armes, introduced to his room at night, gave him the first intelligence of all these proceedings. The prisoner threw himself at the commanding officer's feet, and entreated that the devoted girl might be allowed to join him. 'The Emperor affixes one condition,' said the officer; 'you can only see her as your wife.' Every reader will conclude the true romance;—but none should deprive themselves of the great pleasure of following it through all its details in the beautiful chapters of Dumas. We should not be sorry to know, as we much suspect, that Dumas's pen helped on this real history to another and a happy stage. Since the book was published the hero received a free pardon—he and his admirable wife left Siberia some time ago, and he is at this moment serving Nicholas in happiness and in honour.

And the czar's true soldier.

The reader of this little story will already appreciate M. de Custine's fable about the difficulty that the wife of Troubetzkoi had in obtaining the emperor's leave to go to Siberia—and the Marquis's philosophical conviction that 'the tolerance of the sublime virtue of that woman' was an 'act of remissness' with which Nicholas 'must have frequently reproached himself,' in the interval between 1825 and 1839. But let the Marquis go on with Princess Troubetzkoi:—

'At the conclusion of seven years of exile, as she saw her infants growing around her, she thought it her duty to write to one of her family to beg that they would humbly supplicate the emperor to suffer them to be sent to Petersburg, or to some other civilised city, in order to receive a suitable education.

'The petition was laid at the feet of the czar, and the worthy successor of the Ivans and of Peter I. answered that the children of a convict,—convicts themselves, would always be sufficiently learned!

'After this answer, the family—the mother and the condemned man,

were silent for seven more weary years.

'The prince has completed his term of labour in the mines, and now the exiles, liberated, as they call it, are condemned to form, they and their young family, a colony in the most remote corner of the desert. The locality of their new residence, designedly chosen by the emperor himself, is so wild that the name of that howling wilderness is not even yet marked on the ordnance maps of Russia, the most exact and minute geographical maps that exist.

'At the mines, she could find warmth in the bosom of the earth, her family had companions in misfortune, silent consolers, admiring witnesses of her heroism. But what hope can there be of awakening the sympathy of bears, or of melting eternal ices amid impenetrable

woods or marshes that have no bounds?

At present this father and mother, abandoned in the desert, without physical powers, stript of every aid, lost to their fellow men, punished in their children, whose innocence only serves to aggravate their anguish, know not how to provide food for themselves and their little ones. These young convicts by birth, these pariahs of the imperial realm, if they have no longer a country, no longer a position in the community, have yet bodies that need food and raiment. A mother, whatever dignity, whatever elevation of soul she may possess, could she see the fruit of her body perish rather than supplicate a pardon? No; she again humbled herself, and this time it was not through Christian virtue: the lofty woman was conquered by the despairing mother. She saw her children ill, and had nothing wherewith to administer to their wants, In this extreme misery, her husband, his heart withered by his misfortune, left her to act according to her impulse, and the princess wrote a second letter from her hut of exile. . . . The letter of the princess has reached its destination, the emperor has read it; and it was to communicate to me this letter that I was stopped at the moment of my departure. I cannot regret the delay. I have never read anything more simple and touching. Actions like the writer's can dispense with words; she uses her privileges as a heroine, and is laconic, even in imploring the life of her children. In a few lines, she states her situation, without declamation and without complaint; she concludes by imploring this single favour—the permission to live within the reach of an apothecary, in order to be able to get some medicine for her children when they are ill. The environs of Tobolsk, of Irkutsk, or of ORENBURG, would appear to her paradise! . .

'Well! after fourteen years of continued vengeance, continued but not glutted—how can I moderate my indignation? to use gentler terms in recounting such facts would be to betray a sacred cause: let the Russians object against them if they dare; I had rather fail in respect to despotism than to misfortune. They will crush me if they can, but, at least, Europe shall know that a man to whom sixty millions of men never cease saying that he is omnipotent, revenges himself!—Yes, re-

venge is the proper name for such a justice! After fourteen years, then, of vengeance, this woman, whose misery had been ennobled by so much heroism, obtained from the Emperor Nicholas no other answer than the following:—"I am astonished that any one again dares to speak to me (twice in fifteen years!) of a family, the head of which has conspired against me!" The reader may doubt this answer,—I could yet do so myself, and nevertheless I have clear proof of its truth.

'I have no more hesitation, no more uncertainty of opinion as regards the character of the Emperor Nicholas; my judgment of that prince is at length formed. May God pardon him! happily, I shall never see

him again.'-vol. ii. pp. 221-226.

The truth is this: Princess Troubetzkoi spent in seclusion the short interval between her husband's condemnation and the coronation of Nicholas at Moscow. She, on their majesties' arrival there, solicited an interview with the empress, who had previously distinguished her by much kindness, and her request to be allowed to join her husband was instantly granted. Accompanied by a young Swiss gentleman in the employment of her father, M. Laval, she then travelled on and overtook Troubetzkoi, not among the Uralian mountains, but about three times the broadest diameter of France beyond them-namely, at Irkutsk, to which town he had been marched slick, as the Yankees say, with the rest of the posse of convicts. Many others of their wives arrived shortly afterwards. From the first they were permitted to visit their husbands twice a week. As soon as the weather permitted—that is, as soon as the Lake Baikal was passable—the convicts resumed their journey and proceeded to Nerschinsk, the Ultima Thule of usual reception for prisoners guilty of treason. Separate quarters had been ordered to be prepared for the conspirators at Tchita, a village close to Nerschinsk, and as soon as these could be got ready the ladies were invited to go on to Tchita, where they established themselves, Princess Troubetzkoi and others (instead of finding some comfort in the bosom of the earth') causing houses to be erected for themselves in a new street, which took from them, and still retains, the name of 'Rue des Dames,' After the expiration of eighteen months from their condemnation, the gentlemen were, by the emperor's orders, released from their fetters and from all close confinement-no manual labour ever had been exacted or contemplated-and from this time their lot has been in an uninterrupted course of mitigation. They had free access to their families—slept with their wives every night. There never was any want among them of any one thing requisite for a comfortable physical existence. Their friends were allowed to forward to them half-yearly whatever they pleased (except money-of that only 1000 rubles in the year)-and Madame Troubetzkoi's wealthy father took excellent care that she in particular should

be furnished with all things suitable to her habits. She received constant supplies for the table, the wardrobe, the toilette-books. music, musical and philosophical instruments, even gazettes. Her chemist made up his packages for her as he would have done had she been at her father's country-seat-and it was the same with other tradespeople that she had usually employed. A mercantile house in Siberia had general instructions from M. Laval on her behalf. When she lay in she was attended by a midwife sent expressly from Irkutsk—and she never wanted good medical advice, for amongst the other gentlemen involved in the same sentence with her husband, was at least one eminent physician. Dr. Wolff, who during all her movements in Siberia has been close to the princess. The party, after passing several years at Tchita, were removed to Petrofsky, a place nearer Russia, in order that the convicts might have an opportunity of being initiated into the practice of agriculture, with a view to their ultimate position of colonists and farmers. When they were supposed to have profited sufficiently by the instruction and example which Petrofsky afforded, they were at last moved to their allotments, and there such of them as have not received free pardon (which several have done at different times) are now living-each man on his farm, surrounded with his family, in the perfect possession of personal liberty in every respect—except only that he must never travel to a greater distance from home than he can accomplish in eight hours—that is to say, he has for his movements a radius of some sixty English miles. The Troubetzkois live nine English miles from Irhutsh (the 'environs' of which 'would appear to them paradise') in the same village with two other families of their own rank, and are within visiting distance of all the other families settled in Siberia in consequence of the insurrection in December, 1825. Irkutsk itself is a town of 20,000 inhabitants, the seat of a government, with many wealthy merchants and a most hospitable society.

During all the years that she has passed in Siberia, the friends of Princess Troubetzkoi have no knowledge or belief of her having made more than one application directly or indirectly to the emperor. Of the one letter which they know her to have written with the view of its being submitted to his Majesty, the occasion was this. In the year 1842—three years after Custine was in Russia, and about the time when he may be supposed to have been furbishing up these volumes from a few loose notes and loose recollections, and from the fables and forgeries of some of loose Polish exiles whose business it is, per fas aut nefas, to make 'the autocrat' the bugbear of the world—in 1842, we say, the grandduke Alexander, eldest son of Nicholas, asked a favour of his father—It was that the Emperor would please to allow the

sons of the conspirators of 1825 to be sent for and distributed among the different military colleges, there to receive at the imperial expense such an education as might qualify them for entering in due time on the public service; nor was it doubted that the generous young prince (that sombre dissimulator of Ems) had in his contemplation their ultimate restoral in this way to the rank of which their fathers' offences had deprived them. The Emperor conceded this request—and instructions accordingly were issued to the authorities in Siberia. The exiles, however, with but one exception (that family being poor) petitioned that they might not have their children taken from them. Madame Troubetzkoi, whom Custine represents as so eager to part with hers after the first seven years, that is to say, when the eldest could not have been five years old—even in 1842, when so many more years had passed, she could not bear the thought of parting with them. Their education was her daily employment and the solace of her life. She wrote to a friend at St. Petersburg to 'implore' the Emperor for permission that they might remain where they were; and the Emperor agreed that it should be so.

We have narrated all these circumstances on the authority of a friend and correspondent at Moscow, of whose honour and means of information in this case there can be no doubt:* and we presume it will now be difficult for M. de Custine to make any human being believe that there is one single touch of truth in all the laborious shadows with which his malignant genius has invested the history of Madame Troubetzkoi. How fine it is for a man to talk about maps who places Orenburg in Siberia,—Orenburg—one of the most important cities in European Russia! But that he should have failed to discover either Tchita or Nerchinsk on any map (if indeed he had ever heard of the names) is not improbable, for his pathetic pages are headed 'Fourteen years among the Uralian mountains'—from which mountains those places are separated by a distance (as the crow flies) of full 2300.

English miles.

It is very easy for M. de Custine to indite sounding sentimentalities about the 'veneration' due to Serge Troubetzkoi because of his wife's exemplary character—of his being 'glorified' and 'rendered a sacred object' by her affectionate devotion. If he has felt her conduct as he ought, and done what he could to show his gratitude, he will not miss his reward. But he remains not the less the man who planned and balloted for the murder of Alexander—who organized and pledged himself to conduct the

^{*} As this sheet is passing through the press, February 10th, we see from the 'Morning Post' that M. Gretsch has given a distinct contradiction of Custine's Troubetzkoi remance in a second pamphlet printed at Dresden; but this has not yet reached us.

revolt against Nicholas. Such crimes cannot be vicariously ex-

piated in the eye of any human government.

We have shown that from the expiration of eighteen months after their sentence, the condition of the culprits of 1825, not excluding that of Troubetzkoi, has been, at every step of alteration, altered for the better; and as to what that condition now is, we may direct the attention of our readers to a valuable corroboratory evidence—that of an English gentleman who made a careful inspection of Western Siberia in 1842, and whose account of that country, recently published, is the completest as yet given to the world. In his 'Recollections of Siberia,' at page 232, Mr. Cotterell says:—

This we can take upon us to assert, and defy contradiction, that there is not at this moment in any part of Russia one single human being working in the mines by order of government for political offences. Did delicacy not forbid us, we could mention some great names now under sentence of banishment in Siberia, of whose guilt the most liberal cannot deny the blackness, or the justice of their condemnation, whose state, excepting their being precluded from returning to Petersburg and their homes, is in every other respect as comfortable as it can be. Such persons have their families about them, and though their children born since their arrival in Siberia are not noble, they can, and doubtless will, become so, by going to the military colleges, and entering the service like other people. The law only allows each of such persons to receive from their relations a thousand roubles a year, in money, though any amount of articles of necessity or even luxury may be sent them. This law, however, like many others, is constantly broken, and, probably, not without the connivance of the authorities on many occasions. There are several we could mention who do receive a great deal more.

Mr. Cotterell is describing in the chapter here quoted his residence at Irkutsk—where he seems to have been just when the first news of the Grand Duke Alexander's intervention reached the Siberian authorities. He has inflicted severe punishment on a preceding traveller, Captain Jesse, for his shallow vein of criticism: had Custine fallen in his way, he might have saved us some trouble. But we must leave him for the present—observing merely that he states of 'Russian hospitality' that he has not seen it 'equalled in Europe' (p. 169); and that Siberia is the only country in the world where he 'never saw a beggar' (p. 338.) Whoever desires to form any distinct notion of Siberia, must peruse Mr. Cotterell's pages. It is the Botany-bay of Russia—her Norfolk Island too—but it is also her Canada and her Cape; and what is more, it is her substitute for out-door relief and union workhouses.

And now we think it only fair to extract the result of Mr. Raikes's observations and impressions concerning the Emperor Nicholas. Mr. Raikes, whose talents can be questioned by no reader

reader of his work, spent a whole winter at St. Petersburg; and, by no means admiring despotism, but feeling on that subject as every enlightened Englishman must do, he concludes in these words:—

'The inheritor of Alexander's throne, as well as of his excellent qualities, regulated by more prudence and steadiness of character, is the great security to Europe for the peace and tranquillity of this vast empire, both at home and abroad. Everything that I can learn here proves that, during the short period of his reign hitherto, he has succeeded in obtaining, not only the respect, but the love of his subjects. His personal courage was as conspicuous at the trying epocha of his accession, as his affability and activity in business since he has been seated on the throne.

'As the state is constituted—one master alone opposed to millions of dependents—fear must be the groundwork of authority; and this Emperor has had the address to inspire it very generally, without giving any grounds for complaint of cruelty or oppression. No one better knows the canker which surrounds him; no one can be more eager to extirpate it; his wish to do right is acknowledged by all, even by those who are interested in counteracting his views: but he who has seen a brother die of a broken heart, from the froward ingratitude of a people whose welfare and happiness were the primary object of his existence, may well be justified in enforcing his own salutary government by means more rigorous and determined than those of his predecessor. When to this resolute character in public life may be added the amiable and domestic virtues of a private citizen, you will agree with me, that few sovereigns can be compared to him.

'Power so despotic in evil hands might, if it lasted, weigh indeed heavily on all; but wielded by a man who is himself (in all respects) so eminently superior to all around him, and actuated by such praise-worthy motives, it becomes an instrument in the hand of Providence to work out by one absolute will the amelioration of a vast portion of the globe, hitherto left for centuries in a state of degrading barbarism.'—

See 'Visit to St. Petersburg, 1838,' pp. 66, 101, 332.

We might quote, indeed, the evidence of all those of our countrymen who can be said to have had any opportunity of studying Russia under Nicholas-Venables-Bremner-Pinkerton-Cameron-the elegant and classical authoress of the 'Letters from the Baltic' even-for, painful as are her sketches of many things in the Russian system of government, she never insinuates a suspicion of the Emperor's sincerity and benevolence of character -on the contrary, expresses her alarm lest he should be exhausting his Herculean strength in over-eagerness for interior But perhaps no one of these has seen so much of either reforms. the Emperor or the empire as the writer of the 'Fragments by a Geologist.' This gentleman's name will be connected with that of the Emperor Nicholas in a manner honourable for both, long after M. de Custine and any controversies arising out of such a book as his are buried in oblivion. We have before us a considerable

Before

siderable portion of a truly great work, one destined to form a landmark in the scientific history of our age,- 'Russia in Europe, and the Ural Mountains, or Geological Researches conducted under the Auspices of the Emperor of All the Russias'-by this our distinguished countryman, Mr. Murchison, and a French geologist, also of acknowledged eminence, M. de Verneuil. In the unpublished 'Fragments,' of which we have also been allowed to avail ourselves, Mr. Murchison repeatedly mentions that his French fellow-traveller agreed with him cordially as to the impressions received by him concerning the character and condition of the Russian people, and not less so concerning the design and tendency of their sovereign's administration. We do not feel ourselves at liberty to print here personal details which were not intended for more than the writer's private circle; but we may say that the whole has left on us the strong persuasion that a more kind and hospitable people does not exist-that no nation ever was in more rapid progress of improvement-and that no sovereign in the world ever understood his people better than Nicholas does, or devoted great energies with more single-minded zeal to the discharge of his public duties. We may trespass so far as to transcribe these sentences from the preface to the 'Fragments:'-

Russia, it is very true, is still far behind the rest of Europe; but it should be remembered and considered that we ourselves, as well as our continental neighbours, have had to pass through periods when the people were serfs, and when enlightenment was confined to the few. Looking at the vast strides which Russia has made in the short period since she was introduced to Europe, one ought rather to be astonished at her progress than applaud those who make it their business and seemingly pleasure to exaggerate her defects. Still less should we side with such travellers or critics in laying all these defects upon the shoulders of a monarch, whose destiny it is to preside over a people so unlike ourselves, and who cannot be transformed by the wand of any harlequin into our own form and fashion. To be solid and lasting the work of improvement must be slow. A middle class must be reared up before any great political changes can be advantageously attempted: in the absence of such a class, even M. de Custine admits, revolutions might indeed dye the rivers with blood, but they would not leave the country a whit more free. For my own part, convinced as I am that none of the present generation can see the day when the masses of Russia will be fitted to form part and parcel of the social family of Europe, I sincerely trust that during the long ordeal they have to pass through, they may be ruled over by men of the same firm type as Nicholas. "Russia is governed:"—says M. de Custine—"When will she be civilised?" I answer—after the rule of several monarchs like the present, of whom, in the language of the Marquis de Custine himself, "History will undoubtedly say-This man is a great sovereign."

Before we drop M. de Custine, we may remark that he has too much regard for French taste not to indicate every now and then a bitter hatred for England. In the course of his tour, however, he seems to have met with only one party of English travellers—and therefore we have but a few examples of insolent personality. Take one of them:—

A little scene occurred which will give some idea of the manners of the most fashionable young people among the English in the present day: they have no right to reproach, nor yet any reason to envy, the least polite of our Parisian exquisites: -- what a difference between this kind of blackguard elegance and the politeness of the Buckinghams, the Lauzuns, and the Richelieus! The empress wished to give a private ball as a mark of attention to this family before their leaving Petersburg. She began by inviting the father, who dances so well with an artificial leg. "Madame," replied the old Marquis—"I have been loaded with kindnesses at Petersburg; but so many pleasures surpass my powers: I hope that your majesty will permit me to take my leave this evening, that I may get on board my yacht to-morrow morning, in order to return to England; otherwise I shall die of pleasure in Russia." "Well, then, I must give you up," replied the empress, satisfied with this polite and manly answer, worthy of the times in which the old lord must have first entered the world; then turning towards the sons of the marquis, whose stay in Petersburg was to be prolonged: "At least I may depend on you?" she said to the eldest. "Madame," replied this individual, "we are engaged to hunt rein-deer to-day." The empress, who is said to be proud, was not discouraged, and, addressing herself to the younger brother, said, "You, at least, will remain with me?" The young man, at a loss for an excuse, and not knowing what to answer, in his vexation turned to his brother, murmuring, loudly enough to be overheard, "Am I then to be the victim?" This anecdote went the round (faisait la joie) of the whole court.'-vol. i. p. 258.

An English Marquis with an artificial leg, walking polonaises with the Empress of Russia in July, 1839, is not likely to be mistaken. Of course M. de Custine means the gallant Marquis of Anglesey; and the speech to the empress which he puts into his lordship's mouth, may seem sufficiently in character. Of the rest of the story, which faisait la joie de la cour, not a word is true. The two young English gentlemen here shown up in contrast with the unblackguard elegance of Old France, have assured a friend of ours that the whole is an impudent fiction. They might have spared themselves the trouble. But the chasse aux remes is the cream of the Custinism. Hunting rein-deer at St. Petersburg—in July! One might as well be told of shooting capercailzies on Prince Albert's farm—in the Easter holidays.

ART. III.—1. Souvenirs d'un Demi-Siècle; Vie Publique—Vie Intime — Mouvement Littéraire — Portraits, 1789—1836. Publiés par G. Touchard-Lafosse, Auteur des Chroniques de l'Œil de Bœuf, de l'Histoire de Paris, &c. &c. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1836.

 Souvenirs de la Terreur de 1788 à 1793. Par M. G. Duval, précédés d'une Introduction Historique par M. Charles Nodier, de l'Académie Française. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1841.

 Souvenirs Thermidoriens. Par Georges Duval. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1844.

IF the French Revolution is to be studied with advantage as a great lesson to mankind, it must, like any other source of knowledge, be examined in its elements; and we should be careful to distinguish the wise and necessary reforms in the social and political condition of France which have been ultimately attained, from the execrable extravagances into which the Revolution so soon deviated, and of which the intoxicated and terrified nation was so long the accomplice and the victim. Nothing can be more false, either in fact or in argument, than the proposition which the partisans and apologists of the Revolution have—at first ambiguously but latterly more boldly-advanced, that those excesses were the natural consequences of the struggle which inveterate abuse maintained against wholesome reform—the energetic efforts of an injured people to overcome a tyrannical and perfidious court; that the blame therefore, if blame there be, lies with those whose obstinacy made such strong measures necessary; and, finally, that to whomever those errors may be attributable, the result—the glorious result—the liberty and happiness of the people—justifies the price by which it was obtained.

All this we totally deny. We need not here inquire into the degree of 'liberty and happiness' which France enjoyed under her successive Revolutionary Governments from 1791 to 1814—nor, to come down to later times, need we contrast the 'liberty of the press,' decreed by the Constituant Assembly, with the laws of September; nor remind our readers that, in 1789, there was but one Bastille on the skirts of Paris. We have already admitted that the Revolution has led to great and solid improvements in the social and political condition of the people—though, we must add, with many drawbacks, and especially in the higher considerations of morals and religion. But be the beneficial results ever so unquestionable, who, amongst us, would think of justifying the atrocities of Henry VIII. because they were ancillary to the Reformation; or Judge Jefferies' bloody circuit, because it hastened our Revolution; or the massacre of Glencoe,

because it was one of its consequences? But the truth is, that the crimes of the French Revolution were excusable neither in their origin, nor in their progress, nor in their results. They were not produced by the opposition, but by the concessions, of the Court—they were not a struggle with a formidable adversary. but a brutal vengeance on a fallen one; and so far from helping to produce the beneficial results of which their apologists are now so proud, they delayed and endangered, and indeed, as far as their influence lasted, destroyed whatever of good the Revolution promised. No rational man who knows anything of those times will deny-and there is no French writer, of any weight or consideration, who does not either directly or inferentially admitthat all the advantages, be they what they may, which have sprung from the Revolution, were secured-some in fact, and all in principle-in the first session of the Constituant Assembly, and more particularly prior to the first great premeditated crime, the attack of Versailles on the 5th of October, 1789. The very assemblage of the States-General was itself the Revolution-which would have attained every wholesome object without either the unconstitutional revolt of the Jeu de Paume or the tipsy enthusiasm of the celebrated Night of Sacrifices * (the 4th of August, 1789). The foundations were then laid of every reform, great or small, which France at this moment enjoys; and on which the only influence of the Insurrections, the Massacres, the Revolutionary Tribunal, and the Guillotine-was to postpone them for twenty years, and to render them less welcome and acceptable when they came at last.

One great lesson, therefore, that the French Revolution ought to teach the world is, that its excesses cannot be palliated even by the low and immoral sophism of excusing bad means by a good end; for the irrefragable facts are there to prove that the good end

was only delayed and defeated by the bad means.

But another and still more important lesson is the danger—that most deceitful danger—of imprudent haste in even the most plausible reforms. Popular impulses soon cease to be operations of the mind, and acquire a kind of material velocity that accelerates itself beyond all calculation or control. 'Nobody goes so far as he who does not know where he is going.' Robespierre and Marat's first steps in literature and in public life were by essays and speeches for the total abolition of the punishment of death: they became, within a few months, the most fearful professors of both the theory and practice of judicial murder that ever deci-

^{*} Tous les historiens sont d'accord sur ce point—que toute la Révolution, telle qu'elle pouvait être favorable au progrèe de la liberté et des institutions politiques, était faite en '89. Ce qui se passa à l'Assemblée pendant la nuit du 4 Août '89, ne fut que l'immolation d'une victime imaginaire.'—Desmarais, Histoire des Histoires de la Révolution Française, pp. 242, 281.

mated mankind. The first decree that the National Assembly passed on the penal code, provided that capital punishment should in no case be followed by confiscation of property; the first decree of the National Convention, on the same subject, was, that in every capital case confiscation should inexorably follow; and it would be easy to show that there was not one of the salutary principles not, with the most contradictory energy, trampled under the bloody feet of the legislators of 1793.

But it is not merely as an awful lesson to mankind that we are induced to look back into the details of the revolutionary period. It has also the literary interest of historical inquiry. Many of its most important events are still enigmas, which the professed historians of the Revolution have seldom attempted to explain. Even of the most notorious facts they often appear very imperfectly informed, while as to their real causes and objects they exhibit a strange indifference, or, at least, an unaccountable silence.

Of these, one of the most prominent is the Revolutionary Tribunal. With a distant and general view of its wholesale atrocities the public memory is but too familiar; but the real motives of its creation—the interior springs by which it was worked—the object, the interest which any man or party could have had, or fancied they had, in such a protracted and diurnal system of indiscriminate murder, and above all, the wanton, the impudent, are insane absurdity of thousands of its individual judgments, are mysteries which, the more closely they are examined, seem to us only the more difficult to be explained or even guessed at.

Nothing, therefore, would be more valuable or interesting than any bona fide testimony of the actors in, or even the spectators of; those events-anything that should convey to us the contemporaneous feelings and impressions of men's minds, and in any degree explain how such a state of national insanity could have lasted a week, and how social and domestic life was carried on amidst those scenes of anarchy and death. With this feeling we opened the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this articlebut we have been altogether disappointed. Their compilers appear to have speculated on the interest which the public has shown for some authentic details of that wonderful period, and fabricated these works to meet that demand. We know that there have been, and may be yet living, two small littérateurs of the names of Touchard-Lafosse and George Duval, and it is possible that they, or more probably some one in their names, may have concocted these volumes from old pamphlets - files of newspapers—published memoirs, and so forth—but we will take upon us to assert most unhesitatingly that, as what they VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLVI. 2 c profess

profess to be, Souvenirs, or actual personal recollections of the alleged authors, they are contemptible impostures. We have for the last twenty years seen and exposed so many fabrications of the same kind, that there is in this repetition of the fraud nothing that surprises us—no, not even that M. Charles Nodier,* a Member of the French Academy—should have written a prefatory essay to Duval's book to guarantee its authenticity. And we confidently place all these more recent speculations on the credulity of the public on the same shelf with the Mémoires of Robespierre, fabricated by the same M. Nodier—of Louis XVIII.—of the Abbé Lenfant—of Le Vasseur—of Madame de Créqui—all of which have been—since our detection—proved (some in courts of justice) to be forgeries.

So far then from relying on these 'Souvenirs' for information, we confess that it is these gross impostures which, in addition to the negligence of some recent historians, have prompted us to endeavour to collect from more authentic sources some rational account of that great, illegal, and immoral phenomenon—the Revolu-

tionary Tribunal.

We begin by observing that its very name and date have been generally misunderstood. We showed in our last Number that there were two of these tribunals, wholly distinct, but which have been generally confounded—one instituted on the 17th of August, 1792, and extinguished the 30th of November, of the same year; the other, created the 10th of March, 1793, and which became the celebrated Revolutionary Tribunal. The name too has been generally misunderstood. To both the tribunals the title 'Revolutionary' was at their creation formally and purposely denied, because it was proposed with the intention of relieving them from the ordinary principles or restraints of law, customs, or constitution, with licence to pursue by every kind of means-per fas et nefas-the ultimate object of assuring what the rulers of the hour should be pleased to denominate the salut public. It was in this sense that the Convention suspended the Constitution it had itself just created (10th October, 1793), and declared itself a revolutionary power, and its government a revolutionary government—that the deputy Dupin in defence of his share in

After we had written these lines, and while we were making inquiries in Paris as to M. Nodier's share in this affair, we were sorry to hear of his decease. We have in consequence erased a few lines addressed personally to M. Nodier, but we owe it to historic truth not to suppress our opinion of his evidence to the authenticity of Duval's Souvenirs. We are tempted to give one instance of the impudent falsehood with which these things are fabricated. Duval is made to say (vol. i. p. 215) that, on the 9th Thermidor (27th July, 1794), he met Fouquier and Paris the chief clerk of the Tribunal, and heard their conversation. The fabricator did not know that Paris had been in prison, and au secret, ever since the 9th April!

the proceedings before the second Tribunal against the Fermiers-Généraux, says that the government 'voulaient que cette affaire fût jugée sans examen et révolutionnairement'—and that Fouquier Tinville complained (Procès Fouquier, xxx.) that his prosecutors confounded the justice of an ordinary with that of a Revolutionary Tribunal. There are many passages in the history of the Convention, and particularly in the proceedings of the Conventionel Proconsuls, as they were called, in the provinces, in which this peculiar use of the word revolutionary becomes important, and we therefore notice the distinction.

With regard to the first tribunal—created in terror, and within so short a period extinguished in contempt—we must refer to the sketch of its proceedings that we gave in our last Number.

The second Tribunal, more particularly the object of our present inquiry, was created on the 10th of March, 1793, in the penultimate crisis of the conflict between the Girondins and Jacobins. The circumstances were very similar to those which had led to the creation of the first, but exaggerated in violence and extent; and it was clear that the Girondins, who hitherto had been contending for power, were now fighting for their lives. Accordingly, this struggle was longer and more violent on both sides—the Girondins had the impotent majority of the Assembly, the Jacobins the audacious tumults of the capital; in the former case insolent menaces had sufficed-now an actual insurrection besieged the Convention—and the Girondins were reduced to the alternative of instant massacre, or of submitting to the creation of a tribunal which they knew was meant to murder them in detail. On the motion of Danton-made, he said, to avert a massacre—the tribunal was decreed with little variation either in its composition or attributes from the former, but with a wider jurisdiction, 'to try and condemn without appeal all traitors, conspirators, and counter-revolutionists.' On this occasion, a man, whose name has become, even amongst the Jacobins, pre-eminently infamous-Carrier-the scourge of Nantes-and who died at last by this, his own weapon-proposed to call it 'the Revolutionary Tribunal:' this, for the reasons we before mentioned, was strenuously resisted, but was supported by one whose cold and hypocritical cruelty, base inconsistency, and venal tergiversation, are really more infamous than even the frank and headlong ferocity of Carrier-Cambacérès-the Prince Arch-Chancellor of the Empire—Cambacérès would not allow the delay even of one night in passing this code of blood, and exclaimed,

'I oppose any adjournment until we shall have decreed and organised a revolutionary tribunal.'—Moniteur, 13 Mars, 1793.

But even for the then state of the Convention the proposition 2 c 2

of the future Prince Archi-Chancelier was too strong, and the tribunal was, after a hard struggle, only entitled 'Tribunal Extraordinaire,' and was subjected to certain forms, from which, loose as they were, it was soon freed, when the expulsion of the Girondins left Cambacérès and his party masters of the field of blood.

There are, that we know of, but three strictly contemporaneous works which afford any direct evidence as to the proceedings of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The first is one that we have often mentioned, and which, if we are to believe some modern French writers, is become very rare: 'Liste Générale et très-exacte des Noms, Ages, Qualités, et Demeures de tous les Conspirateurs qui ont été condamnés à Paris par le Tribunal Révolutionnaire, établi à Paris par la loi du 17 Août, 1792; et par le second Tribunal, établi à Paris par la loi du 10 Mars, pour juger tous les Ennemis de la Patrie.' This List, which affects to give the judgments from day to day-though no doubt ultimately sanctioned by the Tribunal and assisted by its officers—is printed with a slovenly negligence, which shows how very indifferent the public had already become to accuracy in such matters. It contains the names and ages of the victims, with a running number affixed, and a short statement of the charges on which they were condemned, but no details whatsoever of the proceedings.*

The second is the 'Bulletin du Tribunal Criminel.' This was published in quarto numbers of four pages each. It was professedly under the sanction of the Tribunal, and was meant to be regular and contemporaneous: it began by giving, with a certain degree of decency, some details of the proceedings, and occasionally of the executions; but the Tribunal soon became so rapid in its movements that the 'Bulletin'—though it abridged ordinary cases to a mere statement of the charges, and omitted both the evidence and the defence—soon fell into arrear. Then it was forced to leave intervals, to be subsequently supplied, which never was done; and, finally, it was run out of breath long before the Tribunal had attained its greatest velocity. The result is, that of 2730 victims of this Tribunal, the 'Bulletin' reports only 690, or about one-fourth; and of these there are not above a dozen

cases in which the evidence is given.

The third, and most curious of all, is an account of the *Procès* against Fouquier Tinville, the accusateur public, and several of his accomplices, judges and jurors of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

^{*} The 'Moniteur' also gave, from time to time, lists of the condemned of the same general character as the Lists des Condamnés, but these appeared several days after the executions, and are not only incomplete, but as inaccurately printed as the Lists. There was also a list, under the title of Le Glaive Vengeur, which contains a few slight notices of the victims, but it went but a short way.

This report—most valuable, because it affords the best, and indeed almost the only, insight that we have into the proceedings of the Tribunal—though tolerably full during the earlier days of this tedious trial, fell at length into arrear, and was forced to crowd into its last number the proceedings of the concluding fortnight—giving no details whatsoever of the defences of Fouquier and his colleagues. This is much to be regretted, as we are told that Fouquier made a most able and artful defence, four hours long; but, as some compensation, we have two printed apologies published by him before the trial; and as it was the practice of the Tribunal, as it is of all French courts, to not only allow but invite the accused to make his reply to each piece of evidence as it arises, we possess the substantial answers of the parties to the most prominent charges, though we have not the general reply.

The Tribunal consisted of two sections, or, as we should say, of two courts; and these two courts had double judges and juries to relieve each other, and enable them to proceed without intermission. The presidents and judges were named, from time to time, by the Committees of Government. Each court was to consist of a president, and at least two assistant judges, and of twelve jurymen, who should have been chosen by lot for each case from a general list furnished in proportions by all the Departments of the Republic—and the judges and the jurymen were assigned the same pay as the members of the Assembly, viz. eighteen francs per diem-the presidents and accusateur public were, we believe, allowed double that sum. The slight provisions for the independence of the juries were disregarded from the very beginning. On the allegation that there was not time to make the departmental elections, a number of wellknown Jacobins of Paris were appointed, of whom we find, in the indictment against Fouquier and his accomplices, the following character :-

'Many of those who thus undertook the duties of jurors could not read nor write, and some of them executed their office in an habitual state of drunkenness.'—Jugement, &c., p. 52.

This list could only afford ten jurors, and sometimes only nine; latterly, a decree was passed to legalize juries of seven; and, instead of being chosen with any semblance of impartiality, they were appointed by the Committees, and selected for each trial by the public prosecutor: those who dared to show anything like hesitation were carefully excluded; and those whose zeal, or rather ferocity, was most flagrant, were put forward in the cases of the greatest interest or emergency. Both the courts sat in the Palais de Justice—the first in what had been the Grande Chambre

of the old Parliament, and is now the Cour de Cassation-this was called the Salle de la Liberté. At first, while persons were tried individually, there was a single seat for the prisoner; but when they began to try several together, graduated rows of benches were raised against the wall, which were extended from time to time so as to hold 30, 40, 60, and at last scaffolding was about to be erected to seat 200 prisoners at once. When many were tried together, the person whom the public accuser chose to designate as the chief of the conspiracy, such as Brissot, Hebert, Fabre, &c., was placed in a chair more prominent than the benches. This court communicated, by a small winding staircase, with the dungeons of the Conciergerie, situated under all this portion of the Palais de Justice. Into the Conciergerie prisoners intended for trial were generally brought on the previous evening, and through this staircase they ascended to and descended from the Tribunal: on some occasions, in which it was necessary to carry prisoners unable to walk, these stairs were found too narrow, and they then went round by the prison door, and so up the great steps of the Palais. The second court was held, we believe, in the Chambre de la Tournelle of the old Parlement, then called the Salle d'Egalité, and now, we believe, the Chambre des Requêtes. We have no means of ascertaining whether the division of labour between these courts was made on any principle: for the first ten months, indeed, the 'Bulletin' (which affects to give details) never makes any distinction as to the sections of the court; nor does it give, except accidentally, the name of the president or of the jurymen; but the 'Liste des Condamnés,' about the 10th of February, 1794, at the 369th victim, begins to distinguish the two courts; and they seem soon after that time to have been worked with daily and about equal activity.

The following is a general view of the operations of the Tribunal, from its opening to the fall of Robespierre: its subsequent

revival we shall afterwards notice.

Numbers condemned within each month by the Revolutionary Tribunal of the 10th of March:—

		Victims.
1793.	April,	9
	May,	10
	June,	14
	July,	13
	August,	5
	September,	15
	October,	60 including Brissot, &c.
	November,	53
	December,	73

200	1	Victin	88.
1794.	January,	83	
	February,	75	
	March,	123	including Hebert, &c.
	April,	264	including Danton, &c.
	May.	324	
	June,	672	
	July,	843	exclusive of Robespierre, &c.
Robespierre, &c.		105	ARTH 50 2 TO 8 - 10 18 11 5 12 8 8 11 11
		2730	,

It is observable of the second, or, as we shall henceforth call it, the Revolutionary, Tribunal, as it was of the first, that notwithstanding the pretended urgency of the numerous and important cases that were said to be pressing for trial, there was a delay of three weeks in bringing it into operation, and then, as we shall see, the business which it had to do was comparatively trifling. It is clear, therefore, that this Tribunal, like the former, was established for some secret and prospective object, of which the supposed urgency of the cases and imputed violence of the people were mere colourable pretences. That object, we are satisfied, could be no other than to place in the hands of the Jacobins an instrument for the intimidation, and, if necessary, for the destruction of their political antagonists in the Convention itself.

The Tribunal at first preserved some of the usual forms of criminal justice—there was a jury of accusation (answering to our grand jury); the prisoners were interrogated, and had notice of the charges, and some interval allowed to prepare a defence—they were also allowed counsel—but these wholesome forms were, from the outset, very loosely followed; they soon became mere

fictions, and were by degrees altogether suppressed.

The first and most effective abuse of the forms of law was this. In the interval between the first and second Tribunal, the Convention had decreed that 'all conspiracies and plots (conspirations et complots) tending to disturb the state by a civil war, by arming citizens against each other or against the exercise of any lawful authority,' should be punished with death. Under the vague and comprehensive terms of 'conspiracy' and 'plots,' and 'tending'—words, writings, and even thoughts might be included; and the first question therefore generally submitted to the jury was, whether there had existed a counter-revolutionary conspiracy. This question was seldom accompanied by any evidence of the fact—it was taken for granted that no one could doubt the existence of a large and general conspiracy; and therefore the reply of the jury, in the

vast majority of cases, was, 'Il est constant-It is undeniable* that a conspiracy or plot has existed tending'-'to excite civil war'-or 'to re-establish royalty,' or 'to vilify the Convention,' or 'to insult the representatives of the people, or the national cockade,' or such like. The fact of the grand crime-which gave the Tribunal jurisdiction—being thus admitted, the next step was to include the accused person in the guilt of these undeniable conspiracies; and that was done-not by proving the party to have any connexion with, or even knowledge of, the alleged conspiracy, but-by alleging against him or her some isolated facts or incidental expressions of a counter-revolutionary tendency-which being stated to the jury-with, in the earlier cases, more or less of what was called evidence, but latterly with little more than the assertion of the public accuser—the jury seldom failed to answer, 'Yes; A. B. is convicted of having been the author OR accomplice of the said conspiracy;' and by this simple process and this single formula, nearly 3000 persons of all ranks, ages, and conditions, were sent on the most opposite charges, and under an innumerable variety of circumstances, to the same scaffold. Fouquier said on his trial that near 900 were acquitted in the same period; but we know that most of these acquittals were collusive and preconcerted sometimes to shelter spies, sometimes to save appearances, sometimes—towards the close—to get rid of poor prisoners not worth the expense of feeding or the trouble of murdering. An acquittal where Fouquier wished to convict, was, as we shall see, a very extraordinary case.

The following is an early instance of the kind of cases on which this formidable Tribunal was at first chiefly employed:—

On the 18th of April, Joan Clerc, a cook-maid, aged fifty-six, was taken up for being drunk and noisy in the street, and for having cried 'Vive le Roi,' and talked of news from Lyons, and of her two sons in Custine's army. She answered, that she remembered nothing about 'Vive le Roi'—that any news she talked of she must have read in the newspaper—and that she could not have mentioned her two sons in Custine's army, because she never had a child. Her master, and many other witnesses, deposed in her favour, and that she never had been suspected of being 'a counter-revolutionist' (!)—but the jury found unanimously that,—

*1°. Il est constant—that language tending to provoke the massacre of the National Convention, the dissolution of the Republic, and the re-establishment of royalty in France, has been held at different times

^{*} The word 'constant' has no exact synonyme in English—it means certain, undeniable, and is generally used in contra-distinction from what may be proved by evidence.

in certain coffee-houses, and particularly on the 7th of March, in the guard-house of St. Firmin: 2°. and that Joan Clerc is convicted of having used this language."—Bull. ii. 43.

Here it will be observed that poor Joan is made responsible for language alleged, not proved, to have been held on several occasions, where she was not present—by nameless persons, of whom she had never heard, in certain coffee-houses, where she had never been, because, when shut up one night in a guard-house, she had talked some tipsy nonsense; and on this wonderful conviction she was next morning guillotined in the Place du Carrousel, as 'convaincue de conspiration;' and the sentence scrupulously adds that the property of poor Joan was confiscated to the benefit of

the Republic!

Ten days later (27th of April), one Charles Mingot, a hackney-coachman of Paris, was tried for having resisted the city-watch, who, at midnight on the 2nd of April, had ordered him to quit a public-house where he was making a noise, and for using, when taken to the lockup-house for the night, indecent and seditious language. The witnesses admitted that he was drunk—so drunk that the guard was forced to put him into a place of confinement, where in his rage he had used the offensive language: he was condemned and executed the same evening! Such were the important personages, and such the menacing conspiracies, which occupied the first month of that Tribunal whose instant creation had been extorted from the Convention by the formidable insurrection of the 9th and 10th of March!

While the Tribunal was thus giving the lie to the pretences on which it was created, its real cause—the conflict between the Girondins and Jacobins—continued to rage with awful and hourly increasing violence; and, before the Tribunal was three weeks old, the Girondins made the false move of sending Marat to be tried before it for some incendiary passages in his journal. The natural result was that not only was Marat acquitted, but the Tribunal accompanied its verdict with triumphal honours, and Marat, crowned—literally—with civic garlands, was brought back on the shoulders of his sanguinary mob to the tribune of the Convention, to renew with increased audacity and effect his

denunciations against the intimidated majority.

After this affair, which cemented the alliance between the Mountain and the Tribunal, the latter became visibly bolder, and was supplied with cases of greater importance, though it still continued to receive many of the most trivial character. For some time the majority of graver affairs were questions arising out of the laws against emigration: these laws were in themselves vexatious, inquisitorial, and sanguinary; but the extension which they

received

received from the zeal, corruption, or folly of the Tribunal was enormous. The following instance is not the strongest, but the first that occurs. A gentleman of the name of Mauny had, through the usual means of a broker—one Beaulieu—bought a large sum of gold coin, and it was alleged that he had done so with the intention of sending it to his emigrant relations. There seems no reason to doubt the fact; but, supposing the whole charge to be proved, the doctrines held by the Court were still very extraordinary. In his zeal for his clients, the official defender (for they were then allowed) had the courage to say to the jury:—

'I confess to you that if I had a son who had emigrated—nay, who was in arms against his country—I confess, I say, that while deploring and detesting his conduct, I could not, if I heard that he was in want and misery, leave him without help.'

In reply to this, the judge, Dufriche—the least inhuman of the whole bench, and who for that reason was soon after dismissed—reprimanded the advocate for raising 'weak, idle, and unseasonable discussions;' adding, as the apt and seasonable precedent that should guide the jury in this case:—

'Brutus also was a father;—
The son of Brutus erred for a moment;—
Brutus condemned and executed his son! '—Bull. ii. 113.

This silly pedantry had not even the merit of creating surprise, for Egalité had used it in the Convention a few days before with reference to his son—now King Louis Philippe—who had emigrated with Dumourier.

Some of the jury followed in the same line of argument, which does not appear to have at all fitted the facts of the case; but one of them lays down the doctrine, upon which we suppose the

broker was convicted-

'Any man who in times of Revolution prefers his own interest to the general advantage, and who speculates in the public funds with a view to his own profit, must be considered as a bad citizen, and treated as a counter-revolutionist.'—Ib. 116.

The result was that Mauny and Beaulieu were so treated, and,

on the 10th of May, 1793, sent to the scaffold.

But this is not all. Madame Roland, now herself in prison and sincerely, but somewhat tardily, indignant at the abuses practised in the name of liberty, gives us some insight into this case:—

*Fouquier Tinville, accusateur public of the Revolutionary Tribunal, notorious for his immorality and for his impudence, is in the habit of taking bribes from the parties he has to deal with. Madame Rochechouart paid him 80,000 francs (3200l.) for Mony [Mauny] the emigrant: Fouquier touched the money, but Mony was executed; and Madame Rochechouart

Rochechouart was warned that if she opened her mouth she should never see daylight again." - Mém. de M. Roland, vol. xi. p. 222.

It is on this same trial that we first meet a person who soon became a very prominent figure in the Tribunal, and whom we must introduce to the special notice of our readers—the citizen Le Roy. He, too, before delivering his verdict against Mauny and Beaulieu, thought it necessary to address the audience in the following harangue:—

'Citizens,—Of twenty-four jurors named to form the Revolutionary Tribunal, eleven only have had the courage to save their country, and to expose themselves to the clamour of calumny, and even to poison and the knife of the assassin. I am come here with a heart pure and burning with the holy love of liberty; and whatever be the lot that the foes of the Revolution may prepare for me, I shall never deceive the national confidence.—Ib., p. 114.

Before we had adverted to Madame Roland's revelation we were somewhat surprised at all these extraneous speeches from the judge and the jurors, in one of the few cases in which they appeared to have some excuse for a conviction; it now seems probable that this was all a parade, got up by Fouquier, to account to Mauny's friends for his failure to earn his bribe.

This Le Roy, who about this time exchanged his obnoxious surname for that of Dix-Août, was upwards of fifty years old, very deaf and very dirty, wearing a greasy red cap and the meanest apparel; and altogether so remarkable, even among the Sans-culottes, for squalidity of appearance and grossness of language, that in the 'Portraits de Personnages Célèbres de la Révolution Française' (4 vols. 4to., Paris, 1796), he was selected as the most perfect type of a Revolutionary juror!

Well: this man before the Revolution was, or pretended to be, a noble; and called himself Le Marquis de Montflabert. He certainly was a man of fortune, and was suspected of having adopted this extreme sans-culotterie for the purpose of saving his head and his property. He miscalculated, indeed, and eventually lost both:—but for fifteen months he exercised a fearful influence over the lives and fortunes of thousands—not merely as a juror, but occasionally as something even worse.

He was, it seems, a landed proprietor in and near the little town of Coulommiers, about five-and-twenty miles eastward of

^{*}We shall see presently that the Duchess du Châtelet—here called (titles being abolished) by her maiden name of Rochechowart—was herself executed soon after (21st April, '94), for having sent money to her son—the offence principally debated in Mauny's case, though not, that we can see, applicable to the facts. The whole affair is mysterious; all that is certain is, that there was—thus early in the career of the Tribunal—corruption, fraud, and murder!

Paris; and had, like many others of the resident gentlemen, been

elected mayor where he had formerly been seigneur.

Now we find in the 'Liste des Condamnés' about the end of December, 1793, and the beginning of 1794, the condemnation and execution of thirty inhabitants of Coulommiers—a large contribution from so small a place, in a country so undisturbed and so contiguous to the capital. When we came, however, to read Fouquier's trial, we got a glimpse into this affair. Wolf, one of the clerks of the Court, accuses Dix-Août of

'having put to death more than thirty persons belonging to Coulommiers, of which he was mayor; he acting in this affair the parts both of prosecutor (denonciateur) and witness.'—Procès Fouquier, No. xxiv.

On this point Dix-Août made at that time no answer; but when subsequently Paris, the chief clerk of the Court, repeated the same accusation, he

denied that he had denounced the inhabitants of Coulommiers; forty witnesses, he said, were heard in that affair, and that he had declared himself the official defender of some of the parties. Proces Fouquier, No. xxvi.

In the absence of any details of the proceedings in these cases, and wanting so large a portion of the evidence on Fouquier's trial, we cannot venture to pronounce decidedly on the extent of Dix-Août's guilt in this particular affair; but several incidental circumstances, scattered through the 'Moniteur,' the 'Procès,' and other publications (but which we have not room to bring together), strongly corroborate the evidence of Wolf and Paris.

It may seem extravagant to suppose that in any possible state of national insanity a town could be thus delivered up to the proscription of an individual; but we have, unfortunately, more than

one clear and indisputable instance of that character.

The case of Orleans is well known—in which that city was declared in a state of siege and nine of her most respectable citizens were transferred to the Tribunal at Paris, and were sacrificed, on the 16th July, 1793, to the vengeance of Leonard Bourdon, one of the Conventionel Proconsuls, who, passing through Orleans on a more distant mission, had been wounded in a night squabble, which he himself had provoked, by some of the town's people, who neither knew his person nor his dignity.

To this affair, and of the frightful state of Paris, even in that early day of the proceedings of the Tribunal, we have the indis-

putable testimony of Madame Roland :-

'Paris, like another Babylon, sees its brutalised population either running after ridiculous public fêtes, or surfeiting themselves with the blood of crowds of unhappy creatures sacrificed to its ferocious jealousy

—while selfish idlers still fill all the theatres,* and the trembling tradesman shuts himself up, not sure of ever again sleeping in his own bed, if it should please any of his neighbours to denounce him as having used unpatriotic expressions—or blamed the affair of the 2nd of June—or lamented the Victims of Orleans, sent to death, without proof of the imputed intention of an assassination, which itself never was committed, on the execrable Bourdon. O my country! into what hands are you fallen! —Mém., ii. 147.

But a still worse case, because there was in it no fact to build upon, as there had been at Orleans, was that of Pamiers—eleven altogether innocent citizens were sent up from that remote town to the Parisian butchery, and there sacrificed on the 11th of July, 1794, by a most infamous and complicated conspiracy between Fouquier and Vadier, a member of the Committee de Sureté Générale, who belonged to Pamiers, and was at private enmity with the parties. On this case there is no doubt, for Vadier's instigatory letters to Fouquier were produced on his trial. (Proc. Fouq., No. xliv., xlv.)

We find several other of what we may call local cases, which we have little doubt, if we could obtain a glimpse of the evidence against them, would turn out to be of the same class as this of Pamiers. We shall give the heads of some of them, with the sentences, which only make us regret the more that we have not some traces of the evidence on which they could be founded.

Conspirateurs de Clamecy—fifteen condemned and executed, 15th March, 1794—convicted, amongst the usual charges, of

'having practised manœuvres tending to assassinate the people, and especialty on the 10th of August, 1792.'—Liste des Condamnés, No. 460 to 482.

The poor people of Clamecy accomplices, in March, 1794, of the Parisian 10th August, 1792!

'Affaire de Dijon'-20th April, 1794, six condemned

for having, in the prison of Dijon, where they were confined as "suspected," practised manceuvres and uttered language against the Republic, &c.'—L. d. C., No. 672 to 677.

The 'Affaire de Pommeuse'—notwithstanding its comprehensive title, seems to have been the affair of a single family of six persons condemned for

'having entertained correspondence and intelligence with the enemy, and for having, in the impossibility of sending them money (numéraire), buried or hidden it (enfoui), together with quantities of assignats and jewels.'—L. d. C., 804 to 809.

^{*} At this time, and indeed all through the Terror, we find thirteen or fourteen theatres advertised daily in the 'Moniteur.'

Here the impossibility of sending money, notes, or jewels to a party was alleged as a proof of communications with them, and an old gentleman and lady, a visitor, a chaplain, and two domestic servants, were put to death because the master and mistress had, in troublesome times, chosen to hide some of their

own money and jewels.

There are several other suspicious local 'affaires,' but we shall conclude this head with the case of an alleged riot at Rouen during the King's trial. It will be recollected that there were great debates in the Convention as to whether the sentence should or should not be submitted to the ratification of the People. A petition to the Convention in favour of the appeal was proposed at Rouen, and a merchant and a printer of that city were forward in obtaining signatures. Several persons—or, as the indictment calls it, an attroupement—assembled on the Place de la Rougemare, in Rouen, to sign this petition; and for this offence nine of them were sent to Paris, and there tried and executed, nine months after the alleged riot; and these nine political victims were, the merchant and the bookseller, a miller, two tailors, two servants, a sempstress, and a sweep! (L. d. C. No. 74 to 82.)

Want of space obliges us to refer our readers to our articles on Robespierre (Q. R., vol. liv. p. 517), and on the Guillotine, in our last Number, for several individual cases, exhibiting the incredible meannesses to which the cruelty of the Tribunal sometimes descended, and the audacity of crime to which it sometimes

rose. The following, however, deserve special notice.

Amongst the female champions of the Revolution was a certain Olympe de Gouges,* wife or widow of one Aubry, whose name she never took; she was what is called a femme de lettres, and wrote some dramatic pieces. Early in the Revolution she threw herself headlong into politics, devoted herself to Mirabeau and Egalité, was a prominent figure in the galleries of the Assembly and the Jacobins, a great writer of placards, and the foundress of Female Clubs. As the Revolution got out of the management of her party, her zeal, like that of the other Orleanists, began to cool, and the 'affiches' which she was in the habit of issuing assumed a tone of moderation which, under this new reign of Liberty, could not be tolerated, and, accordingly, she was on the 3rd of November accused of having printed one called Les Trois Urnes, ou le Salut de la Patrie, and written others 'in opposition to

Many years before the Revolution she had already made a noise. We read, in the 'Mémoires de Bachaumont,' 19th January, 1786, after an account of a quarrel between her and the players—'Madame de Gouges is a very fine woman—but quick, and even violent in her temper. She is now rather on the decline, but still handsome; she has, however, given up gallantry for literature, and resigns the triumphs of Cythera for the more permanent honours of Parnassus.'

the wishes expressed by the whole nation.' To this she answered that all her works were of the purest republicanism, and that this one of Les Trois Urnes had not been 'affiché.' To which it was replied, that this was only because the printer refused to 'afficher' it, but that she had published it by sending a copy to her son, the adjutant-general of one of the armies-and thereupon she was condemned and executed. We should have hardly thought it worth while to single out this case from thousands of even greater injustice, but for its still more shocking epilogue. We have before us an 'Address to the public' from that son-Adjutant-General Aubry—dated Chalons, 8th of November, 1793, the fifth day after his mother's death—to explain his 'rapports avec cette femme,' and to disclaim all sympathy with her or her writingsnay more, to applaud her execution! Our readers would almost doubt such cowardly and unnatural depravity, if we did not quote them a few lines of this matricidal manifesto:-

'Je jure donc ici, mes concitoyens, que je désavoue hautement les écrits séditieux et contre-révolutionnaires de Olimpe Gouges; que je ne la réconnois plus pour avoir été (!) ma mère, et que j'approuve le jugement du Tribunal Révolutionnaire.—Elle est morte comme contre-révolutionnaire—Eh bien! Vive la République!'

It has been said that in those dreadful days, honour and humanity took refuge in the armies; but this circumstance proves that the terror had power to extinguish in the armies the sentiments not only of honour and humanity, but even of nature.

It may be superfluous to say anything of the condemnation of Madame Roland, now universally admitted to have been a wanton murder; but it will give a livelier and a more accurate idea of this horrible injustice if we quote from the 'Bulletin' the exact charges and evidence on which she was condemned. The indictment begins, in the usual way, with reciting Brissot's 'conspiracy,' and then proceeds—

'Roland having fied, left his wife in Paris, who, although in prison, corresponded with the conspirators who had retired to Caen, by the medium of one of them, Duperret, who had remained at Paris. The proofs of this correspondence are:—1st. A letter of Barbaroux to Duperret, dated from Lisieux, the 13th of June last, in which we read, "Don't forget our estimable friend the Citoyenne Roland, and try to give her some comfort in her prison by sending her any good news you can." 2nd. Another letter from the same to the same, dated from Caen, in which we read, "You will, I hope, have executed my commission in endeavouring to convey some consolation to Madame Roland. Pray, pray endeavour to see her—tell her that not only her twenty-two proscribed friends but every honest man feels for her misfortune. I enclose a letter for that amiable woman. I need not tell you that you only can execute this important commission; and you must endeavour by

all means to get her out of prison and into some place of safety." '-

Bull. iii. 300.

A third letter in the same style followed, but it is not worth extracting—then came a note written by Madame Roland to Duperret, on the 24th of June, to tell him 'that after having been released from the Abbaye she had been again arrested and sent to Ste. Pélagie'—and two or three other notes or letters, of which but one is given:—

'News of my friends is the only happiness I can now enjoy. I am indebted to you for it. Tell them that my knowledge of their courage, and of what they are capable of doing in the cause of liberty, satisfies and consoles me for everything. Tell them that my esteem, my attachment and my best wishes, still follow them.'—Ib. 300.

This was the whole documentary evidence; the verbal testi-

mony is summed up as follows:-

Several witnesses deposed to have seen, at the table of the accused, Brissot and his accomplices, ridiculing the opinions of the most enlightened members of the Mountain—that she had about Paris confidential agents who reported to Roland what passed in public places—and that she kept up a correspondence and understanding with the principal conspirators, of whom she was the life and soul.'—Ib.

And of these last vague words the only proof was the innocent notes that we have quoted; and on this evidence this high-spirited and—spite of her first revolutionary delusions—interesting woman was launched, on the 9th of November, 1793, into—immor-

tality! (Quart. Rev. last Number, p. 276.)

M. Ducret, one of the clerks of the court, attests that there were four classes of persons who, whatever might be the facts of the case, never could hope to escape—the rich—the ci-devant nobles—priests—and members of the Constituant Assembly—any one falling under any of these categories was certain of death; and he cites the following cases, on which we have not been satisfied with M. Ducret's summary statement, but have traced them through the original reports.

Madame de Nonac was convicted and executed (5th of

June, 1794)

for being author, or accomplice, of a conspiracy against the sovereignty of the people, by employing manaeuvres to create a famine and alarm the public on the want of food.'—L. d. C. 1210.

The proof—sole proof—against her was, that some rotten eggs and rotten onions were thrown into the dung-pit of her farm-yard as unfit for use!

Madame de Marbœuf, widow of the Marquis de Marbœuf, was convicted and executed

for being the author or accomplice of a conspiracy against the safety

oi

of the French people, in denaturalising the product of many acres of land in the district of Champs, by causing it to be sown with lucerne instead of corn—in making troubles in the district, and in wishing for (desirant) the arrival of the Prussians and Austrians, for whom she kept up considerable provisions in her house.'—Glaive Vengeur, 192; Moniteur, 7th Feb. 1794.

Could it, on less authority, be believed?—and what shall we say to the next case?

'John Joseph Payen, farmer—confident and accomplice of the said widow Marbœuf—is also convicted of the said conspiracy in ordering and superintending the sowing of the said lucerne, and in vexing the patriots of the said district, and is sentenced to death accordingly.'—Ib.

The sole object of this nefarious proceeding was to confiscate the very large fortune, several thousands a-year, of Madame de Marbœuf.

M. Ducret relates an anecdote of himself which, as it bears hard either on his prudence or his integrity, may, we suppose, be entitled to credit, though Fouquier disputed it. He says that to dissipate the sad feelings that his attendance at the Tribunal gave him, he sometimes indulged in a walk into the country. One evening in July he walked out towards Issy, and there strolled into the beautiful park of the Princess de Chimay. Next day, in the Chambre du Conseil of the Tribunal, he happened to mention this charming villa to some of the judges; who observed, that 'she had emigrated.' Oh no, said M. Ducret, she has not emigrated. Fouquier, who was standing unseen in a corner, exclaimed—'I have been looking for her these three months.' He had now found her, and she was executed on the 26th of July, the day before the 9th Thermidor.

Another case, of which we have all the details in the 'Bul-

letin,' is, if possible, worse.

M. de Laverdy, aged seventy—who had been Controller-General of the Finances thirty years before, under Louis XV., but was now living in Paris in the most profound retirement—had a country-house at Gambais, about five-and-twenty miles from Paris, in front of which was a small circular bason of ornamental water, 25 feet in diameter, and if it were full, 2 feet 3 inches deep—in which—but now the indictment must speak for itself—

the municipal officers of the district of Montfort l'Amaury having visited the place on the 9th of October last, old style, ascertained in the most authentic manner that, in a bason situated over the parterre of the said house, they found a quantity of mud caused by rotted wheat, and they even remarked that, in this mud, there were still visible several grains of wheat still sound and whole.

That the said municipal officers, VOL. LEXIII. NO. CELVI.

anxious to give to this frightful statement an undeniable character of truth, caused some of the wheat gathered out of the said bason to be baked, and that it produced a species of bread—incapable of being suten (?).

The said municipal officers, penetrated with indignation at this crime of high treason (*lêze-nation*), which could tend to nothing else than exciting the minds of the public to the rage of despair, and thus bringing about a counter-revolution, &c.'—Bulletin, No. iii. p. 396.

In any other circumstances, since the institution of civil society, would such a charge have required any answer?—but M. Laverdy did answer it, and proved, by a cloud of uncontradicted witnesses, that he had not resided at Gambais for some years; that the house being empty, the parterre and bason were neglected; that it was very likely to happen that some grains of corn may have been blown into the bason and may have vegetated in the mud; that no one ever saw or heard of any corn being thrown there, either by accident or design; that his, or any one else's, thinking of destroying grain by throwing it to rot there, was the most extreme absurdity, because this bason was by the side of the high road and open to all passengers; and that finally, he had not had that year a grain of wheat in the world, for the whole farm had happened to be laid down in oats. And all this was unanswerably proved—for the Tribunal still kept up the forms of justice and yet the verdict was-

'1st. Qu'il est constant that a plot existed tending to deliver over the republic to the horrors of famine, in throwing into ponds or pieces of water, and causing there to rot, grain necessary to the existence of the people, and by this means to operate a counter-revolution and civil war, by arming the citizens against each other and against all the legitimate authorities.

'2nd. That Clement Charles Laverdy is the author or accomplice of

the said facts, and condemns him to death, &c.'-1b.

The good old man was executed the same day, and a fortune of from 8,000l. to 10,000l. a-year was confiscated to the republic.

Here is an instance from another of those proscribed classes. Freteau had been a member of the Parliament, a leader in the Constituant Assembly, and a zealous reformer; but he hesitated when he saw whither the Revolution was going, and was soon sent to expiate his visions of liberty in the dungeons of the Convention. He was brought to trial on the 16th of May, 1794, and, wonderful to say, acquitted by the casting voice of one juror; but was ordered to be removed to his own department, and there detained as suspected. His counsel, M. Sezille, anxious to get Freteau out of Paris—not only on account of the obvious danger to himself, but because his wife was far advanced in preg-

nancy-pressed Fouquier in the strongest manner for the certificate of the acquittal and an order for transferring Freteau to the country according to the sentence. This was not only refused, but Sezille was menaced-if he should persist in being troublesome-with the fate of Jourdeuil, the juror, whose casting-vote had saved Freteau, and who was in consequence dismissed from that office and sent to jail. 'No, no,' said Fouquier to Sezille, 'you shan't have your Freteau,' and on the 14th of June Freteau was again brought to trial, and, without an attempt at evidence of any kind-without even a pretext that we can discover-condemned and executed. A few days after his wife was delivered of twins. The 9th Thermidor saved Jourdeuil to give the world a glimpse into a revolutionary jury-room. 'The discussion on Freteau's case, said he, in his evidence on Fouquier's trial, 'was very violent [not in the least on the facts of the case, but] on his general reputation for patriotism.'

"Some contended that he was a conspirator—a counter-revolutionist—that during the Constituant Assembly he had never been of Robespierre's opinion! On this we sent for the Moniteur, and we found that Freteau had behaved well on the question of the acceptance of the Constitution. Gerard, my fellow-juror, one of the present prisoners, told me that I was hard to convince. "You don't hnow," he added, "that Freteau has 60,000 livres (24001.) a-year." Didier, another of the jurors, threatened me with the vengeance of Robespierre, when he should hear that I had acquitted Freteau, and accordingly next day at ten o'clock, I was arrested by a warrant signed Robespierre and Barère. I was kept for three months in solitary confinement, and only escaped by the 9th Thermidor."—Procés Fouq., No. xli.

The Tribunal had been for six months employed chiefly in such affairs as these, which, however enormous in the injustice and cruelty of the proceedings, were-except as to confiscation-of little or no public importance, or even of revolutionary interest-they were, as it were, the pastime of the Tribunal—pelotant en attendant partie—till the real business should be ripe. It was on the 2nd of June, 1793, that the great struggle in the Convention ended in favour of the Jacobins, by a decree of provisional arrest against all the Girondin leaders; but it was not till late in October that the victory was consummated by their trial and execution. Of about fifty deputies originally proscribed twenty-nine had escaped into the departments, where some of them perished by the guillotine, and others, more miserably, by suicide or starvationsome, like Louvet, Lanjuinais, and Isnard, were so fortunate as to conceal themselves till the tyranny was overpast. All had been outlawed as flying from justice, and when two of them, Gorsas and Rabaud St. Etienne, were taken and brought before 2 D 2 bigow.

the Tribunal of Paris, they were, on a mere identification of their persons, handed over (livrés) to the executioner, without further formality—Gorsas on the 7th of October, three weeks before, and Rabaud on the 5th of December, a month after, the death of the main body of their friends. Twenty-one remained in the prisons of Paris, and were now brought to trial. These were—

Brissot	Vergniaud	Gensonné
Duperret	Carra	Gardien
Valazé	Duprat	Sillery (Genlis)
Fauchet	Ducos	Fonfrede
Lasource	Duchâtel .	Beauvais
Mainvielle	Lacaze	Lehardy
Boileau	Antiboul	Vigé.

Into all the details of this long and important trial we cannot enter, but some must not be omitted. The first and most important fact is, that of the intentions and designs with which they were charged the prisoners were wholly innocent—the indictment, the work of the Convention itself, was a tissue of the most extravagant perversions. Of political errors and even crimes the whole public career of the Girondin party was but too fruitful; but the articles of charge were not merely untrue, but the very opposite of what impartial justice might have alleged against them. 'If they had, during the whole revolution, taken the extreme popular side, it was,' says this extraordinary specimen of revolutionary logic, 'only the better to conceal their aristocracy-if they promoted the declaration of war, it was only because they were the hired agents and tools of Pitt-if they drew up and proposed the famous petition of the Champ de Mars, it was only to afford Lafayette an excuse for firing on those who should sign it-if they made a murderous assault on the king in his palace on the 20th of June, it was only to create a public sympathy in his favour-when they proposed his suspension, it was to preserve his authority—and when they voted his death, it was only a hypocritical device to save his life.' This is an unexaggerated summary of some of the principal charges of the act of accusation, and the evidence in support of them was of a corresponding character. The witnesses were all members of the Convention or of the Commune (or Common Council of Paris) - and did not conceal but rather indeed boasted of their personal hostility to the parties. The very names of the witnesses would suffice with posterity for the acquittal of the accused. These were:-Pache, Chaumette, Hébert, Chabot, Montaut, Deffieux, Leonard Bourdon, Fabre d'Eglantine, and Duhem.

There were one or two other persons called to explain minor points, but they hardly deserve the name of witnesses, and indeed would would not be worth noticing but for a circumstance relating to one of them which is strongly characteristic of the times. This was the *Minister* of Finance of the day, one *Destournelles*. When asked, as usual, his name—he hesitated:—

"Is it indispensably necessary that I should give the pre-name that I received at my birth?" [he was afraid to say Christian or baptismal name.] President: "Yes."

'Witness: "I do so with regret—but—that pre-name is—Louis."

-Bulletin, iii. 171.

And then the poor wretch goes on to apologise for his family name of *Destournelles*, 'which might seem to fall under the decree against feudal names, but which,' he protests, 'is perfectly untainted by *feudality*.' How completely must *terror* have filled up every chink in social life when we find one of the *Ministers* of the Republic thus hesitating to answer to his own name!

The style in which the nine principal witnesses—nine as consummate villains as the Revolution produced—gave their evidence, as well as the evidence itself, was consistent with all the rest. They stated no facts, they produced no documents, but addressed the jury successively in long, vague, and inflammatory harangues, such as no hostile advocate would have been so shameless as to

employ.

But in spite of all their zeal, they had no facts to produce, and the accused—though their defence was curtailed and embarrassed by many difficulties—had the best of the argument—for it really was a debate, and not a trial. The Tribunal—quite ready to convict—would have cared little about proofs, but the public began to show some interest in behalf of the oppressed: and then followed a series of proceedings that exceed all the rest in impudent injustice. On the 29th, the sixth day of the trial, the Jacobin Club sent a deputation to the Convention, complaining of these delays, and proposing that it should

'1st. Free the Revolutionary Tribunal from those forms which stifled

the conscience of the jurors, and

'2nd. Pass a law authorizing juries to declare when they are satisfied.
'Then, and then only, adds the petition, traitors will be baffled and terror will be the order of the day.'—Moniteur, 30th Oct. 1793.

The Convention, on the motion of Osselin, a furious Jacobin, who had been president of the first Tribunal, concurred, and ordered him to prepare immediately a decree for the latter object. Osselin hastened to do so, but his draft Robespierre thought too vague and discretionary; and on his amendment the decree was passed, after a slight resistance from the amour propre of Osselin, in the more precise and decisive form, that

when any trial should have lasted three days, the judge should ask the

jury whether their conscience were satisfied, and if they replied in the negative, the trial was to proceed until they should declare themselves satisfied.'—Moniteur, 30th Oct.

While these proceedings were going on—something still more extravagant occurred—a letter from the Tribunal to the Convention! Of this letter no mention is made in the 'Bulletin'—nor in any other account of the trial that we have seen. Thiers does not notice it, nor of course Mr. Alison; but we find it in the debates of the Convention, and it so forcibly characterises the zeal of the Tribunal that we cannot omit it.

The slowness of the proceedings of our Tribunal obliges us to submit to you some observations.

Five days have already been consumed, and nine witnesses only have been examined; each, in making his deposition, thinks it necessary to give a history of the whole Revolution [this was true enough]; then the accused answer the witnesses, and the witnesses reply in their turn, and so they get up discussions which the loquacity of the accused renders very long; and then, in addition to these individual debates, shall we not have each of the prisoners insisting on making a general defence? This trial, therefore, will never be finished. But moreover, we ask, why any witnesses at all? The Convention—the whole Republic are the accusers in this case—the proofs of the crimes of the accused are evident. Every one has already in his conscience a conviction of their quilt. But the Tribunal can do nothing of itself—it is obliged to follow the law. It is for the Convention itself to sweep away all the formalities which trammel our proceedings. —Ib.

Upon this Billaud-Varenne reminds the Convention of the original discussion on the title of the Tribunal, and proposes now to confer on it the title of Revolutionary Tribunal; and so it was decreed; and certainly the peculiar merit and effect of the title 'revolutionary' cannot be better explained than by the foregoing representation of the Tribunal itself.

This shocking picture would be incomplete if we did not exhibit the finishing touch of mean and cowardly hypocrisy with which the trial ended.

We have just read the extraordinary letter of the Tribunal. We have seen that their consciences were not merely satisfied but saturated and fatigued with conviction—their verdict was ready, and waiting only permission to burst from their lips; and yet when on the morning of the 30th, the law they had thus secretly solicited was read to them in Court and they were invited to declare 'whether their conscience was sufficiently satisfied'—they modestly answered 'No'—and proceeded with the phantom of a trial. But at two o'clock in the afternoon the Court adjourned for three hours, and at its reassembling, the jury, having over-

come

come its squeamishness, declared itself satisfied, and condemned

the whole of the prisoners!

At this moment a groan was heard, and one of the prisoners was observed to fall—it was Valazé, who had stabbed himself; and Fouquier, that the guillotine should not be defrauded of its prey, proposed that the corpse should be guillotined with the rest—but that shocked even the chief and hitherto unflinching minister of death—President Herman—who, however, consented to the compromise of directing the body to be dragged to the place of execution in company with, and under the eyes of, Valazé's dying friends.

Of whatever offences the Girondins may have been guilty—and with many and grave ones they are unquestionably chargeable—it is impossible to read the history of their persecution without pity and indignation; and we do not wonder that the partisans of the Revolution, anxious to find some of its founders entitled to anything like commiscration, should have been ready to exalt these weak and presumptuous, but unfortunate intriguers into

heroes and martyrs.

The next political batch—with a long parenthesis of 426 of the more usual class of cases -- was that of Hébert, the Père Duchesne -Vincent, a crazy and impudent commis, whom M. Thiers, by a bitter though unintentional sarcasm on the French nation, calls the terrible, when horrible is really the fittest epithet for his furious brutalities-Ronsin (a garretteer author, exceedingly astonished, says Prudhomme, to find himself one morning general of the revolutionary army), against whom it is made a capital charge that 'he meant to be a Cromwell'—the mad Prussian, Anacharsis Cloots-Momoro, a printer, the husband of the Goddess of Reason; and fourteen still more subordinate Cordeliers, who appeared before the Tribunal on the 21st of March, when their real crimes, so congenial with the sentiments of their judges, could not avail them against the imaginary guilt of being the accomplices of the British Government, and of the coalesced powers;' and even in the midst of such horrors, one can hardly help smiling at seeing the spirit and almost the words of the evidence with which Hébert had denounced the Girondins, now retaliated on his own head. This affair was spun out over the three days; and then, as in the former case, the jury declared itself satisfied, and the president summed up-as the 'Bulletin,' with incomparable naïveté, states—

with a most energetic speech against conspirators in general, and—without entering into the merits of any of the facts connected with the present case—put an end to the discussion, and referred the question, in the usual form, to the jury.'—Bull. iv. 25.

And they were all executed the same evening-24th March, 1794.

All these people had been the friends and followers of Danton. who now co-operated with Robespierre in their destruction. By what fatality, folly, or fascination, Danton was reduced to cower before Robespierre's dictation, and to assist him in sending his own creatures to the scaffold, we cannot here stop to inquire; but one is affected by a surprise more sudden than any dramatic vicissitude could produce, at seeing, on the 4th of April, within a fortnight after the execution of the Hébertists while all France was indulging in transports of joy and hope that the execution of this demoralized and sanguinary faction was the seal of friendship between Robespierre and Danton, and the conclusion of the Reign of Terror-at seeing, we say, Danton, and the élite of his friends-Lacroix, Camille Desmoulins, Hérault de Sechelles-arrested, and sent before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The suddenness of this mysterious proceeding—as mysterious then as, at the end of fifty years, it still is—astonished the nation, and struck all parties and all classes dumb with aggravated dis-

appointment and accumulated terror.

For the purpose of further discrediting Danton, whose morals and integrity were already in very bad repute, there were joined in the indictment with him Fabre de l'Eglantine, Delaunay, Bazire, and Chabot, accused of a bold pecuniary fraud, in altering, for a large bribe, a decree of the Convention relative to the East India Company: Chabot, an apostate Capuchin friar—the same fellow who had given 'eloquent and energetic' evidence against the Girondins-base in every way, had taken the bribe and betraved his associates! As an additional degradation to the great Danton, the poetaster and swindler, Fabre, was placed in the fauteuil usually destined to the chief criminal; and Dantonthe Danton of the 10th of August-of the 2nd of September-of the 10th of March—was confounded, on the lower seats of his own Tribunal, with a gang of the meanest scoundrels. But Danton, though evidently cowed - quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!—had still a mien, a voice, and a name that intimidated the Tribunal; and the president and Fouquier were, or affected to be, so alarmed at the aspect of the prisoners and the audience, that they wrote a most urgent letter to the Convention to relieve them from their difficulties by the same remedy that they had proposed in the Girondin case—a special decree. The decree proposed by St. Just, the organ of the Committee of Public Safety, that is, of Robespierre-was passed without demur. It enacted that whenever prisoners should rebel against the Tribunal, as these had done, the trial might be closed at once by the summary condemnation of the mutinous parties.

Whether Fouquier's alarms on this occasion were real, or, for some unexplained purpose, assumed, it is certain that this trial

exhibited

exhibited some symptoms of unusual anxiety; for, besides this decree of the Convention, Fouquier produced, in the height of the excitement, a denunciation of one Laflotte, a prisoner in the Luxembourg prison, stating that there was in the prison itself a conspiracy, headed by the wife of Camille Desmoulins then under trial, Simon, an ex-deputy of the Convention, and General Arthur Dillon, to break out, rescue the culprits at the bar, assassinate the Convention, and so forth. It would be difficult to imagine how so gross a fable could be so gravely produced, if we did not know that the whole Revolution was fed, even from its cradle. with that species of food; but it is still more remarkable, that neither Laflotte's * denunciation nor St. Just's decree were brought into actual operation. They were read just before the close of the sittings on the third evening; but on the fourth morning the law, which Danton and Desmoulins themselves had contributed to make, for curtailing trials, came into operation-the jurors declared their consciences satisfied, and all was over. So that in every step of this whole affair—the first creation of the Tribunal, the law for abridging the proceedings, the persecution of the Girondists, and the sacrifice of the Hebertists-Danton was nothing better than a dupe and a suicide. The verdict and sentence were not only prepared, but actually printed, before they were pronounced.—(P. F. xxix.) M. Thiers, who has adopted Danton as a kind of hero, endeavours to divest his behaviour before the Tribunal of some of its verbiage, vanity, and coarseness; but he cannot conceal that every word of Danton's defence of himself against Fouquier and Robespierre, is a confession of his offences against the rest of mankind. We need not repeat the well-known circumstances of his execution, but his last political words were remarkable, and have not, that we know of, been noticed in any account of the creation of the Revolutionary Tribunal: 'Just a year ago I myself created the Revolutionary Tribunal, for which I now beg pardon of God and man; but I did it to prevent a repetition of the massacres of September.' This corroborates the opinion that the second Tribunal, like the first, was a compromise made by Danton between the sanguinary impatience of the mob a the personal apprehensions of the Girondins; but then it must be added that the insurrections of the 9th and 10th of March—like those of the 5th and 6th of October, 20th of June, and 10th of August, and every other popular movement of the Revolution-except, perhaps, that which took the Bastille-was

^{*} This infamous fellow had been, early in the Revolution, employed in diplomacy at Florence. He escaped the Revolutionary Tribunal by the baseness mentioned in the text. The 'Biographie des Contemporains' states that he was, in 1834, practising as an advocate at Doual.

the premeditated work of that faction of which Danton was the

chief agitator.

In this affair Herman the President not only played the open part of a passionate and partial judge, but secretly trafficked with the jury; and his zeal was rewarded by his being appointed within a day or two Minister of the Home Department: and when the ministries were soon after put into commission, he was appointed to the new office, in which he continued to be as active and almost as deadly an agent of the judicial massacres as he had been in the Tribunal—where, however, his place was amply sup-

plied by the still more ferocious Dumas.

A few days after this (April 8th), Dillon, Madame Desmoulins, and Simon, the persons denounced by Laflotte, were brought before the Tribunal; but to them were adjoined Hébert's widow and several of his party whom Laflotte had not mentioned-Chaumette, the famous Procureur de la Commune, Gobel, the apostate archbishop, Grammont, the actor and his son, transformed into officers of the revolutionary army and aides-de-camp to 'Ronsin-Cromwell' (sic in the indictment). There are two or three notable circumstances in this affair. It is the first type of those famous Conspiracies of the Prisons which became soon afterwards the excuse for such extensive massacres; and it is at the same time a remarkable instance of that system technically called by the murderers 'amalgamation'-by which different persons were for different crimes included in the same indictment. Laflotte's evidence (which at most affected only two or three of the prisoners, and of which all that was credible was that he himself was an infamous spy) was evidently disregarded. And it would be hard to say on what distinct fact, or combination or even pretence of facts, any one of the whole sixteen persons was condemned. Some of the pretexts were absolutely trivial. Against the two poor widows there was positively nothing but that they were the widows of Hébert and Desmoulins, fellow-sufferers indeed, but deadly enemies, and who in truth had contributed to bring each other to the block. Against one Barras there was no graver fact than that Momoro, beheaded with Hébert, had said that he was 'a good citizen,' and that 'Madame Hébert had no later than yesterday inquired after him'-demandait hier de ses nouvelles. Against Chaumette, Gobel, Grammont, and all the rest, there were numerous facts of their political life which, up to the fall of Hébert and Danton, had been accounted meritorious acts of patriotism, but were now discovered to be counter-revolutionary, and 'payés par l'or de Pitt' to atheise and degrade the Revolution.

This execution, though much interest was felt for Lucile Desmoulins.

Desmoulins, was rendered exceedingly popular by the fall of Chaumette and Gobel. The hope, which the fate of Hébert and Co. had raised and disappointed, of a return to something like order and justice, now revived with greater confidence. This last affair seemed to close all Robespierre's accounts with all his opponents; he was now sole master of the Committees-of Paris and of France-envied rivals, wearied accomplices, and troublesome tools, had been all swept away. Even those who feared him most and trusted him least might have naturally expected that the march of death would have been, if not closed, at least slackened. But quite the reverse-it was now that it seemed to acquire new vigour and velocity: and yet, among the two thousand forthcoming victims, we cannot distinguish above half a dozen against whom Robespierre could possibly have had any personal or political enmity; as to all the rest, we repeat, that we cannot discover nor conjecture the motive of their accumulated murders.

The process of individual accusation was now become too slow for the impatience of the despots. Single cases are, henceforward, rarely found, and the Tribunal worked by a system of batches:—we use this trivial term with reluctance; but it is a literal version of the French 'fournée; and, like it, has become technical in this sad sense. In these batches were confounded all ages, both sexes promiscuous ranks; and the operation of the Tribunal became as mechanical and certain as that of its handmaid, the Guillotine. The two presidents received every morning Robespierre's instructions for their day's work, and Fouquier every midnight skulked to the Committees to receive their mysterious instructions for the morrow. It was proved on his trial that he had confessed to a friend that in some of these nightly walks through the streets of this city of death, he had been terrified by visions of victims who seemed to crowd around him, claiming vengeance on their mur-

derer

The first remarkable case of this system of amalgamation seems to be that called by the general name of 'Affaire-Laborde,' in which M. Laborde, a banker, and his partner, M. Genest, and fifteen other persons—of different ranks, ages, and sexes—were included in one indictment. Before we enter on the details of this case we must take notice of a circumstance which is common to all the records we possess of the proceedings of the Tribunal—namely, the extreme negligence and inaccuracy with which the persons are designated. How many of these errors might be traced to the Tribunal itself, from the extreme haste and confusion in which the business was for the last six months evidently done—how many are those of the various copyists from the original documents, we cannot say—but certain it is that the discrepancies

are very surprising. In this affair of Laborde we have examined the lists of their names in the 'Bulletins du Tribunal,' in the 'Liste des Condamnés,' and finally in the 'Moniteur,' and there is not one single item on which these lists do not disagree from each other in some point of orthography or description more or less important. Names are disfigured—ages differ by twenty

years—and ranks, and even sexes, are confounded.

It may be said that these errors create no doubt as to the identity of the parties. That may be generally true; but there are many cases in which misnomers led to the unintended execution of one person for another—as, for instance, Maillé for Maillet— Morin for Maurin. But supposing no actual mistake of identity to have occurred, what shall we say of the state of the government and of the public mind which could tolerate such scandalous negligence in the authorised reports of the highest judicial proceedings? Even in the great index to the 'Moniteur' such mistakes are frequent. Who, for instance, would look for the Countess de Montmorin * under the name of Taneffe? Her maiden name had been Canisy: by this name, titles being abolished, she was indicted; but in some subsequent stage of the proceedings, perhaps in the warrant for execution, it was miscopied as Taneffe, and under this name her execution is recorded in the pages of the 'Moniteur,' and repeated in its index, as well as in Prudhomme's 'Dictionnaire des Condamnés.' This was a great lady of well-known family and political celebrity. Judge, then, what blunders were made with obscurer names! In stating the more substantial parts of the Affaire Laborde, we shall, for once, and by way of sample, notice some of these errors and discrepancies.

Laborde and his partner, Genest, were opulent bankers, and

the high treason charged against them was, that

'the Convention had passed a decree which prohibited all trade with those nations which menaced the liberty of France; but Laborde and Genest, it seems [sic], looked upon themselves as privileged beings, to whom the decree could not apply, since they continued to pay and receive on account of foreigners as heretofore.'—Bull. ii. 163.

That was the guilt of the firm: they had continued to do the

^{*} Wife of the ex-minister for foreign affairs. In our last Number we stated that the M. de Montmorin acquitted by the first Revolutionary Tribunal was the ex-minister. We should have said, 'believed to be the ex-minister,' because, though the acquittal of the ex-minister was the pretext of the violence, and though the 'Moniteur,' the 'Bulletin des Tribunaux,' and many historical works, all state him to have been the ex-minister, the fact was, that the person brought before the Tribunal, by a confusion of names, was not the ex-minister, the Count de Montmorin, but his cousin, the Marquis de Montmorin, governor of Fontainebleau. All, however, came to the same sad result: they were both massacred the next day after the acquittal—the Count at the Abbays, and the Marquis, still mistaken for his cousin, at the Conciergerie.

business of their bank. But the partners were also individually accused—Laborde, an old man of seventy-two, 'of having buried in the earth statues of *granite*, and other precious effects;' and Genest, a young man of twenty-seven,

'of having corresponded with his wife, an emigrant, and sent her ingots of silver, with the design of drawing away the whole current coin of the state [afin d'épuiser tout le numéraire de l'état], and of discrediting assignats!'

They were found guilty de conspiration, and executed.

Then come several members of a family, of which M. Hariague de Guibeville, formerly President of the Parliament of Paris, was the head, and whose chief crime seems to have been that they were intimately acquainted with some ladies who had been guillotined three months before. The President (aged seventy-two) was charged individually

'with being informed of all the designs of the enemy. He knew, in 1792, that England was equipping, in the greatest secrecy, a fleet against France. —Bull. ii. 163.

We need hardly say that the poor President could not have known of an armament that never existed.

La Femme Bonnaire—as the daughter of the President and widow of M. de Bonnaire, a member of the Parliament, is called —was convicted of

'sewing up with thread certain little cases of card, in which Guibeville afterwards sent money to his emigrant sons.'—Ib.

Two servants, Robin and Paymal, were executed for

being penetrated with the same sentiments that characterised their masters, since they had boldly declared that they would rather see fire at the four corners of Paris than that the Republic should last. — Ib.

Mademoiselle Charras de la Laurencie was accused of crimes one of which we must repeat in the original language of these revolutionary lawgivers—English refuses to render it.

'La fille Charras était de l'aristocratie la plus puante—she had worn mourning for Capet, thereby manifesting her desire to see that

just punishment avenged by our enemies.'—Ib.

On this guess at the desire which might be inferred from her wearing mourning, she also was executed; but, though it is somewhat late, we beg leave to suggest an answer (which she was not allowed to make for herself) to the only fact alleged against her—the mourning for Louis XVI. Our examination of the proceedings of the Tribunal has led us to discover that, towards the end of January, 1794—just the anniversary period of the king's murder—Madame de Charras de la Laurencie was arrested at a country-house near Paris, where she and Mademoiselle de Charras resided, and dragged to the Tribunal—and thence

to the guillotine. Is it not probable that the mourning which poor Mademoiselle de Charras put on at this time was mourning for her sister, whose death happened thus accidentally to coincide

with the anniversary of the king's?

Then came two gentlemen, Messrs. Mesnard de Choussi, as the 'Moniteur' and 'Bulletin' call them, or Menard de Choury as the Liste announces them: the father, says the 'Moniteur,' was aged 46 - the son, the 'Bulletin' states at 35, and the 'Moniteur' at 37. The father is stated to have resided in the Rue de Clichy-of the son it is said that he lived with his father in the Rue St. Lazare. The son was accused of being a 'chevalier du poignard'—an imaginary crime, or rather in truth a mere nickname for any one who visited the Tuileries before the 10th of August, and that he was 'the only one of his brothers who had not emigrated' ('seul de ses frères resté en France, parceque son père avait fait émigrer les autres'). Emigration being a capital offence, young Mesnard was executed for not having emigrated; but against either the father or the son we find not only no evidence, but absolutely not a tittle of charge except what we have quoted, and a statement that they had formerly held offices in the King's Household. This designation of course implied that they must be Royalists, and they were both executed.

Then comes a widow lady, called in one list M. Adrienne Gonnet, and in another M. Gabrielle Gonnel, and in the third M. A. Gontel—but whether christened Adrienne, or Gabrielle, or surnamed Gonnet, or Gonnel, or Gontel, we cannot discover that she was accused of anything whatsoever, for none of these names occur in any part of the charges or evidence—yet she too perished with the rest.

Next we have a gentleman of the name of Gougenot, of whose identity some doubt might be allowed, as one list describes him as thirty-six, and another as fifty-six years old—his crime is, that when at Easter, 1791, the king had wished to spend the holydays at St. Cloud, and after having got into his coach at the Tuileries,

was stopped by the mob-M. Gougenot

'being mattre d'hôtel to Capet at the time of his pretended excursion to St. Cloud, had continued to stand at the door of the tyrant's coach,

and endeavoured to facilitate his escape.3-Bull. ii. 163.

We must not stop at such minor errors as S. Rollat of Frugeat being executed as S. Rollat of Brunget, when we find that a gentleman, called in one list M. Destade Bellecour, and in another M. Destat, and described as an 'officer late in the service of Russia and of the age of fifty-three'—is by the third list metamorphosed into a lady, by the name of 'Angélique-Michelle-

Destalle,

Destalle, of the age of thirty-three.' It appears that this person was really a male, and the sole fact alleged against him was his Russian half-pay. But the mistake as to his sex occasioned another—for having once stated him to be a lady, and finding, lower down in the bloody list, a woman described as the 'femme de Destalle,' the careful rédacteur for once exercised some degree of judgment in correcting these unseemly blunders, and accordingly 'J. M. Nogué, widow of the late M. Rolin d'Ivry, and wife (femme) of A. M. Destade,'

is transformed into

'J. M. Noguer, widow of one Robin, and femme de chambre to Angélique Michelle Destalle.'

The husband is thus made to die in the name of his lady, and the lady in that of an imaginary femme de chambre the imaginary widow of Robin the servant, who was executed on the same scaffold at the same time.

And all these seventeen persons—so misnamed—so misdescribed—some without any charge—the rest on charges so vague, so various, so absurd—were tried all together on the morning of the 18th of April, 1794, and sent all together in the evening of the same day to shed their blood 'for the dogs to lick in the Place de la Révolution.'

This system of trying in batches afforded Fouquier the facility of looking out for classes rather than crimes. It would be difficult and tedious to fabricate evidence of individual crimes against four-and-twenty innocent gentlemen; but there was no difficulty in culling from all the prisons twenty-four gentlemen who had belonged to the old Parliaments—their very designation would be crime enough; and although they belonged to different Parliaments, as wide as Paris and Toulouse; and although nothing was or could be alleged against any one of them but their official protests against the abolition of their order, duly and regularly made, in 1790before the new constitution—before the general amnesty, which in 1791 affected to close all the animosities of the Revolution—twentyfive of these venerable magistrates—whose ages amounted on an average to near threescore each—were tried in an hour on the morning of the 21st of April, 1794, and executed in an hour the same evening,—without even an allegation—a suspicion—that they had done anything, or even said anything, questionable since the dissolution of the Parliaments prior to the first Constitution.

Nor were there wanting, amidst this general injustice, individual instances of the grossest irregularity and fraud.

'In the affair of the Parliamentarians, Ormesson was brought into court on a hand-barrow, so wrapped up from head to foot that no one could see him. He was called upon two or three times, but no

one could perceive whether he had heard—be himself uttered some sounds that no one could make out, and-he was sent to execution!'-Proc. Fouq., No. xxii.

The following case is even worse: - The Committee of Public Safety had ordered that all the members of the Parliament of Paris, who had signed early in the Revolution the protest just mentioned, should be brought to trial: amongst them had been one gentleman, Guy Sallier, who fortunately was not forthcoming; the number therefore was incomplete: but there was found in one of the prisons his aged father, Henry Sallier-and though he had not signed the protest, nor could have signed it, not having been a member of the Parliament, he, Henry Sallier, the father, was taken and guillotined in place of Guy Sallier, the absent son, And it is not a little remarkable that, as if to cover this atrocity. the Liste des Condamnés registers the victim as

670. Henry Sallier, aged 38, ci-devant President of the ci-devant Parhament of Paris'-

-Henry Sallier being above 60, and not having, as we have said, belonged to the Parliament at all. M. Guy Sallier survived the Revolution, and published, in 1813, under the title of 'Annales Françaises,' the best account that we have of the share that the Parliaments had in bringing about the Revolution. M. Guy Sallier—one of the very few of Fouquier's designated victims who ever escaped-was, down to the July Revolution, a councillor of

On the very next day, the 21st of April, came on what is called the 'Affaire d'Espremenil,' in which he and two other Constituants, Chapelier and Thouret, became the victims of the storm which they had contributed to raise. Thouret a counter-revolutionist!-he that first advocated the abstract proposition of the Rights of Man-he that suggested the confiscation of the property of the Church—he that proposed the abolition of the parliaments -the creation of a new criminal jurisdiction, and the introduction of juries-and now, like so many others, to perish by the abuse of

his own reforms.

On the same scaffold, and under the same generic description of 'agents of Pitt,' appeared the venerable and illustrious Lamoignon de Malesherbes, with his daughter, Madame de Rosambo, and his grand-daughter, Madame de Châteaubriand, and her husband-three generations at one fell swoop! M. de Rosambo had been executed the preceding day as a Parliamentarian. M. de Châteaubriand was the uncle of the great ornament of that name whose genius illustrates France, and whose fidelity to honour and misfortune shames her. Our readers

will not call this a harsh judgment on Young France when they read the following fact. During the Restoration a monument was erected in the great hall of the Palais, to the memory of M. de Malesherbes, with a bas-relief representing Louis XVI. dictating his defence to his venerable friend. The generous Revolution of July, so proud of 'all the glories of France,' has obliterated, with its worse than Vandal hands, the bas-relief, and otherwise mutilated the monument: but this outrage only makes what remains doubly monumental—of the atrocity of the first Revolution, and the meanness of the second.

By the same sentence died the Duchess of Grammont (the sister of the celebrated Duke de Choiseul), the Duchess du Châtelet and her sister, under their maiden names of Rochechouart, and the Polish Princess Lubomirska; and for what crime?—'for entertaining correspondences with their emigrant relations, proved by letters found in their possession.' The letters are not given, and of what facts they might prove no statement is made, except in one case—one precious case—by which we may judge of all the rest. Against M. de Malesherbes it was charged that—

'his correspondence proves that he only proposed himself, and was only accepted, as the defender of Capet, by an intrigue hatched by Pitt with some relations of Malesherbes in London; and that in the part [rôle] that he acted on that occasion he was nothing but the agent of all the counter-revolutionists hired and bribed by the despot of England.'—Bull. iv. 184.

By this specimen we may be satisfied of the value of the other evidence. Madame du Châtelet, whom we have already mentioned (p. 387), was accused of having corresponded with and sent money to her son. This we have no doubt she would have done—and did—if she could; but the only letter recited in the proceedings proves not the sending but the receiving of some money. To make up, however, what might be deficient in the evidence on this part of Madame du Châtelet's case, it was worked up and completed by the following charge:—

'Moreover, the said woman, Rochechouart, had devised and planned the removal of certain documents and titles of feudality in travelling trunks, which were stated, at the office of the coach by which they were to be sent, to contain dresses and clothes for her own use—manœuvres which prove the hopes entertained by the woman of the success of the projects of the counter-revolutionists, with whom she was associated. Left. 186.

With them also was executed, though visibly advanced in pregnancy, the Polish Princess Lubomirska, at the age of twenty-three. The 'Bulletin' affords no hint as to the nature of the vol. LXXIII. NO. CXLVI. 2 E charge

charge against her. Whatever it was, she would not condescend to disclaim it. This we learn from the speech of her official defender, which is fortunately preserved as a specimen of the use and value of an advocate before the Revolutionary Tribunal:—

The Tribunal must have observed,' said the defender of the woman Lubomirski [sic], 'the frankness and candour of her whom I am employed to defend. She has professed her invariable adherence to truth, and has told you that she would scorn to defend her life by a falsehood; and that is the most favourable observation which I can offer on her behalf.'—Bull. iv. 187.

Madame de Grammont, a woman of considerable talents and high spirit, would not waste words on her own defence—her name and the figure she had made in the world, were, she well knew, inexpiable crimes: but she addressed the Court on behalf of Madame du Châtelet, whose softer manners shrank from a conflict with her brutal accusers.

"I am aware," said this noble-minded woman, "that it would be useless to speak about myself; but" [raising her arm over Madame du Châtelet, who sat with clasped hands and downcast eyes beside her] "what has this angel done?—she who never took any share in public affairs—never belonged to any party—never mixed in any intrigue—whose whole life has been spent in unostentatious benevolence? There are others as innocent as she—but there is no one whose personal character and habits of life render her so little liable to accusation or even suspicion." "—Port. et Caract. de Meilhan, p. 43.

This is very fine: we remember nothing in professed oratory more eloquent or more ingenious. After having declined to speak of herself—she says all that could be said—'there are others as innocent'—and then the hostening to apply this gleam of self-defence to her main object—'but no one so little liable to accusation or suspicion as SHE!'

As they were passing to death, Madame de Rosambo saw Mlle. de Sombreuil, and said to her—'You had the happiness of

saving your father-I have that of dying with mine.'

We can picture to ourselves nothing more striking, more touching—more full of all the highest elements of wonder, pity, terror, indignation and admiration, than the whole of that diversified yet awful scene. D'Espremenil and Chapelier, so lately rival idols of a mob now clamouring for their blood—the selfish remorse of Thouret—the quiet conscience beaming through the placid countenance of the aged Malesherbes, a convict where he had once been a magistrate—his daughter, a widow of yesterday—the young Châteaubriands happy to die together—the lofty person and commanding air of Madame de Grammont demanding

demanding justice for her gentler friend—and the sublime elevation of that beautiful young stranger scorning to prolong by a subterfuge her double life. Fill up the background with the tigers of the Tribunal and the furies of the Guillotine, and we have a picture whose dreadful—glorious reality throws into contempt and disgust all the tawdry impostures of Versailles,

The next remarkable 'fournée' was that of the Fermiers Généraux—a case that we think deserves peculiar attention. The Farmers General were, as our readers know, an associated body who, prior to the Revolution, farmed certain of the revenues of the state. This system ceased early in the Revolution, and their very complicated accounts had been nearly if not altogether wound up, when, in the autumn of 1793, it occurred to a Jacobin deputy, one Dupin-a fellow whose fortune, such as it was, had been made by the protection of one of them—that, as the Farmers General were very rich, something might be wrung out of them by a revision of their accounts. Forthwith, a board of inquiry was constituted, under the direction of Dupin. As was the fashion of the day, the Farmers General were, provisionally, put into a state of arrest; and the Hôtel des Fermes, their old house of business, was at last assigned as their place of confinement. This revision, however, dragged on and produced nothing till the spring of 1794, when-in pursuance of Barère's celebrated axiom (quoted by Dupin himself in this case), that 'coiningbattre monnaie-was one of the legitimate uses of the guillotine; '-it was suggested that the sending the Farmers General to the Tribunal of death and confiscation would be the shortest and most profitable mode of settling their accounts. Accordingly, on the 5th of May, 1794, Dupin read to the Convention a very long report, in which, going back ten, twenty, even thirty years, he raised various questions on the conduct of the collective body of Farmers General, and concluded that all that were still living -to the number of thirty-two-should be sent for trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal. This decree passed, as everything that smelt of blood and plunder now did, without opposition. This was on Monday the 5th of May: but it was not issued by the Bureau of the Convention till next day, the 6th-nor was it officially communicated to the Tribunal till Wednesday, the 7th -on which day the Farmers General were transferred to the Conciergerie to the number of thirty-one-Robespierre, whose slightest word was law, having personally directed that one of the original number should be spared. On the next morning, Thursday the 8th, thirty-one were brought before the Tribunal, and-not tried, for the only evidence produced was Dupin's report to the Convention-por convicted, for even that form was, in the hurry of the 2 E 2 Tribunal,

Tribunal, omitted, but—suddenly sentenced and sent away to the guillotine, 'and their properties were confiscated to the benefit of the republic.' The first question naturally is, for what counterrevolutionary crime? None at all—not even a pretence of one, for their vocation had ceased with the Revolution. Then for what other crime?—For usurious interests and extraordinary profits on their capital, and above all—the only fact stated—for 'having nixed water with the tobacco that was sold by their sub-agents, that it might weigh the heavier.' And on looking into Dupin's report, we find that this damping of the tobacco dated so far back as 1776. Our readers will forgive our producing the exact words of this wonderful sentence—in which they will observe that all dates are carefully avoided, or rather confounded.

"Qu'il est constant qu'il a existé un complot contre le peuple Français tendant [the eternal formula] à favoriser, de tous les moyens possibles, le succès des ennemis de la France, notamment en exerçant toute espèce d'exactions et de concussions sur le peuple Français, en mêlant au tabac de l'eau et des ingrédiens nuisibles à la santé des citoyens—en prenant 6 et 10 pour cent; tant pour les intérêts, que pour les fonds, &c. &c. &c.

Just as these thirty-one gentlemen were going to execution, it was fortunately discovered that three subordinate officers found in the Hôtel des Fermes had been by mistake included in the death-warrant; so that twenty-eight only were executed on that day. We shall see presently that the three missing Farmers-General were afterwards found, and that the sanguinary Tribunal was not baulked of its allotted number.

In the course of the ensuing year, when the bloody frenzy had subsided, the massacre of these eminently innocent gentlemen attracted great attention, and their widows and children preferred public complaints of the conduct of Dupin; and from this discussion we gather some more important facts. Dupin, being charged with having been the chief mover in the massacre, endeavoured to show that he had acted only as the instrument of the Government, then so despotic that no one dared disobey it—that he had done no more than read to the Convention the report of the Commission, which contained nothing like a capital charge—(this was true enough—but twenty-eight gentlemen were executed on it!)—and that it was the Committee of Public Safety which had really premeditated and arranged the whole proceeding.

'What proves that the real assassins of the farmers-general did not care about or act under either my report, or even the decree of the Convention, is that the indictment against them had been already prepared by Fouquier Tinville, before the report was made—before the decree was passed.

passed-and that their death had been already settled by the Committee of Public Safety.'-Réponse de Dupin, p. 2.

This again was all perfectly true—their death was settled before they were accused-even their sentence had been signed in blank, and the judicial murderers, in their haste, had forgotten to fill it up. All this Fouquier was forced to admit on his trial, when the sentence signed by the judge, but containing neither names of parties nor verdict of the jury, was produced: but what Dupin does not state, though equally certain, is, that instead of being an unconscious instrument, he was the active accomplice, if not the prime mover of the whole transaction—and something worse: for before the trial, he—an irresponsible and unauthorised individual -proceeded to seize and confiscate all the property of the accused, which even the legal officers had no right to do till after conviction. We will not waste time on the meaner crimes of robbery and thieving of which this representative of the people was guilty-for we have more serious matters to discuss.

Dupin, a few days after the murder of the twenty-eight, discovered that three of the thirty-one Farmers-General who had, probably on account of their great age, been confined in a separate maison d'arrêt, had not been guillotined with their colleagues. He lost no time in correcting the mistake, and accordingly on the 14th of May, Charles Adrien d'Arlincourt, aged 76, Louis Mercier, aged 78, and John Claude Douet, aged 73, were brought before the Tribunal charged with the crimes for which their fellows had suffered, and were in consequence condemned to death, with five other persons with whom they had no kind of relation, but who happened to be tried that day.

Deep as this catastrophe already appears, it goes still deeper. While these three last-mentioned gentlemen were at the bar, there was produced a paper (found probably by Dupin amongst those of his victims) signed Douet. It turned out not to be signed by the person under trial, and Fouquier Tinville sent off immediately to have his wife, Madame Douet, produced as a witness, to explain the paper. On inspecting it, she seems to have acknowledged it as her own writing, and, from being a witness, this lady, sixty years of age, was at once placed in the dock-within a few minutes sentenced-and executed that same afternoon with her husband and the rest! But what was this fatal paper? The sentence of the three septuagenarian Farmers-general and five other men wholly unconnected with them had been already drawn up before Madame Douet was associated to their fate-perhaps before they had been tried-but it was now made to fit the whole batch by a marginal addition :-

that they AND Mary Frances, the wife of the said Douet, are guilty of having, as appears by letters found at their residence, had an understanding and maintained correspondences with the internal and external enemies of the republic, and especially with Dietricht and Duchâtelet, who have already suffered the penalties of the law.'-Proc. Fouq. No. 46.

Dietricht,' a gentleman of literary and scientific tastes, was a moderate reformer, and first constitutional mayor of Strasbourg, in which office he became, by his firm and honourable conduct, obnoxious to the Jacobins, and was sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and thence to the guillotine on the 28th of December, 1793.

Duchâtelet' was the amiable Duchesse du Châtelet, who had been guillotined, as we have just seen, a fortnight before. With these two friends Madame Douet was found guilty of having corresponded by letters-the crime would not have been great, if true, but it was not proved-no letters were produced-but the paper to which the charge alluded was fortunately preserved, attached to the sentence in the archives of the Tribunal. It was a WILL, made by Madame Douet on the 22nd of January, 1793, of which we cannot resist extracting the passages on which she was so suddenly sent to death :-

' The friendship which from our childhood has attached me to Madame du Châtelet authorises me to request her acceptance, as a small testimony of my regard, of the satin chairs worked by my own hand.

'I request my dear son' Dietricht to accept, as a token of the tender affection I bear him, a ring in which is the portrait of his own mother -my dearest friend.

'I leave my dear good daughter, Madame Dietricht, whom I tenderly love, my emerald ring set round with diamonds.

'I have nothing left which I could offer to M. de Malesherbes as worthy of him, but I beg him to believe that all the marks of his friendship which I have received and the proofs of esteem which he has shown

me are deeply engraved in my heart, and that the most sincere attachment is combined with the veneration his character inspires.

(Then followed some small bequests to her servants.) (Signed) M. F. B. Dougt.'-ib.

Such, then, was the evidence (the sole evidence, as is expressly stated) of 'the correspondence with the internal and external enemies of the republic,' on which Madame Douet and eight other persons, in whose sentence she seems to have been involved and they in hers, closed the tragic episode of the Fermiers-généraux.

Of the angelic life and heroic death of Madame Elizabet

^{*} Madame Douet, it seems, having no children of her own, called by this affectionate tifle the son of a dear friend. Perhaps she had been his godmother.

† Dupin was a fellow whose jovial manners and habits contrasted strangely with the steady and bloody ferocity of his conduct. He was saved from his deserved punishment by the amnesty of 1795, and afterwards obtained from the Jacobin Directory and their testamentary executor, Buonaparte, some small office in the collection of the revenue. We have not heard of him since the Restoration.

nothing new can be told, but we regret that we have not space to lay before our readers the exact tenor of the futile, the impossible

charges made against her.

As to the twenty-four persons condemned and executed, under the same indictment and sentence, as her 'accomplices,' let it be remembered that Madame Elizabeth had been in close custody for eighteen months; and, in fact, no attempt was made to connect her accomplices either with her or with one anotherthe charges, where charges were made, were all distinct; but against many there was not even the idle formality of an accusation. Each of these cases would, if we had space, afford an interesting detail. Of one, that of Madame de Serilly, we shall have to speak under another head; but we are tempted to give the fatal charge against the Countess de Montmorin.

La femme Montmorin-widow of the villain who betrayed France throughout the Revolution, and who has undergone the terrible vengeance of the people-was the accomplice of all the crimes of her infamous husband. She seems also to have corresponded with the traitor La Luzerne. Her guilt is proved by her active and regular correspondence with her husband. This correspondence exists, and the accused acknowledges it.'-Bul. iv. 328.

Exists - acknowledged - but not produced; and a widow is executed because she corresponded regularly with a husband who

was murdered before the Republic was founded.

We now arrive at another great and fearful mystery of which no historian attempts to give any rational explanation. Every pamphlet on the revolution is full of invectives against the monstrous law of the 22nd Prairial (10th June, 1794)-but no one condescends to inquire with what possible object that law was passed. It was indeed a monstrous law-but the practice before the law had been equally monstrous-or at least so nearly so that we do not understand why even such a government as that of Robespierre should have wantonly encountered the odium of putting into

literas scriptas the habitual atrocities of the Tribunal.

This law-adopted on the report of Couthon, and therefore, as we know, the dictate of Robespierre-appeared at a most extraordinary and unexpected period. On the 8th of June (20th Prairial) Robespierre had attained the acme of his glory; he had that day, as President of the Convention, announced to the half-pleased and half-astonished multitude the acknowledgment of a Supreme Being. Everybody hoped - rationally hoped --that having triumphed over every adverse faction-he was about also to moderate the effusion of blood and to bridle the anarchy. Nothing like it-only two days after this his apotheosis, he issues forth this infernal edict, which even Fouquier, who had anticipated most of it in practice, was shocked to see reduced into writing. writing. This law consists of eighteen articles, of which we need only mention a few of the principal. It divided the Tribunal into four sections instead of two. It extended the jurisdiction over 'all the enemies of the people'-and gave such detailed definitions of what was an 'enemy of the people,' that there was no word nor action of any man's life by which he might not be brought within its categories. It established for all offences one sole punishment, DEATH. The proofs on which the Tribunal might proceed were to be any kind of evidence, material or moral, that might 'satisfy the jury, whose conscience is to be their only rule, and their only object the triumph of the republic and the ruin of its enemies.' If the juries could acquire a moral conviction without evidence, none need be produced. As to official defenders, counsel, the law abolished the practice—'calumniated patriots will find a counsel in the jury—the law refuses any to conspirators.'

We look back with a kind of incredulous wonder—not merely that half-a-dozen madmen should have thought of promulgating such atrocities under the name of a law, but that a National Assembly should pass it, and a Nation not only obey but appear to applaud it—and this at a moment that seemed not merely the dawn of peace and good order, but when there was no political opponent to crush, and the Tribunal was without hesitation or hitch sending every day to the scaffold as many as the Government chose to send to its bar. Our belief is that this law was passed with a direct view on the part of Robespierre to an early sacrifice of the majority of his colleagues in the Committees, who had begun to show some symptoms of opposition; and that he and they were now vying with each other in giving to the Tribunal an increase of activity and power, which each party hoped, by and bye, to turn against its adversaries.

But, whatever may have been the motive, the Committees now had evidently resolved on enlarging the daily number of executions; and, for this purpose, the incident which had been produced on Danton's trial and had been a little further developed in Dillon's case, that of a conspiracy in the prisons, was now reverted to. It might be reasonably predicated of any and all prisoners that they were anxious for their release, and of most of them that, with a favourable opportunity, they would not hesitate to escape. A disposition so obvious and natural would need no proof, and every individual prisoner was therefore, ipso facto, a ready-made conspirator—quod erat inveniendum! It was, no doubt, a species of insanity that would imagine such an operation—but they had a kind of method in their madness—

· Insanire parant certà ratione modoque.'

They made their first experiment of a prison conspiracy at the Bicêtre—

Bicêtre—a great house of correction or penal prison, occupied (almost exclusively) by persons already condemned to imprisonment or irons for offences just short of capital. With such wretches it was supposed that the public would feel no sympathy, and accordingly the Bicêtre was the first experimental scene of the Conspiracy of Prisons.

From Bicêtre the pretended conspiracy produced, on the 16th and 26th of June, two batches of thirty-seven and thirty-five respectively. And so entirely was it a device of Fouquier's or the Committees, that the governor of the prison deposed that the first he had heard of any conspiracy was by reading of it in a newspaper; for which evidence he and two turnkeys who concurred in it were dismissed from their posts and sent themselves to jail.

Fouquier himself went to the prison and selected the first batch. The sentence passed upon them is worth notice. These wretched men, most of them in irons, and all in the strongest prison of France, were

convicted of being declared enemies of the people in forming, proposing, or joining a plot, of which the object was to seize upon the guard of the Bicètre, to force the gates of the said prison, and then to proceed to stab with poniards the representatives of the people—members of the Committee of Public Safety and General Surety—to Tear out their hearts—to Broll and eat them—and to put the most patriotic of the representatives to death in a barrel lined with iron nails. —Moniteur, 22nd June, 1794; Liste des Con., No. vii.

Nor was this an accidental paroxysm of insanity, for the same sentence was repeated on the trial of the second batch, ten days later, with the perfectly consistent addition that the intended actors in these counter-revolutionary plans were 'the agents of PITT!'*

Amongst these 'conspirators of the Bicêtre,' some of whom were respectable persons and confined for trifling revolutionary offences, there occurs one man whom we have met already in this article in far different circumstances—Osselin—formerly an advocate at the Parisian bar, afterwards the first president of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and at last deputy for Paris to the National Convention—in which character he distinguished himself by voting for the death of the King—by seconding strongly Robespierre's murderous proposition for abridging the defence of prisoners—and by proposing violent penalties against

^{*}While the name of Mr. Pitt was thus introduced in these tragedies of real life to deceive the populace, we find that it was also introduced into farces to another them. The theatrical announcement nearest the above-quoted sentence, that we find in the 'Moniteur,' is—'Théâtre du Vaudeville—Gilles George et Arlequin Pitt.' What an idea of the state of the public mind is given by the simultaneous use of the name of Pitt at the Tribunal Revolutionnairs and the Théâtre du Paudeville!

holding any communication with emigrants. But, O retribution! he somehow fell under the displeasure of his old friends; and it was discovered that his kept-mistress had been an emigrant, so he was sentenced to be imprisoned at Bicetre under his own law-thence again, under pretence of this conspiracy, he was brought before the judgment-seat where he had once presided, and sent unheard to death under the law he himself had advocated—and, finally, his head fell under the hatchet to which he had condemned his innocent sovereign. But this is not all -when the wretch was called upon to appear at the Tribunalwe need not say that he was entirely innocent of a conspiracy which never existed; but-well aware of what justice awaited him there, he attempted suicide by driving a nail drawn from the walls of his cell, up to the head into his own breast. Though he had failed to reach the heart, he was nevertheless dying; yet the jailors would not suffer the nail to be withdrawn, lest immediate death should follow its removal; and in this condition he was thrown violently into a cart and jolted to the Tribunal, and thence to the Place de la Révolution, where we know not whether he was yet alive, but the body was guillotined, with the nail still sticking in it.

We shall conclude this head by an extract of the evidence of

Dr. Brunet, first surgeon of Bicetre :-

'I declare that the alleged conspiracy was a falsehood, a calumny! How could these men have conspired? They were kept apart-they did not know each other—the greater part had never seen each other till they met for the first time on the carts that were to convey them to a Tribunal of blood, and thence to the scaffold. In all times and in every prison there have been and will be projects of escape; but it was reserved for our day to confound such projects with a conspiracy. But these bloodthirsty men wanted victims, and they tried their hand at Bicetre, and that first step having been successful, they hesitated at nothing, and invented conspiracies at the Luxembourg-the Carmes-St. Lazare-the Force, &c. The two witnesses, on whose evidence the seventy-two prisoners of Bicetre suffered, were fellows already condemned to twenty years' itons for perjury. But after they had done this "public service," as it was called, the government ordered them to be released from their irons -to have separate rooms-to be delicately fed -and, most monstrous absurdity and folly, there was inscribed in large letters over the doors of these two infamous wretches, "THE FRIENDS OF THEIR COUNTRY." - Proces Fouq., No. X.

Just at this moment, when the Committees of Government and Fouquier Tinville appeared to be at a loss for pretexts of accusation, two events almost simultaneous opened an opportunity of

^{*} Probably by a slight resistance of amour propre to Robespierre's rédaction of the decree against the Brissotins. See anne, p. 397.

which they largely availed themselves, and produced the affair known by the name of the 'Chemises Rouges'—which deserves particular notice as well for the political purposes to which it was perverted as for the diversified interest of its circumstances and the gigantic guilt of its conclusion.

About one o'clock on the night between the 22nd and 23rd of May, 1794, a man of the name of Henry Admiral, about fifty years of age, formerly messenger in the Lottery Office, who resided in the same house with Collot d'Herbois (No. 4, Rue Favart), waited for him on their common staircase, and fired two

pistols at him without effect.

And on the next day, 24th of May, a young girl of the age of twenty, named Amy Cécile Renaud, who presented herself at Robespierre's lodging, and desired earnestly to see him, was arrested and charged with an intention to assassinate him. We refer for the details of these cases to our article on Robespierre. We are now considering them only in reference to the Tribunal, which might think itself happy in thus obtaining—for the first time, with the exception of Charlotte Corday-a legitimate victim. But that would have been too poor a harvest.

On the next day, the 25th of May, the Society of Jacobins voted an address to congratulate the Convention on the safety of the two faithful representatives of the people, and to invoke 'such a terrible vengeance on the guilty as should arrest these frightful attempts.' And who will our readers believe was the spokesman of this deputation of the Jacobin Club, demanding a terrible vengeance on parties not yet tried? No other than Dumas himself, the President of the Tribunal, which was thereafter to try those whom its President had thus already condemned.

This seems monstrous—it is nothing to what follows.

On the 26th Barère ascends the Tribune of the Convention with a Report in the same tone as one that he had made two days before against England, but much longer, more elaborate, and more malignant, -and even amongst Barère's Carmagnoles this one is, we think, pre-eminent for his usual qualities of absurdity and atrocity. Through ten columns of the 'Moniteur' (29th of May, 1794), all the crimes of England-from the original sin of being a 'Carthaginian colony' down to Cécile Renaud's pocketknife—are developed as the preface of a decree

forbidding the soldiers of the Republic to give quarter to the British

or Hanoverians.

This decree was passed with loud and general acclamation, and directed to be translated into all languages and sent to all the armies with orders for its being carried into execution. It was in this report that, to encourage the French troops to butcher their prisoners. prisoners, Barère used the celebrated phrase, 'il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas.' (Moniteur, ib.) All our readers have heard of this celebrated decree, but many may not be aware of the circumstances in which it was passed. M. Thiers does not notice them; and indeed only alludes to the decree itself in a distant passage and on another subject. Mr. Alison, also, led astray by his faithless guides, mentions the decree seventy-three pages after his account of Cécile's affair, and then with a wrong date and not the slightest reference to, or apparent suspicion of, the circumstances under which it was passed. And this is history!

Revolutionary vengeance, generally so active, was now, in spite of all these provocations, rather slow; and, though the Tribunal was very active with ordinary cases and prison conspiracies, the trial of Admiral and Renaud was delayed for above three weeks. The fact was, that the Committees and their agents were busy in selecting other victims to be hooked on to these cases.

There had been in the Constituant Assembly a Baron de Batz, who took a lead in financial questions, and was much connected with financiers. This gentleman had been arrested in the preceding year, but contrived to escape; and his absence afforded the opportunity of setting him up as 'the agent of Pitt and the foreign powers' and the mainspring of an imaginary conspiracy, to which the Committees gave the captivating name of the Foreign Conspiracy, or 'Conspiration de l'Etranger;' and this was attached to Admiral's case by no other link than that Admiral was acquainted with, and used to meet at a billiard table, one Roussel, who had been intimate with Batz: but how Cécile Renaud could be connected with these was never attempted to be shown.

At length on the 14th of June the Committees, by the organ of Elie Lacoste, produced a report which reiterated all Barère's denunciations of Batz as the accomplice of Danton, Hébert, and Chaumette, and of him and of all as the 'agents of Pitt;' and concluded with a decree, sending Admiral, Cécile Renaud, and sixty-two other persons, 'all accomplices of Batz,' before the Revolutionary Tribunal. We are tempted to give one specimen of the truth and logic of this official paper.

Citizen Lacoste states that Batz and his accomplices were supplied by Pitt, not only with assignats, but with 'heaps of guineas' (guinées amoncelées), with which

ils achetaient de l'or à un prix énorme pour en diminuer la quantité en le faisant passer à nos ennemis ou en l'enfouissant.'—Moniteur, 15 Juin, 1794.

This charge against Mr. Pitt, of sending gold to buy gold and thus making gold scarce, seems somewhat wild, but it is common sense compared with the arguments by which Lacoste connects Batz with Admiral—and Cécile and sixty-two others with them. Against the great majority of these poor people there is not even a charge—many of them had been in prison six months before Admiral's affair; and in four cases, and four only, is there any attempt to connect them with it.

1. When the news of the attack on Collot d'Herbois reached the little town of Choisy-sur-Seine, one Saintanax, a medical student, who had been drinking and quarrelling in a coffee-house, had said that he was sorry that such a scoundrel had escaped, but

that neither he nor Robespierre would escape long.

2. A poor schoolmaster of the name of Cardinal was denounced as having spoken disrespectfully of Robespierre, particularly with reference to Robespierre's presumption in the part he had played in the fête de l'Etre Suprême—but this was eighteen days after the attempted assassination.

3. A woman of the name of Lamartinière was acquainted with Admiral, and had bought his furniture when he changed his lodgings; she probably was more intimate with him than she was willing to allow, but nothing was stated to give any idea that she

had any share in, or knowledge of his crime.

4. A lady of the name of Lemoine-Crecy had two servants-one Portebouf and his wife; the wife, coming home from the market the morning after Collot's assassination, reported the news with this addition, that 'the malheureux who had made the attempt had been taken.' The word malheureux might be construed either as blaming or as pitying Admiral; the latter was the sense assumed by Lacoste. Her husband, too, was charged, when he heard the news, with having said 'c'est bien malheureux,' which was also construed in a bad sense—and their mistress, Madame Lemoine-Crecy, was asked whether Portebouf did not tell her the news, and add 'c'est bien malheureux.' She answered 'No;' that she had first seen it in the morning newspaper. Will it be believed that on this charge, and this ambiguous meaning of the word 'malheureux,' Portebœuf was executed as an accomplice of Admiral, whom he had never seen, nor, before that morning, heard of?-but, still more dreadful, Madame Lemoine herself was executed because it was alleged that her servant had used these words in her presence! These are the nearest approach to anything like a charge in the whole sixty-two

The young Laval Montmorency—the Princes of Rohan-Rochefort, and of St. Maurice—and the Marquises de Pons and de

Marsan, were guilty of their-names.

The venerable Sombreuil, saved in the massacres of September by the heroism of his daughter, now died, accompanied by his son, The daughter again exerted her filial piety, and implored the mercy of the Convention and the Tribunal; but the Convention and Tribunal, more cruel than the Massacreurs, sent both father and son to death-and the indictment does not even affect to assign a reason.

In those days no great sympathy was felt for these pure and noble persons, but considerable public interest was felt for a lady of celebrated beauty, though of somewhat equivocal character, called Madame de Sainte Amaranthe. Many stories are told as to the cause of her fate. One was, that at a dinner at her house, Robespierre, warmed with wine, had divulged some of his projects; and being apprised of this indiscretion next day by the actor Trial, one of the guests, he ensured the silence of the whole company by sending them to the scaffold. It would be easy to disprove this story, but it cost Trial his livelihood and his life; for, after the 9th Thermidor, the public hissed him off the stage, which, it seems, broke his heart. The interest, however, was not so much for Madame de Sainte Amaranthe, as for her young, and still more beautiful daughter, just married to the son of the celebrated minister Sartines.—They all, with the young Louis de Sainte Amaranthe, aged only 17, perished on the same scaffold. The young woman exhibited at the bar so much leveliness, and such admirable spirit, that even Fouquier was startled; and showedafter his own fashion-if not his admiration, at least his wonder, by exclaiming that 'he had a mind to follow the cart, to see whether the --- would brazen it out to the last."

There are twenty others of these cases on which we should have something to say, but we must pass on to facts if possible more striking than those we have related. There were four superior officers (administrateurs) of the police at Paris, named Marino, Froidure, Soulès, and Dangé. These men were energetic patriots-we need not add, execrable villains; but had, it seems, now fallen into disgrace with the Committees. After the sixtyfour were ranged on the fatal benches, the Public Accuser called for the four administrators, who came bowing and smiling, and requesting 'to know in what way their services were required.' Oh! terrible surprise! Fouquier's answer was to order the gensd'armes to lay hold of them, and place them with the criminals. He had received supplementary orders from the Committee to include these fellows in the pending condemnation, but on what grounds he did not condescend to state, and the wretches them-

selves had probably no distinct idea!

But there came still another victim, and well worthy was he to appear as an epilogue to this tragedy. Just as the trial was about to begin, Dumas, the president, being in his private room, a note was brought to him, apostrophising him as a 'man of blood-murderer -monster-that had put to death the family and friends of the

writer-

writer—who desired to share the fate of those that were to die that day, as he shared their opinions and sentiments.' This note—evidently that of a man driven to madness by grief and despair—was signed 'Comte de Fleury.' At the moment that Dumas had read the note, Fouquier came into the room. 'Here,' said Dumas, handing him the note, 'is a little billet-doux.' 'Ah!' replied Fouquier, 'the gentleman is in a hurry! but I will indulge him.' The sixty-four prisoners were already in court—'soon after,' said the witness, 'five others were added: the four administrators, and a fifth, who, being asked his name, answered—the Count de Fleury!'

To this terrible charge Fouquier could only reply that he remembered nothing of it, and that the witness must be mistaken; but the witness's account was corroborated by other evidence, and is confirmed by a slight but decisive circumstance—in the 'Liste des Condamnés' the names of the original indictment are complete in numerical order, and then are added, in a kind of note and without the usual running number, the four adminis-

trators-and the Comte de Fleury.

The trial had begun before this last incident; but where are the documents?—the witnesses? There are none! The sole and simple formality is, that Dumas requires each individual to answer directly 'Yes' or 'No' to 'Was he (or she) an accomplice in the design against Collot or Robespierre? Admiral answered boldly, 'Yes.' Cécile said that she had not meant to hurt anybody. All the rest answered 'No'—several endeavoured to speak, but the President silenced them. The young Prince de St. Maurice was heard to say, 'You brought me here on a charge of emigration—I have here proofs—.' Dumas cut him short, and sentenced the whole sixty-nine* to death.

To flatter the vanity and vengeance of Robespierre and Collot, it occurred to Fouquier to consider this attack on those fathers of the country as a parricide; and he had red shirts prepared, in which—to mark the enormity of their guilt—the whole were sent to the scaffold that same day; and Fouquier, who looked out to enjoy so extraordinary a procession, exclaimed jocosely that it

looked like a fournée of cardinals!

^{*} Mr. Alison's imperfect account of this affair concludes with the following statement. 'Her [Cácile Renaud's] whole relations, to the number of sixty, were involved in her fats, among whom were a number of young men bravely combating on the frontier in defence of their country.' (Hist. v. ii. p. 321.) We say nothing of the style of this passage, but its facts are false. Instead of sixty relatives of Cácile, there were but three—her father, her aunt, and a young brother. None of the others were in any way connected either with her or her crime. As to the 'number of young men bravely combating on the frontier,' there was not one to whom this description could apply. Cácile had indeed two other brothers who were brought up from the army to Paris, but they were not executed nor even tried.

Whether seven other persons, condemned on the same day in the other section of the court, were included in this melancholy masquerade, as well as in the butchery of that awful day, we are not informed.

This is the case known by the name of the 'Chemises Rouges', and we think it will puzzle the most inordinate admirer of the Revolution to discover how these, and many thousand similar atrocities, could have contributed in any way, immediate or remote, to the regeneration—even if they had needed to be regene-

rated—of the French people.

Will our readers credit that we have got through but little more than half this catalogue of crimes, though we have arrived within six weeks of the 9th Thermidor? In these six weeks 1200 more victims are to die. The principal engine was that most absurd, but, as we have shown, the most convenient of all pretexts, the Conspiracy of prisons. About the 4th or 5th of July it was resolved to bring 159 prisoners from the Luxembourg to trial at once; and Fouquier actually had the court of the Salle de la Liberté altered and a scaffolding* raised, capable of containing 200 persons at once; and, as if this were likely not to suffice, preparation was made for adding more seats if necessary. Fouquier and the surviving members of the Committees threw upon each other the blame of this project, and claimed the merit (!) of having divided the massacre into three batches. But what Fouquier could not deny-for the document was there-was, that one sentence of death against the whole number had been drawn up and signed by the judges the day before any of them were tried, and it was on this premature sentence that the first batch was executed! These three batches, with some tried in the other court, were sent to the scaffold-67 on the 7th of July, 60 on the 9th, and 44 on the 10th of July; total in three days 171. And then followed the prisoners of the Carmes and La Force, and St. Lazare, thirty, forty, fifty a day.

By this time Fouquier and the Tribunal had lost all sense of shame, and seem to have become literally drunk with blood; and every frightful anecdote that we related in our former pages

^{*} M. Thiers says that Fouquier had erected a guillotine in the great hall of the Palais, and that it was only by the reiterated orders of the Committees that he was forced reluctantly to remove it; and we made the same statement in our essay on Robespierre. We suspect, however, that this was a mistake occasioned by an ambiguous use of the word échafaud, and we now incline to believe that the échafaud—scaffold—which Fouquier was said to have erected was what would be better expressed by échafaudage, scaffolding; indeed, we find it called échafaudage in a note to the Procès, No. xx. The Guillotine is nowhere mentioned; and the context everywhere seems to imply that the scaffolding, raised for the trial of 200 prisoners, was meant.—See Procès Fouquier, Réponse des Membres des Comités, p. 58; and Moniteur, 31st August, 1791.

would

would find a hundred echos in the accumulated horrors of this last fortnight. Narrow as our space grows, we must find room for a few out of many hundred interesting cases.

Several instances appeared in which the judges had signed sentences in blank, which were never filled up—though the prisoners had been executed. In explaining one such case, Wolf, one of the clerks of the court, gave the following singular evidence:—

'This was caused by the extreme rapidity of the operations—no criminal could be executed without a certificate of the sentence from the officiating clerk, and the clerk, for his own safety, would not give the certificate till he had obtained the signature of the judges to the sentence; but the time being too short for copying these judgments out fair for signature the same day, and as it would have been an act of inhumanity to have kept the wretched prisoners in an agony of twenty-four hours, waiting for death—the clerks obtained the judges' signature to a form, which he could fill in next day at his leisure, and in the meanwhile was safe in giving the certificate for execution. The reason that the sentence now produced is still in blank is, that Legris, the officiating clerk on that occasion, and who was to have filled them up, was himself arrested at five o'clock one morning, and guillotined at four o'clock the same afternoon.'—Proc. Foug. No. xxii.

This, we think, exceeds anything we ever heard or read of. A tender-hearted clerk sends a crowd of prisoners to death twenty-four hours before their time—merely to spare their feelings, and is himself within the same day arrested, tried, and guillotined by the same sort of summary humanity!

Several women, when suddenly sentenced to death, endeavoured to delay the execution by a declaration of pregnancy. In the earlier days a decent respite was allowed to ascertain the fact, and some women were saved; others, amongst the rest Osselin's mistress, were, after a delay of five months, executed: but latterly such questions were decided with the most indecent rapidity. In the very last week of the existence of the Tribunal an extraordinary number of ladies were condemned. 'I saw,' said Wolf, the clerk before quoted, 'at least ten or twelve women executed the same day that they had declared themselves pregnant. The cases were indeed referred to the examination of the medical men, but upon their cowardly refusal to speak decisively, they were all guillotined.' Another clerk, Tavernier, tells the story in more detail. He was summoned to a meeting of judges to draw up the order for the execution of the unhappy women, who—as Fouquier and Coffinhal, one of the vicepresidents, told him-had been examined; and as the medical men would not say they were pregnant, and as they had been all VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLVI. 2 F

shut up in the Maison Lazare apart from men, their plea must be rejected.' On this Tavernier had the courage to observe,—'first, that some of them—the Duchess de St. Aignan, for instance, who was four months gone—had been in the same prison with her husband; but, secondly, that they were all condemned for a conspiracy with men—the indictment alleged that they had secret interviews with their male accomplices—and therefore their plea could not possibly be rejected on the ground stated.' Upon which Coffinhal, the next in rank and ferocity to Dumas, who was dictating the warrant of execution, told him that 'he had no voice in the affair, and was to write what he was ordered.' The other judges were silent. Tavernier wrote the order according to Coffinhal's * dictation, and the unhappy ladies were all executed.

One victim seemed, on Fouquier's trial, to rise from the grave to confront her assassins. M. and Mde. de Serilly had afforded an asylum to the Countess de Montmorin; this was a mortal crime, and they, with the Countess, were brought before the Tribunal as accomplices of Madame Elizabeth, and all condemned, as we have seen. Madame de Serilly, on hearing the sentence, fainted away; but Madame de Montmorin, seeing her friend speechless at her feet, had the presence of mind to declare to the Tribunal that 'Madame de Serilly was pregnant.' M. de Serilly and Madame de Montmorin were led to death; and Madame de Serilly was removed to some hospital, where she was so utterly forgotten that it was supposed she had been executed with her husband, and her death was recorded in the official registers of Paris. On Fouquier's trial, however, she re-appeared, and holding her certificate of death in her hand, gave the following evidence :-

On the 10th of May, my husband and I, and twenty-three other persons, were condemned to death on this spot.

'We were charged, my husband and I, as accomplices of the 28th of February, 20th of June, and 10th of August. All our trial was to ask us our names, our ages, and our qualities. Dumas silenced us—not one was heard.

'My life was saved by a declaration of pregnancy, which the surgeons confirmed.

'I saw my husband there—there—where I now see his murderers.

^{*} We cannot now comprehend how the Princess Lubomirska, Madame de St. Aignan, and others far advanced in pregnancy could have been executed—but so stands the evidence. Coffinhal fled on the 9th Thermidor, and hid himself in the Isis des Cygness, a kind of marsh, which the Pont de Jena has obliterated. There, after suffering dreadful extremities of cold and hunger, he was forced to give himself up to the tenderer mercy of the guilletine. He was executed the 19th Thermidor.

⁴ Llore

'Here is the certificate of my death, which has been delivered to me by the proper authorities!'—Proc. Fouq., No. xxxviii.

We know not that there is anything in the imaginary drama finer than the appearance of this widowed lady, still young, standing in that awful place, and exclaiming, with out-stretched hand, 'J'ai vu L' mon mari—J'y vois aujourd'hui ses bourreaux.'*

A similar case, but of more complicated enormity, was produced two days after, of which we have the authentic details, not only in Fouquier's trial, but in a report made to the Convention itself in 1795. There appeared at Fouquier's trial a young lady-her maiden name had been St. Pern-she was the widow of the Marquis de Cornuillière. She related that she, aged 21, her husband, 22, her brother, under 17, her mother, an uncle, a grand-uncle, aged 80, and her grandfather, aged 81—seven of one family, and three generations-were all brought before the Tribunal on the 9th of July, and condemned as having been accomplices of the tenth of August, though they could have shown that they were at that time residents of St. Malo, in Brittany: but the Tribunal would not hear them-nay, they would not look at them-for the boy under 17 was condemned as his own father—as the father of his sister four years older than he—as the husband of his own mother—as the grandfather of five or six nephews and nieces. It had happened, by some accident, that the father, M. St. Pern, was left in the prison, and the son, who was not even alluded to in the indictment, was brought in his stead. As his name had not been mentioned, it was concluded that he was safe; and the young mother, certain that she and her husband were about to die, recommended her infant children to the care of this brother; but, to their astonishment, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty against him-by his father's name, age, and title-and he perished accordingly with the rest of his family, except Madame de Cornuillière, who was seven months gone with child, and was saved. She further charged three of the persons then under trial with Fouquier-Renaudin, Chatelet, and Prieur—with having been jurors on her unhappy case. They strenuously denied the fact .-

'Alas!' said the young widow, 'I have a sad record of these men's names. When my husband was leaving me to go to execution he cut off his hair for me, folding it up in the list of the jury which had been delivered to us on our coming to the Tribunal.'—Proc. Fouq., No. xl. And she produced the packet—the names were there—and a

^{*} An interesting letter of Madame de Serilly's, giving a detailed account of this trial (too long for insertion here), is printed in Nougaret's Histoire des Prisons, iv. 251; but by extraordinary ignorance he confounds Madame de Serilly with Madame de Sitlery-Genlis. A stranger blunder we never met with.

cry of pity and indignation burst from the whole court and

auditory.

There is a terrible and complicated case revealed by the evidence of Réal-Buonaparte's celebrated Count Réal-who is mixed up in all these affairs as public prosecutor of the first Tribunal, and successively counsel, prisoner, and almost victim, of the second. He states that a youth under 16, of the name of Mellet-a prisoner with him in the Luxembourg, and who was a general favourite for his graceful appearance and lively and obliging manners-had one evening, by mistake, answered the call of the jailers for one Maillé.* The boy took an affectionate leave of Réal, hoping that he was about to rejoin his father and mother, who were in another prison, but was taken to the Tribunal on the 21st of July-where, of course, there was no charge against him, as he was not the person intended—no matter!—he was sent to the guillotine to complete the number; and the unhappy mother only learned from Réal's lips, after the 9th Thermidor, the fate of her boy. The sequel of this story is still more shocking. There was a lady, widow of the Vicomte de Mailléher maiden name Leroux-confined in St. Lazare, whither her son, another boy of 16, had voluntarily accompanied her; and he was no doubt the person for whom the jailers were inquiring at the Luxembourg on the 21st of July, and for whom the other boy, Mellet, suffered on the next day. But this poor Maillé did not escape, for on the 23rd of July he was removed from St. Lazare to the Conciergerie, and thence next morning to the Tribunal and the scaffold-his crime being that he had thrown a rotten herring at the turnkey who had brought it to him. (Procès, No. 39.) On his condemnation he stated that he was not sixteen years old (an age protected by the law). The president brutally answered, 'May be so, but you are four score for crime.' (Ib.) His mother, who appeared on Fouquier's trial, stated these circumstances, which excited the liveliest horror and astonishment in the audience; and also revealed another if possible more hideous scene of the same protracted tragedy—that on the 25th of July it was intended that she herself should have been brought before the Tribunal, but there was found another lady with the almost synonymous name of Maillet (née Simon), and she was brought forward and tried as the Vicomtesse de Maillé (née Leroux). This mistake was immediately discovered by Madame Simon Maillet's not being able to understand the questions of name and age intended for Madame Leroux Maillé; and the officer of the court told the former, with cool and cruel audacity, ' You were not

^{*} Either by an error of the press or of his own ear, this name is given in Réal's evidence as Bellay: it seems certain that it should be Maillé.

the person intended, but 'tis as well to-day as to-morrow,'—and she was executed. But Madame Leroux Maillé was still to be disposed of; and in the night between the 26th and 27th of July this latter lady was removed from St. Lazare to the Conciergerie, and next day (the 9th Thermidor) brought before the Tribunal. When she saw those who had murdered her son three days before, she fell into convulsions, and the people interfered to prevent her being tried in that state. Robespierre was overthrown that evening, and she thus escaped from this embroglio of misnomer and murder.*

Fouquier having ordered a Duchess Dowager de Biron to be brought up for judgment, the usher of the court came back and said there were two widow Birons—one F. P. Roye, widow of the old Marshal de Biron, aged seventy-one—the other Amélie Boufflers, widow of the Duc de Biron lately executed, aged forty-eight; he replied sharply, 'Bring them both.' They were both brought next day (27th June, 1794), tried, and executed. And to this and several other similar cases Fouquier made the same audacious answer—that both the parties were on his lists, and were both intended to be executed, though he had at first happened to send only for one, (Procès Fouquier, Nos. vi. xviii. xxii.)

We must here mention an episode in this tragic drama, which has been little noticed, and never explained. On the 12th of March, 1794, on a long and enigmatical report of St. Just, six Revolutionary Tribunals, to be called Popular Commissions, were created for the purpose of judging rapidly the persons accumulated in the various prisons. These were evidently intended for some purpose to which they were not afterwards applied, for only two were appointed, and that not till the middle of May, and with no larger powers than to report for the decision of the Committees of Government what patriots might be liberated—what minor offenders transported—what conspirators sent to the Tribunal. One or two reports were made, of which the Committees took no notice for several weeks, but at last were induced to ratify them. By these decrees above 500 persons were to be turned over to the Tribunal. We know not whether any were proposed to be liberated-some were to be deported, and we believe that there was not a prisoner in Paris who would not have gladly accepted deportation as mercy. But in no case can we discover

^{*} If the difference of the dates and places were not so distinct, we could not have credited such complicated confusion of names and persons as this affair presents, and which was really worse than it appears in the text; for there was another Madame de Maillé in the prison of the Rue de Sèvres, who had a very narrow escape of being executed for her sister-in-law, Madame Leroux Maillé.—Histoire des Prisons, ii. 149.

that any merciful result followed these decrees, and the blasted hope was, in every instance that we are able to trace, the prelude to deeper misery. This very obscure affair allies itself to our present subject in an extraordinary and melancholy way. There was in the Luxembourg prison an old general officer of the name of Tardieu-Malesey, with his wife and two daughters—one the wife of M. du Bois-Berenger, the other unmarried. Of the beauty, talents, spirit, and amiability of 'la jeune Bois-Berenger' we read the most rapturous accounts, and the fate of the whole family created a general interest. Into this case one of these Popular Commissions inquired, and, on the 26th of June, found them all to be

extremely fanatical—having daily communications with priests, and keeping up a continued intercourse with them—which might bring about

a counter-revolution' (Courtois' Rep., App. xxxix.)-

—and sentenced them, in consequence, to deportation. This would have been, at any other time, a hard sentence for the revolutionary crime of daily prayer, but it was now a deliverance. This decision of the Commission, though dated on the 26th of June, was not ratified by the Committees of Government until the 21st of July, but it was then ratified, stamped, and ordered to be carried into effect. Alas! M. and Madame de Malesey and their two daughters had been, a fortnight before (9th of July), executed in

one of the batches of the Luxembourg prisoners!

In one of the last of the prison batches occurred the celebrated case of M. de Loizerolles, executed under a warrant prepared for his son. Amidst such, and so many horrors, we are not surprised that good feeling, to say nothing of national vanity, should seize on an incident that might diversify with any amiable traits the mean and monotonous butchery of these scenes. Everybody has read, therefore, with sympathy the accounts of M. Loizerolles' being awakened in the middle of the night by the jailer's calling for his son, and having the heroic presence of mind to answer to the call without disturbing the unconscious youth. This touching scene is represented in one of the 'Tableaux Historiques de la Révolution, and has been repeated in memoirs and histories till it seems paradoxical to question any of the circumstances. And yet truth requires us to say that the circumstances have been essentially misstated, or-as the narrators and artists no doubt thought-improved. For our own parts we are satisfied that the real value of all such anecdotes lies in their strict truth. The facts-never, we believe, before collected, and only to be found scattered through Fouquier's trial-are these. The original warrant was neither for Loizerolles the father, nor for Loizerolles

Loizerolles the son, but for Loizerolles, a daughter! (Proces, No. xix.) There seems to have been no such person: and how this first mistake occurred is not explained; but the warrant was for Loizerolles fille. With this warrant against Loizerolles fille, the officers proceeded to the maison d'arrêt de St. Lazare; and—about four o'clock on the evening of the 25th of July—and therefore in full daylight, carried off 'Loizerolles père.' Thus vanishes the interesting night-scene of the 'Tableaux Historiques;' and what really passed was this—for which we have the evidence of young Loizerolles fils himself:—

'On the 7th Thermidor (25th July), about four o'clock in the evening, I heard the name Loizerolles called in the corridors. I, not doubting that this call of death was meant for me, ran to my father's room to take my last leave of him: but what did I see?—a turnkey about to carry off my father! I hastened to apprise my mother that my father was about to be taken from us for ever—she came instantly and embraced him with a cry of despair—my father was carried off. I followed him to where my mother could not see our last pangs at parting. When we were at the last wicket, he said to me, "My boy, console your mother—live for her—they may murder, but they cannot degrade me." My tears, my grief, prevented any answer; but I was about to embrace him for the last time, when the turnkey brutally thrust me back, and shut the door insolently in my face, with these cruel words, "You cry like a child, but your own turn will come to-morrow."

"When my father reached the Conciergerie, they furnished him with a copy of his indictment; but what was his surprise, in looking at it, to find it was meant for me, and not for him! It was then that he formed the generous resolution of sacrificing himself for me; and communicated his design to Boucher, a friend and fellow-sufferer. Boucher admired his heroism, but dissuaded him, saying, "You will destroy yourself, and

not save him." 'On the 8th Thermidor (26th July) my father and thirty fellowsufferers appeared before the court. The indictment is read-Loizerolles the younger is arraigned; but, instead of a youth, it is a venerable old man with long white hairs who answers the call. What can be said for the judge or the jury who could thus condemn an old man of sixtytwo for a youth of twenty-two? That same afternoon my father dieddied for his son-and his son did not know it for three months! My mother and I were still detained. At last, on the 6th Brumaire (26th October) we were restored to liberty-liberty dearly bought-but how welcome if my father had lived to share it! It was a few days after my release that M. Prauville, a fellow-prisoner of my father, who had escaped death by the 9th Thermidor, informed me of the particulars which I have related. I met M. Prauville casually in the street; he recognized me-congratulated me on having also escaped the storm, and then told me what I have repeated. I hardly knew how to believe it; but I next day acquired a full certainty of its truth; for, passing over the bridge of the Hôtel Dieu, and looking at the posting-bills with which it was covered,

covered, I saw the affiche of my own death. With the permission of the patrole, I tore it off and carried it to Berlier, a member of the Convention, by whom a strict inquiry was made into the whole case; and my mother and I had our property restored to us.'—Proce's Fouquier, No. xliii.

But the truth is, that, although the elder Loizerolles was, like all the rest, murdered, it was not by mistake for either son or daughter. He was all along the intended victim; and the clerical errors in the description—however made—were corrected, before sentence, by the pen of the Judge (Ib. xix.). So that the Tribunal knew, at least, whom it was condemning. It is, however, additionally painful to think that the sacrifice of M. de Loizerolles was made on the very day before the fall of Robespierre.

But another and even more deplorable affair happened next day; and we shall conclude our notice of individual cases with this-the very last of the whole series-which actually took place after Robespierre's fall-it is almost worthy of being the finishing stroke of this protracted massacre. A gentleman of the name of Puy-Deverine, aged sixty-nine, and his wife aged fiftyfive, were sentenced (we cannot make out on what charge), with forty other persons, and executed in the evening of the 9th Thermidor by the special order of Fouquier—though the executioner himself, having heard of the fall of Robespierre, had suggested the delay of the execution. It was proved on Fouquier's trial that M. Puy-Deverine had been for upwards of three years deaf and dumb, and in such a woeful paralysis of all his vital functions as to be in a state worse than death. His excellent wife had devoted herself to the care of this breathing corpse. The pair had been examined before the Popular Commission before mentioned;—they were acquitted of all crime and promised their immediate liberation; and they were liberated—they were guillotined! -it was a mercy to both; but as it was the last, so it was perhaps the most abominable, the most wanton, cruel, and impious sacrifice of all that the Tribunal had made! The substantial wickedness of this murder throws into the shade the minor crime—that this unhappy couple were actually arraigned, condemned, and executed under the husband's baptismal name of Durand-so little did Fouquier or the Tribunal know or care who it was that completed their predestined number of victims.

The day that followed this last exhibition of the tyranny of Robespierre saw Robespierre himself and twenty-two of his associates brought to the same scaffold—and on the next day seventy—and a few days after fourteen others; amongst these there were, of the Tribunal, the president, Dumas—the senior judge, Coffinhal—Fleuriot-l'Escot, formerly Fouquier's deputy—and five or

six of the jurors;—but Fouquier and all the other members took their usual places at the Tribunal as if nothing had happened, and sent to the scaffold these their patrons and colleagues with the same callous zeal that they had shown against their former victims.

The first movement of the Convention on the day of Robespierre's execution was to dissolve the Tribunal, and a decree to that effect passed; but in an hour or two, Billaud Varennes hurried down to the sitting, and complained of this unpatriotic decree, and we may almost say commanded the Convention to repeal it. The Convention obeyed; and so little was either the principle or practice of the Tribunal discredited either in that assembly or public opinion, that (although Fouquier and some of the most notorious of the surviving judges and jurors were arrested) the Tribunal itself was on the 9th August replenished and re-established in all its monstrous power (except only that the law of the 22d Prairial was repealed), and five of the former judges—all the officers and

several of the jurors-were re-appointed to it.

The proceedings of this new court seem to have been almost as irregular and arbitrary as those of the old. From the 27th of November till the 16th of December it was employed in the trial of Carrier and his associates for the unparalleled massacres of Nantes, and he and two associates were condemned and executed on the latter day; but twenty-six of his accomplices, though found guilty of the facts of murder, pillage, &c., were acquitted as not having perpetrated them with counter-revolutionary intentions; and as it was a revolutionary tribunal, it inferred that it was not authorised to punish any but counter-revolutionary offences. This extraordinary view of the duties of the Tribunal, which would have equally required the acquittal of Carrier himself, excited general surprise, and produced consequences which, to our ideas of law, seem even more extraordinary. On the 18th December Lecointre of Versailles denounced this iniquitous verdict to the Convention, which, upon his motion, with very little objection, ordered the acquitted persons to be re-arrested, and directed the Committee of Legislation to propose measures for having them tried againand this was done at Angers, some months later. The Tribunal itself was dissolved, and another created (28th of December) with an entirely new and less arbitrary organization, by which, as might be expected, it lost all its revolutionary value; and after trying Fouquier and his associates from the 29th of March to the 6th of May, it was finally abolished on the 2d of June, 1795.

Fouquier and fifteen accomplices—judges, jurors, and witnesses—were executed on the 7th of May; and it was observed that they were followed to the scaffold by a class of persons more respectable than had ever been seen on such occasions, reproaching the cul-

prits with the murder of a wife, a husband, a parent, or a child. We will add but a few lines to complete our account of Antony-Quentin Fouquier-Tinville. He began life as an attorney, and was successively a fraudulent bankrupt, a clerk in a police office, foreman of the jury in the first revolutionary tribunal, public accuser before the second, indicted under the third, and tried and executed, at the age of 38, under the fourth, 'for having, under colour of legal judgments, put to death an innumerable crowd of French citizens of every sex and every age.' (Procès, No. lx.) His countenance, let us add, was a perfect type of his character; and that character seems so entirely beyond the pale of ordinary humanity, that one reads with a kind of surprise, as if it was unnatural, that he left a widow and several young children.

The defence of Fouquier and his fellow-culprits was, that they were only instruments of the Government in the execution of laws duly enacted; but this apology cannot be allowed, even if we admitted the principle—for it was proved that in hundreds of instances they outran the cruelty of their ferocious government and the rigour of their iniquitous laws: and, as they were justly told on their trial, no pretended duty to the government, nor even the reaction of the terror they created, could justify bloodthirsty

perseverance and pertinacity such as theirs,

Let it not be forgotten, that while all this was going on in Paris there were Revolutionary Tribunals at work in most of the great cities of France—in Lyons, Nantes, Bordeaux, Nismes, Arras, and several others—which, though not so regular and continuous in their operations as the Parisian Tribunal, equalled them in the atrocity, and frequently exceeded them in the extent of their massacres. We have not room for even the slightest review of those innumerable and stupendous crimes, but a general recollection that death was at least as busy in the provinces as in the capital is necessary to a due appreciation of the transactions we have been describing.

But for what ultimate object could this complicated system of murder have been pursued? We have seen that its origin was obscure and its advance gradual, but none of the actors in it seem ever to have thought of whither it was going or how it was to end,

We, strangers to the country, and not quite contemporary with the events—wanting the opportunities of information, and unversed in the traditional details of domestic history and manners, which none but a native can ever perfectly possess—we cannot pretend to have always traced with accuracy, or developed with clearness, these ancient 'Mystères de Paris,' more horrible than the morbid imagination of the modern romancer can invent, and which are probably the secret source from which that morbid imagination

has been unconsciously supplied. We have confessed that we are not able to form any clear idea of the motives of these enormous massacres; and the more closely we look at the details, the more embarrassed we are to find any solution of our difficulty. The deaths of the Queen, and even of Madame Elizabeth, of Charlotte Corday, of the Brissotins, the Hébertists, the Dantonists, and a few scattered individuals such as Egalité, Bailly, Barnave, Manuel, Miaczinski, and Custine, we can account for-not, indeed, on any rational principle, but as an exercise of party vengeance and political fanaticism; but we can trace no motive of this kind (at least to any extent) later than the death of the Dantonists on the 5th of April, 1794; and when we add, that of the whole number of victims of this Tribunal-2730-Danton was only the 561st, our readers will see that into the short space between the 7th of April and the 27th of July (9th Thermidor), there were crowded 2169 executions, for the great majority of which we are not only unable to give any reason, but we have never seen or heard of any attempt to assign one. We do not say that we cannot here and there trace individual motives and personal enmities, but they were only accessories which took the favourable opportunity of indulging themselves: they certainly were not the original cause.

That which comes nearest to a kind of general motive was Barère's principle to 'battre monnaie;' but even this fails as a primum mobile, for by an examination of the lists it appears that, of the whole number of 2730, the rich may be taken at rather less than 650, and the middle and lower classes somewhat above 1000 each. We can account for batches of the rich-such as the 31 farmers-general, and 25 parlementarians—but what are they among so many? And it must be admitted that nowhere was the doctrine of equality more scrupulously exemplified than in the lists of the Revolutionary Tribunals, where we find princes and porters—duchesses and kitchen-maids—counts and carters magistrates, priests, soldiers, shopkeepers, artizans, day-labourers, and even felons, all confounded-but still with a due proportion of rich and poor-in one common slaughter. What could have been its motive? It was not that the Government had any charge against, or real apprehensions of, these alleged counterrevolutionists, nor could it have any personal object in getting rid of them; with the exception of about a hundred political adversaries, there was not one of the victims of whom the Government could have been in any way afraid or even jealous. On the contrary, the Committees seem to have been very much puzzled to discover pretexts for bringing them before the Tribunal; and they had so little choice as to who should be brought, provided that sufficiently

sufficiently large batches were found, that it is proved that they latterly committed so largely to the meanest of their agentsjailers, turnkeys, and convicts—the power of life and death in making up the list of victims, that makers of lists became a recognized class in the prisons, and grew to be persons of importance, to whom, base as they were, the other prisoners were constrained to pay a certain kind of court (Réal, Procès, No. xiv.); and bribes as large as 400 Louis and as small as a bottle of brandy were given for the precarious protection of these wretches. (Tableau Historique de Lazare, p. 53.) In short, the object seems to have been to keep the guillotine going-to produce the daily profusion of victims. On one occasion Fouquier, in his nightly visit to the Committee de Sureté Générale, stated that he had a list of thirtyfive for the next day, and hoped to have sixty for the day after: the announcement was received by an exclamation of 'Bravo!' (Procès, No. xii.) from the whole committee, as if there were some difficulty in completing the numbers. And all this becomes still more surprising when we look at the official return, given in the 'Moniteur,' of the total number of prisoners in Paris during the greater portion of this period :-

					Prisoners.
1st December,		•		•	 4133
4th January,	1794				4697
23rd February,	29				5829
14th April,	33				7241
20th May,	99		•		7080
1st June,	99				7084
8th July,	99				7502
27th July,	99				7913

And we have the evidence of the chief clerk in the police-office (Procès, xv.) and of Lecointre in his charge against the members of the committees, that these numbers were, latterly at least, short by 1000. It is obvious that, compared with such a number of prisoners as 8900, the daily drafts of the Tribunal, enormous as they seem in themselves, were of little importance: 882 victims perished between the 1st of June and the 8th of July, and yet the number of prisoners increased by 418; and 606 perished between the 8th and 27th of July, with, still, an increase of 411.

By what hypothesis can we account for so great and so constant an influx of prisoners, that even these prodigious executions could not diminish the total number? Personal animosity must have been long since satiated, yet the cruelty was more vehement than ever:—

^{&#}x27; Du sang-il faut du sang!-quoiqu'on n'ait plus de haine.'

Why, if the Committees were no longer actuated by enmity against

against the individuals, did they murder so many; why, if they wanted to get rid of these prisoners, did they murder so few? How did the leaders suppose that it was to end? Where were they to find the solution of a difficulty growing every hour more inextricable?—or were they all mad? No! not mad, in the ordinary sense of the word, for they undoubtedly were acting on some system of what they thought policy. It is impossible to disconnect the facts of the increased number of executions and the growth of Robespierre's influence; nor, on the other hand, can it be denied that he had absented himself personally from the Committees for six weeks before his fall, and that in these six weeks the executions had doubled, tripled, quadrupled. We have heretofore noticed the opinion that Robespierre was inclined to arrest this march of death, but we always doubted it. A reperusal of his original speeches in the Jacobin Club and in the Convention confirms our earlier impression, that, during the time that he, from some personal pique, absented himself from the Committees, he was still urging and stimulating the sanguinary zeal of his colleagues; and that, if indeed he contemplated a return to mercy and justice, his scheme must have been to produce a revulsion by satiety and surfeit of blood. But there is a fact closely connected with this part of our subject, which we have never yet seen noticed in reference to it, and which we think important and remarkable. While Fouquier and the Committees, and their agents and list-makers, were so hard run to find food for the Tribunals as to guillotine peasants for 'pricking themselves with pins,' and sempstresses for 'scolding,' there were somewhere in the prisons of Paris seventy-three members of the Convention, the important and influential remains of the great Girondin party, any connexion with which was the most fatal charge that Fouquier could introduce into one of his acts of accusation. How then did it happen that none of these ready-made victims were ever brought to the sacrifice? How and why were they-and they only, of any class of prisoners, so mercifully forgotten, or rather so carefully spared?-and why, after the 9th Thermidor, was not their innocence immediately and with acclamation proclaimed, and themselves recalled to their duties in the Senate? Why were they-and they, again we say, alone of any class of prisonerskept for months in the same illegal durance in which they had lain for above a year? We can offer but one solution-that Robespierre was reserving them to liberate and bring forwardwhen his plan should be ripe-to turn the scale against his opponents, and confirm his majority in the Convention and his popularity in the country; -and that after his fall his successors were afraid of the return of these their old antagonists.

In fine the result seems to be—as Fouquier in his defence indicated—that 'the people wanted blood, and would have blood;' that the appetite grew with the indulgence; that although the bourgeoisie had become sick of the butchery, it was still, with the classes that had long given the law to Paris and now constituted the strength of the revolutionary government, the daily bread, the indispensable aliment of their political existence; and that both Robespierre and his adversaries were equally afraid that, if they paused for a moment in the career of blood, the good sense and courage of the country would have time to recover their influence, and would rise in indignant vengeance on the whole

system of tyranny and terror.

Here we conclude a paper too long for our limits—yet infinitely too short for our subject—of which, involved as it is in the confusion and obscurity of that long night of terror, we are well aware that we have given but a slight and imperfect sketch. Our object will have been attained if we shall induce those who wish to study the French Revolution, to trace its history to its original sources; and if we can awaken the attention of the general reader to the great truth with which the whole Revolution is pregnant—that the direct intervention of what is called the people—which in Revolutionary language means nothing but the demagogues and the populace—in the actual government of a country, can produce nothing but a miserable anarchy, of which blood and plunder are the first fruits, and despotism the ultimate and not unwelcome result and remedy.

Note.—In our late article on the Guillotine, we said that no one thought of Dr. Guillotin 'for the new Legislature.' We should have said 'for any of the subsequent Legislatures.' He was by law excluded from what is called the Legislature, but he might have belonged to the Convention, or some of the Councils, or the Tribunals, in which we find so many of his Constituant colleagues.

ART. IV.—1. A Supplementary Report on the Results of a Special Inquiry into the Practice of Interment in Towns, made at the request of Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department. By Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London. 1843.

2. On the Laying out, Planting, and Managing of Cemeteries, and on the Improvement of Churchyards. By J. C. Loudon,

F.L.S., &c. London. 1843.

3. Gatherings from Graveyards, particularly those of London. By G. A. Walker, Surgeon. London, 1839. 4. Necropolis

- Necropolis Glasguensis; with Observations on the ancient and modern Tombs and Sepulture. By John Strang. Glasgow. 1831.
- 5. Remarks on the Origin and Evils of City Interments, &c. Glasgow, 1842.
- A Tract upon Tombstones, with Illustrations. By F. E. Paget, M.A., Rector of Elford. Rugeley. 1843.
- 7. Letter on the appropriate Disposal of Monumental Sculpture. By Richard Westmacott, A.R.A., F.R.S. London. 1843.

SPLENDID in ashes and pompous in the grave,' Man has sometimes built himself an argument of immortality from the grandeur of his tomb; and the desire to preserve a festering body and a fading name from utter decay has been drawn into a natural evidence of the incorruption of the soul. But a splendid monument speaks as much of the dread of annihilation as of the hope of a resurrection; and the love of posthumous fame, whether in pyramids or in the mouths of men, is at best but a proof of the 'longing after' an immortality of which it gives no sign. The worm below mocks at the masonry above; the foundation of our monuments, as of our houses, is in the dust; and the nameless pyramid, and the broken urn, and the 'mummy become merchandise,' are as true a page in the history of the 'noble animal' as his grandest efforts of mind or hand after 'a diuturnity of memory.'

To baffle the powers of Death has been the struggle no less of the natural than of the spiritual man; and one people, by the art of embalment, has endeavoured to escape the corruption, which others have prevented by fire. While the piety of natural religion has made man's last want his greatest, and looked upon the violator of the dead as the worst enemy of the living, a yet earlier tradition has inspired him to escape the curse of the Worm, and the return to the dust from whence he sprung. To the latter bear witness the cinerary urns of Greece and Rome, the pyramids and mummies of Egypt, the decorated chamber-tombs of Etruria, perhaps also the gilded skulls and locomotive corpses of the Scythians; while Priam, Polydorus, Antigone, and Archytas exemplify the honour of the rites of burial; and the tabooed plots of New Zealand, and the cairns of the Esquimaux, are the extreme links of the chain of eternal and universal piety which hallows the Sepulchres of our Fathers. The 'dogs and birds,' so often denounced or averted as a curse by heathen poets, are scarcely less

[&]quot; 'Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.'—Sir T. Browne's Urn-burial, ch. v.

earnestly decried by the Psalmist; and to be buried like a king's daughter' may be said to have passed into an Hebrew proverb. Hardly any but an unbeliever in revelation would order his body to be burned; but it must be a Giaour to nature who could exclaim

What recks it, though his corse may lie
Within a living grave:

The bird that tears that prostrate form
Has only robbed the meaner worm.

The history of Revealed Religion exhibits to us a middle and a better way; neither indifferent nor over-scrupulous as to the fate of the mortal body, avoiding at once the outcasting to the beasts of the field, and the expensive carefulness of the funeral pyre. The rite of interment, in its literal sense of consigning a body to the ground, is indeed a singular recognition of the ancient curse, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;' for though other nations have, for a while and in a degree, used this custom, the unbroken tradition of the Jewish people alone observed it in its completeness and simplicity. The cave of Macpelah was purchased as a burying-place by the Father of the Faithful; and close by his side the bones of Joseph, after being borne by the children of Israel in their wanderings in the wilderness, rested in peace; and it seems no fortuitous emblem of God's people, as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, that their first possession in the land of promise should be a tomb. The case of Jonathan and Saul-and there are a few others recorded in Holy Writ—whose bones were burned—was a clear exception to their general usage, and even in this case the ashes were afterwards inhumed. But while the children of the Promise preserved inviolate the ancient rite of interment, and eschewed pompous monuments and vain epitaphs, their yet indistinct perception of a resurrection, the dawn only of a brighter day, was not allowed to penetrate the veil which hung over the grave, though even that was a pillar of light to them compared to the cloud and darkness which it was to the Gentiles. Ere the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre, death had still its defilement, and mourning its sackcloth and ashes.

But when our Lord by His own dying had taken away the pollution, as by His rising again He had taken away the sting of death; when life and immortality were brought to light, and the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body had established, once and

^{*} It is curious that this very expression, as applied to the vulture, should have been condemned by Longinus in the Sophist Gorgias, 1500 years before Byron wrote it. Thurs Induxes radge.—Long., ii. 2. It is not probable that the noble poet had seen the passage of either rhetorician.

for ever, all touching the mystery of the grave and of the life hereafter which man shall be permitted here to know, the doubt and uncertainty which harassed men's minds on the relations of life and death, and the things thereto pertaining, were ended, and to the single eye of faith the prospect, near and distant, was clear and plain. That body which He had taken upon Himself, and declared to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, which was to rise again in more glorious form, could never be relinquished to the beasts of the field; while that anointing which He took for His burial, and that sepulchre which He hanselled, purified the dead body, recognised ceremonies, and consecrated the tomb. The tearing of hair and rending of garments was modified into a sorrow not without hope; and as, under the Promise, the first plot of ground was a sepulchre—so, under its fulfilment, the first sepulchre was in a garden; as if to show that it was no longer the land of the dead, but of the living, and that death was shorn of half its terrors. That men could in any sense rejoice over the grave was not the least of the miracles of the early Christians; and nothing was more galling to the heathen and apostate emperors than the undesponding psalmody of their funeral processions and their devout thanksgiving at the tomb. St. Chrysostom is justly loud against the remnants of heathenism in the hired mourners who were sometimes obtruded; while St. Cyprian seems to have been over-earnest in his condemnation of sorrow and all its signs; for though our Lord rebuked the women of Jerusalem who wept for Him, He himself wept at the grave of Lazarus; and the devout men who carried Stephen to his burial made great lamentation over him. The Puritans, false, with all their professions, to every touch of nature, condemned, as did St. Cyprian, all mourning garments; what would they now say to the ostentatious weepers and flaunting hatbands which so pharisaically distinguish, in the north especially, their modern representatives? On the delicate and often perplexing subject of the degree and temper of mourning for the dead, let these words of Jeremy Taylor suffice:

Solemn and appointed mournings are good expressions of our dearness to the departed soul, and of his worth, and our value of him; and it hath its praise in nature, and in manners, and in public customs: but the praise of it is not in the Gospel, that is, it hath no direct and proper uses in religion. For if the dead did die in the Lord, then there is joy to him; and it is an ill expression of our affection and our charity, to weep uncomfortably at a change that hath carried our friend to a state of high felicity. Something is to be given to custom, something to fame, to nature, and to civilities, and to the honour of the deceased friend; for that man is esteemed miserable for whom no friend or rela-

tive sheds a tear or pays a solemn sigh. So far is piety; beyond, it may be the ostentation and bragging of grief, or a design to serve worse ends. I desire to die a dry death, but am not very desirous to have a dry funeral; some flowers sprinkled on my grave would be well and comely—and a soft shower, to turn those flowers into a springing memory or a fair rehearsal, that I may not go forth of my doors as my servants carry the entrails of beasts.'—Holy Dying.

While the general revelation of immortality has thus put light in the place of darkness and joy for mourning, the particular Christian doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body in like manner suggests a decency and comeliness in the funeral solemnities. This is no place for theological disquisition, but it should be remembered-what is too much forgotten-that the resurrection of the body is no mere abstruse scholastic dogma-nor, what perhaps it is oftener considered—a gross and carnal representation of an eternal truth—but a peculiar revelation of Christianity, involving deep doctrinal and great practical lessons; for it presupposes our flesh here upon earth the abode of the Holy Spirit, and, if rightly considered, cannot fail to make us cultivate purity in a vessel made for eternity. The best human philosophy has either pictured gross earthly substances, or fancied thin and spectral images, the shadow of a shade; but the Christian believes that when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, he who was made in the beginning after the image of God shall be restored to that image, that the soul shall again be clothed in a more glorious body—the nature of which he pretends not to scan-and each man's individuality preserved—that when the sea shall give up her dead, and death and the grave deliver up the dead which are in them,' each person may speak of himself the words which Christ Himself spoke after his resurrection, 'Behold, it is I myself.' It was the misapprehension of this truth that led the heathen persecutors of the Church to burn in contempt the bodies of the martyrs, thus vainly imagining to extinguish the hope of their resurrection; but, while the Christian's faith led him neither to hasten nor to delay the process of corruption in the return of the body to its kindred dust, he knew that He who made and unmade could again collect its scattered particles, whatever ordeal they might undergo, and was ready to 'give his body to be burned'—though not to burn it. The honourable solemnization of funeral rites followed as a matter of course; 'a decent interment,' says Hooker, 'is convenient even for very humanity's sake.' Jeremy Taylor's words will best conclude the argument :-

Among Christians the honour which is valued in behalf of the dead is that they be buried in holy ground—that is, in appointed cemeteries.

teries, in places of religion, there where the field of God is sown with the seeds of the resurrection, that their bodies also may be among Christians, with whom their hope and their portion is, and shall be for ever.'

We have made these remarks preliminary to more practical observations, and, we trust, not an inappropriate approach to the subject of Christian Cemeteries. We have wished to lay the foundation deep and aright, and approach reverently, and step by step, to a subject upon which more confusion and inconsistency of opinion exists than on any other which so closely affects our common humanity. Though it is a favour to which we must all come at last, few agree as to how we should meet it. A prince will give his body to the dissecters; while many a pauper, who has endured all the deprivations of the workhouse, has laid by a pittance to save himself the degradation of a parish funeral. Mr. Loudon would recommend every gentleman to be buried in his own grounds, whose friends probably will only be contented with a vault beneath the altar. Some would make their grave a flowerbed; and others think burial in a cemetery to be semi-heathen. Amid such a labyrinth of superstition, irreverence, ignorance, and right-feeling so strangely blended, we shall endeavour, under the guidance of the Church universal, to thread out a true, simple, and more perfect way.

Enough had been disclosed by the Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners on the sanitary condition of the poor, and of the Select Committee on the Health of Towns, as to the loathsome state of the burial-grounds in populous parishes, to draw some public attention to the subject; and Sir James Graham promptly followed up the matter by instituting a special inquiry into the practice of interment in towns, which now appears as a 'Supplementary Report,' by Mr. Chadwick-a most important, interesting, and comprehensive work, equally marked by laborious research, right feeling, and sound judgment. It will hardly be necessary to harrow up the feelings of our readers by repeating the horrors of Enon-chapel and the Portugal-street burial-ground.* Our bones, like the grave-digger's in Hamlet, ache to think on't. It may be a newer feature in the controversy to say that there has been a serious doubt among the medical profession whether the putrid exhalations from such masses of corruption have any injurious effect on the health of the living. And even such men as

^{*} See the Report on Health of Towns, and Mr. Walker's 'Gatherings.' The historical portion of the latter work is a direct translation from Vicq-d'Azyr, Œswres, tome vi. p. 257. He has awkwardly converted the Book of Chronicles into one Paralipomenes; and, by a still more unhappy mistake, speaks of the grave of Elijah, one of two men who knew not the tomb.

Parent-Duchatelet and Orfila have taken the negative view of the question. But their argument is at best but negative also; the alleged innocuousness of the anatomical schools to the pupils attending them, their main position, which may itself be disputed, being more than answered by the positive evidence of the unhealthy state of those residing in the immediate neighbourhood of our worst London graveyards. Many will be surprised to hear that it was deemed necessary to collect a large body of evidence to refute these strange opinions of the French school, which seem, like other products of the same soil, to spring from a morbid love of horror for its own sake. It does, however, appear to be established that the putrefaction of animal matter is not so injurious to human life as that of vegetable matter; and that the physical effects of our present system of intra-mural burial are as nothing compared with the injury it inflicts upon morals and religion.

A deep feeling of attachment to the offices and fabric of the Church, is a marked characteristic of the people of England, especially among the poor and the well-educated. The very galleries and pews, and other beautifications which so sadly mar the true character of our churches, are oftener the effects of a well-meaning though ill-directed zeal, than of the low and puritanical feeling, to which it is now the fashion exclusively to refer them. In like manner a love and reverence for the Lord's house-ignorant in its sources, and mischievous in its results, we admit—as well as mere worldly pride and vanity, have helped to deface the pillars of our churches with hideous masses of monumental sculpture, and to crowd the pavement with the still more unseemly masses of corruption below. Those who are fond of tracing every abuse in Christian practice to a pagan origin will find little to help out their theory in respect of the practice of interment within the church. The evil is entirely of modern growth, and could only have occurred under a faith which, while it recognised the sanctity of places set apart for holy worship, rejected all notion of pollution from the dead. Burial in heathen temples was utterly unknown, and scarcely ever allowed within the precincts of the city. The well-known heading of 'SISTE VIATOR' on ancient tombs-justly ridiculed in modern inscriptions by Dr. Johnson, and by Sir Thomas Browne before him-significantly marks the wayside locality of the Roman burial-grounds. Many Greek and Latin words relating to burial, literally signifying 'carrying out,' point to the same custom. And the son of the widow of Nain, who was met by our Lord 'nigh to the gate of the city,' when he was being 'carried out,' may serve to confirm the fact of the Jewish burial-grounds being without the walls.

The earliest Christians conformed to the same practice; and it

is a very credible tradition that the proto-martyr St. Stephen was buried where he was stoned, 'out of the city.' Persecution forced the believers to a secret celebration of their common worship; and where would those who held a 'Communion of Saints,' living and departed, so likely betake themselves for prayer and praise to the great Head of their Church, as to the tombs of those who had died in defence of the truths that He taught? Hence the extramural catacombs and crypts—the sepulchres of the martyrs became the first Christian churches, a practice to be afterwards abused by making their churches their sepulchres. For when persecutions relaxed, and Christian temples began to rise in the light of day in the midst of the cities, the tomb-altars and relics of the martyrs, if not enclosed by a sanctuary on the spot, were removed from their original position and enshrined in the new buildings—the fruitful source of many subsequent deflections from the primitive faith—and the origin of the coveted privilege of not being divided in death from those remains which the pious when alive had held in so much honour, that haply, like the man cast into the sepulchre of Elisha, they might partake of a greater portion of life by touching a good man's bones. However such might have been the popular current of feeling among the more enthusiastic and unlearned, the Church authoritatively ever set her face against the innovation of burial within the churches, or even within the city. Indeed those who died in the greatest odour of sanctity were not at first allowed more than approximation to the outside of the church. The first encroachment on the building itself was made in favour of Constantine, who yet was not deemed worthy to approach nearer than the outer court or porch of the Church of the Apostles, which he is supposed to have founded: his son Constantius deeming it, as St. Chrysostom declares, sufficient honour if he might lay his father's bones even in the Porch of the Fisherman. The first step, however, was now taken; and thenceforward to this hour there has been a continual struggle between the claims of rank, and power, and wealth, and superstition, and self-interest, and covetousness, mingled with feelings of saintly and domestic piety.

Between all these potent motives, and the sincere honour of God's house—need we say which has prevailed? Yet there is an unbroken chain of authority against the usage. We question if there is any one other custom that has been so steadily condemned, and so continually persisted in, as that of burial within cities and churches. The two practices scarcely require a separate consideration, for though in some points of view the arguments against churchyard-burial may be urged à fortiori against church-burial; yet the actual state of our civic church-

yards has now rendered interment in them the greater evil of the two.

Those who have leisure to consult the laborious records of Bingham, Spondanus, Piattoli, Vicq-d'Azyr, and Spelman, and other writers on sepulture, will be astounded at the mass of ecclesiastical evidence in favour of extra-mural burial. Bingham shows that for the first three centuries suburban catacombs or cemeteries were almost exclusively adopted. Exceptions, proving the general rule, in favour of Emperors, popes, bishops, ecclesiastics, founders and lay benefactors continued to increase, with occasional reclamations from the Church, up to the ninth century. From thence to the seventeenth we have a series of twenty councils decreeing the return to the primitive custom—' Morem restituendum curent Episcopi in cemeteriis sepeliendi.' Happily this is a question in which all branches of the Church Catholic do and well may concur: a lengthened detail of all the authorities would far exceed our present limits, but a few citations in chronological order, collected from various sources, of the most remarkable expressions of councils and individuals may serve, as far as precedent goes, to set this question at rest for ever:-

- A.D. 381. The Theodosian code forbade all interment within the walls of the city, and even ordered that all the bodies and monuments already placed there should be carried out.
 - 529. The first clause ratified by Justinian.
 - 563. Council of Brague,—'Nullo modo intra ambitum murorum civitatum cujuslibet defuncti corpus sit humatum.'
 - 586. Council of Auxerre,—' Non licet in baptisterio corpora sepelire.'
 - 827. Charlemagne's capitularies, 'Nemo in ecclesia sepeliatur.'
 - 1076. Council of Winchester, under Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury,— In ecclesiis corpora defunctorum non sepeliantur.
 - 1552. Latimer on St. Luke vii. 11.—'The citizens of Naim had their burying places without the city; and I do marvel that London, being so great a city, hath not a burial place without,' &c.
 - 1565. Charles Borromeo, the good archbishop of Milan, ordered the return to the ancient custom of suburban cemeteries.

To take the miscellaneous authorities of modern times :-

Sir Matthew Hale used to say 'Churches were made for the living, not for the dead;' and directed that his body might be buried in the plainest manner, himself dictating the simplest possible epitaph. The learned Rivet, quoted by Bingham, speaking of the innovation of church-burial, says, 'This custom,

which

which covetousness and superstition first brought in, I wish it were abolished, with other relics of superstition among us; and that the ancient custom was revived, to have public burying-places in the free and open fields without the gates of cities.' Grotius, on the same passage of St. Luke on which Latimer has commented, makes the like complaint. In his plan for rebuilding London. Sir Christopher Wren says, 'I would wish that all burials in churches might be disallowed,—and if the churchyard be close about the church, this is also inconvenient. It will be inquired, where then shall be the burials? I answer, in cemeteries, seated in the outskirts of the town,' &c. The evidence given by the present Bishop of London and Mr. Milman is precisely to the same point.

Such a cloud of witnesses seems irresistible. If anything more is wanted, we may clench the nail on either head with a law of the Twelve Tables—' Hominem mortuum in urbe ne sepelito;' and with the following recommendation (would it were something

more) of our own Ecclesiastical Commissioners:-

We will take this opportunity of observing that the practice of burial in the church or chancel appears to us to be in many respects injurious; in some instances by weakening or deteriorating the fabric of the church, and in others by its tendency to affect the lives or health of the inhabitants. We are of opinion that in future this practice should be discontinued, so far as the same can be effected without trenching upon vested rights.

W. CANTUAR.	CH. BANGOR.	CHRIST. ROBINSON.
C. J. LONDON.	TENTERDEN.	HERBERT JENNER.
W. DUNELM.	WYNFORD.	C. E. CARRINGTON.
J. LINCOLN.	N. C. TINDAL.	STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.
W. St. Asaph.	J. NICHOLL.	R. CUTLER FERGUSSON.

' Dated this 15th day of February, 1832.'

We have dwelt at greater length on this part of the subject, because there appears to be a strong prejudice among churchmen against Cemeteries altogether, mainly arising, no doubt, from the objectionable constitution and practice of many of those already established, and partly from the notion of their being a modern and unecclesiastical innovation, adopted, like our farces and fashions, second-hand from revolutionary Paris. Most people's idea of a Cemetery is a something associated with great Egyptian lodges and little shabby flower-beds, joint-stock companies and immortelles, dissent, infidelity, and speculation, the irreverences of Abney Park, or the fripperies and frigidities of Père la Chaise. Yet these things are in reality nothing but the passing opinions and fashions of the age reflected on an institution as old as the faith which consecrates it. The misfortune is, that in this country

we have for ages wanted a model of the primitive usage, otherwise Abney Park would no more be confounded with the exemplar of a Christian cemetery, than our joint-stock proprietary schools are with Winchester or Eton, or a stuccoed 'place of worship' with the parish church. Yet with their many imperfections even our present cemeteries can hardly be considered but as a great boon. The earth lies light and the sky hangs blue over many a grave which would otherwise have been subjected to the foul compost, and heavy tread, and sulphurous canopy of a London churchyard; and a real mourner may, without distraction or disgust, cherish and renew his communion with a lost friend, and, like Mary, steal to the grave and weep there. The hopeful manly sorrow of a Christian will hardly, however, take up with the already conventional modes of modern cemeterial sorrow. Custom, like 'a bold peasantry,' when 'once destroyed, can never be supplied by mere Chinese imitation; the spirit of it is Pythagorean in its nature, and though it shifts from body to body, it will never re-animate its once deserted shell till the end of time. The scattered flowers, ' the earliest of the year,' which are infinitely touching in the old and rustic churchyards of Wales, fail to move us in the suburban cemetery, where we suspect them to have been bought of 'Harding, marchand des bouquets,' and placed so as 'to be seen of men.' The trim grave-gardens cease to please when we read the company's charge for maintaining them 'with or without flowers, per annum, 5s.,' or (for the benefit, we suppose, of young widows) 'ditto, if in perpetuity, 5l.' The whole spirit of the present establishments is necessarily mercenary, and smacks strongly of half-yearly dividends and Copthal Court. The scale of prices, varying according to the items of reserved and open ground, extra depth, private grave and public interment, use of screen and chapel, desk service, &c. &c., are of the same character with the 'dissenting minister [a wide term] provided by the company,' and ' monuments, if required, erected ' by the same accommodating factotum.

One great and universal recommendation seems to be that a portion of the ground is 'unconsecrated;' and as this is a point upon which much of the difficulty of forming new cemeteries hinges, a short reference to it here may not be out of place. Of course all the bigotry falls on the shoulders of the Church, and the conscientious scruples to the lot of the Dissenters. And yet it would seem a feeling more allied to the bigot than the philosopher to object to be buried in ground because the bishop has pronounced his blessing over it. It may in the eye of the non-conformist have gained nothing by the ceremonial, but surely it can be none the worse; we are not yet arrived at the point when the ground

shall be deemed cursed for the blessing's sake. But there is an objection to the burial-service; yet we know of no canon that necessarily enforces the reading of it over every corpse consigned to consecrated ground; and in the case of a suspected schismatic, most clergymen would rather be relieved from the office, than insist upon it. But suppose it enforced; then comes in the objection, which we do not hesitate to designate the most marvellous cant that ever stood the test of half a century. The objection is to the expression of 'a sure and certain hope'-it is nothing more-'of the resurrection to eternal life,' which the priest ministerially pronounces for the Church over all who die in her communion. Now, in this hope the friends and relations of a person, however wretched in his life or death, would scarcely be supposed to refuse to indulge; the scruple must clearly be all on the other side; it may, indeed, be a matter of serious doubt and trembling with the clergyman how far he may be justified in thus pronouncing over one whom (we omit the more difficult cases) he may know not at all, or know only for evil. And this, indeed, was the origin of the objection. It was urged in the first instance by the Puritan clergy as a personal grievance, and then in blind perversion taken up by the whole dissenting body. Thus a conscientious scruple which an over-charitable clergy may have been too remiss in urging in their own defence, has been adroitly laid hold of by their opponents and turned into a weapon of attack against them. The final and only presentable grievance is, that in consecrated ground they are not allowed to introduce whatever manner of service or ceremony their own unrestricted fancies may devise-a regulation which, comely and expedient at all times, has now been rendered absolutely necessary by the mummeries attempted of late years by bodies, unconnected with the 'four denominations,'-Oddfellows and Independent Brethren, of the more innocent kind-Chartists, Socialists, and the like, of the more pernicious.

It is a curious fact, but surprising only to those who have never studied the shifting system of the non-conformists, that the original objection was not to the denial of a service of their own, but to any service at all, whereby, as they alleged, prayer for the dead was maintained. The funeral sermon, now so rigidly exacted by them of their preachers on the death of every paying sitter, was another of their original abominations. It may serve the purpose of a party to decry the burial service of the Church, as lately that for the solemnization of marriage;* but the love for the Church's last office, in preference to the long extemporaneous effusions with

^{*} The marriage service was awhile ago the stalking grievance. The law was altered to meet the scruple. The last Registration Report shows that out of 122,496 marriages in 1841, 5882 couples only availed themselves of the new 'registered places of worship.'

which the dissenters bruise the broken reed of sorrow, still keeps a firm hold even among the dissenters of the rural population.

It is sad to think that our differences and distractions cannot end with this life, but must be carried into the confines of another world. The blame must rest with those who raise the offence and cause the schism. The Church has never denied her burying-ground even to those who have refused to maintain it; and many a one, it may be feared, has entered her walls the first time as a corpse. What country curate has not felt his charity warmed, and the asperities of his religious zeal softened, to view in his parish churchyard the graves of the Churchman, the Romanist, and the Dissenter, side by side, and returned to the work of his calling with more hopeful feelings for those who separate themselves, and more solemn considerations of the appointed season of the one fold and the One shepherd? But the arrangement of our present cemeteries excludes these softening influences, and the Dissenter has barred himself out a portion, lest he should be thought to identify himself in death with the church he has through life opposed. Since the Churchman cannot be buried in unconsecrated ground, and the Dissenter will not in ground that has been blest, surely charity would suggest the entire separation of their cemeteries as less likely to perpetuate painful and bitter feelings, than the present necessarily antagonistic expression of juxtaposition. When the conventicle is built within a stone's-throw of the cathedral, the windows of either are more likely to be broken.

It is this among other reasons that leads us to urge strongly upon the Church to take up the subject of Cemeteries for itself. The joint-stock establishments at present existing, objectionable on many grounds, are wholly unavailable to the mass of the population, by reason of their expense. They are nothing more than the exclusive luxury of the indulgent few. Two guineas would scarcely cover the very lowest charges at the cemetery, for what the poor man in the country gets for nothing: and two additional guineas are exacted for the commonest headstone. The rich and vain are sconced in like proportion; but against the very poor the cemetery door is inexorably closed. How inconvenient that Death makes all equal landholders, and that the pauper requires as many inches of ground as the owner of ten thousand acres! This has been a sore puzzle to parish vestries; and though ten or fifteen (Sup. Rep.) may be buried in the same grave, these cemetery companies have not yet offered sufficiently cheap terms. One company has actually put forth a calculation that seven acres, at the rate of ten coffins in each grave, would accommodate 1,335,000 paupers! This agreeable scene for the contemplation of a Christian nation, a member of the House of Commons would turn into a 'dissolving

view

view' of the shortest possible duration, by the prompt application of quicklime; the following question, with slight variety of expression, having been again and again repeated in committee:— Do you think that there would be any objection to burying bodies with a certain quantity of quicklime, sufficient to destroy the coffin and the whole thing in a given time? How unconsciously does the irreverent euphemism which we have italicized, unveil the revolting nature of the question!

Finding Mr. Loudon* justly indignant at this cheap burial cry, what shall we say when he himself proposes to convert paupers into manure! Yet such is actually his plan of employing the surplus corpses of London to fertilize the poor soils in its vicinity.

These are his very words:-

'This temporary cemetery may be merely a field rented on a twentyone years' lease, of such an extent as to be filled with graves in fourteen years. At the end of seven years more it may revert to the landlord, and be cultivated, planted, or laid down in grass, in any manner that may be thought proper.'

And again :-

'Nor does there appear to us any objection to union workhouses having a portion of their garden-ground used as a cemetery, to be restored to cultivation after a sufficient time had elapsed.'—Cemet., p. 50.

The atrocities of the common pits at Naples and Leghorn, into which the corpses of the poor are indiscriminately tumbled, are to our mind less revolting than these nice calculations of getting

^{*} We had mended a hard pen to deal with Mr. Loudon's book on Cemeteries, his least, and, we add with regret, his last work. While we write, his subject has become to him a stern reality; and the grave, which he so lately discussed, has closed over him. This must needs take the edge off any censure we were prepared to pronounce on him. His most laborious works have been repeatedly and favourably noticed in these pages—while we deemed it our duty to protest against the instinuation of certain pernicious opinions which were too clearly traceable in his earlier writings. We doubt not that the severe sufferings of mind and body—and the latter were grievous indeed—with which he was latterly chastened, left him a wiser and a happier man; for his last work, which afforded greater scope for its introduction, is found to contain less objectionable matter. Still it was impossible for a mere utilitarian mind rightly to embrace a subject which hangs so closely on the confines of another world. His book, therefore, though useful in many of its suggestions, falls altogether short as a guide to what a Christian cemetery ought to be. We would, however, now rather call attention to his more useful labours as an horticultural writer. After all his unequalled toils, with such over-zealous carnestness did be devote himself to his great work, the 'Arboretum Britannicum,' that at his death he had nothing to leave his widow and child but the copyright of this and other works. On this one book alone he is said to have expended 10,000. A meeting of his friends has been held to endeavour to dispose of the remaining copies of his works in the hands of his widow; and we cheerfully recommend the plan proposed to all who do not already possess his works, and who may thus combine their own advantage with an act of real charity. Dr. Lindley has warmly advocated Mrs. Loudon's cause in the 'Gardener's Chronicle,' to which very useful paper we must refer our readers for the details of the proposal.

rid of the greatest number of troublesome bodies at the least possible expense, and to the greatest possible advantage. They do these things no better in France. The goodly show that strikes the eye of the hurrying visitor at Père la Chaise is but the screen of whited sepulchres that hides the foulness and corruption of the background. There, as in Poland, the bodies of the poor are trenched in, one upon another, in most revolting disorder.

' Hoc miseræ plebi stabat commune sepulchrum!'

Nothing will secure to the poor of our great cities the decent sepulture which is their right by nature and the Gospel, but transferring the management of cemeteries from private persons and dividend-paying companies, into the hands of a public body uninterested in regarding them as a source of profit. Mr. Chadwick's arguments are to us conclusive against the plan of separate parochial burial-grounds as recommended by Mr. Mackinnon's bill of last session, and other similar schemes. All the present evils, moral, physical, and economical, would, we are convinced, by a parochial agency, be ultimately increased; but, on the other hand, we see great objections to Mr. Chadwick's own proposition of placing them under the direction of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. We should be loath to see our burialgrounds severed from the Church, and intrusted to purely secular officers. It would be the abandonment of a great and honoured principle, and a great practical discouragement to church membership. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are the body to which people will naturally look when the absolute necessity of providing additional burial-grounds has become, as it soon will, universally acknowledged. Any attempt on the part of Government to devote public money to an object trenching upon religion, will be met with the same difficulties and outcry that assailed them on the question of factory education. They would have to sacrifice either the Church or their plan. The Dissenters strenuously opposed even the latitudinarian provisions of Mr. Mackinnon's bill; and we feel convinced that the most liberal adoption of Mr. Chadwick's plan would meet with a yet more virulent opposition from the same quarter. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners will be enabled to take a far more unfettered course. Their funds may be devoted to the formation of cemeteries on strictly ecclesiastical principles, without hurting the interest or conscience of any one, but greatly facilitating the present right which every parishioner has to burial in his own churchyard. If it be urged that there are higher and more pressing claims upon their revenues-that the living must not be neglected for the sake of the dead—we answer, that the adoption of cemeteries may, with proper care, be made a source of increase rather than of diminution in

their income. The high profits* realized by the existing companies clearly show, that even with very great reductions in the fees of the rich, and gratuitous interment to the poor, a considerable surplus would remain above the ordinary interest on the original outlay. They have every encouragement to ask for increased powers from Parliament, from the fruits, already ripening, of the legislation of last session. A sum might in the first instance be raised on the security of the Commissioners, to be repaid by instalments. Nor can there be any doubt that if the Church were to take the matter in hand, with the especial object of giving a less costly and more decent interment to the poor-having respect to vested parochial and clerical rights, and devoting any surplus that might accrue to ecclesiastical purposes-many churchmen would be found to come forward either freely to give or fairly to sell ground for a district cemetery, as they now offer it for a district church. One expense would be avoided in the abandonment of the double chapel arrangement; and we do not see why the suburbs might not be benefited by making the Cemetery Chapels available for the full services of the Church, and a district assigned the officiating clergyman for spiritual cure.

Then we might see a Cemetery worthy of the Church of England. The painful associations of exclusiveness, and disunion, and traffic which are connected with the present establishments would be removed. Rich and poor might lie side by side, and a due supervision of emblems and epitaphs exclude the offensive sculp-

tures and inscriptions which now meet the eye.

Mr. Milman has made a suggestion which we think most excellent; that the funeral procession should not be formed at the house of the deceased, but at the gates of the cemetery. To any one who has undergone the pain of accompanying a funeral through the heedless and irreverent crowds of the metropolis, the relief of this procedure is at once apparent, while to the poor, on the score of expense alone, it would be almost indispensable. It would relieve the immediate thoroughfares to the cemetery from the unceasing passage of the signs of death, and add greatly to the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene, by concentrating, as it were, those wholesome considerations appropriate to the occasion, which are now too often frittered away by the trite and pointless conversation of the mourning coach. The coffin might be removed early on the day of burial-in the case of the poor it would be a great boon to remove it much sooner—to a chamber of the lodge of the cemetery, in the vestibule of which the friends of the deceased might meet at the appointed hour to robe.-The advan-

^{*} In one cemetery the actual sale of graves is at the rate of 17,000% per acre. A calculation made for another gives 45,375% per acre, without the fees for monuments, &c.

tages of this arrangement would be immense. In the funerals of the more rich, the whole cavalcade of mourning-coaches would be swept away; each mourner would reach the cemetery in the way most convenient to himself—would use his own carriage, if he had one, instead of acquiescing in the unmitigated absurdity of letting it 'follow,' while he puts the friends of the deceased to the cost of providing the one in which he rides. We should be spared too the folly of hiring four horses to draw, at a snail's pace, the corpse of him who perhaps when alive never sat, at full trot, behind more than one; and be relieved at the same time from the opposite spectacle, lately introduced, in the shape of a Cruelty-van, with a long boot under the driver for the coffin, and a posse of mourners crammed into the Clarence behind, all drawn along by one poor

horse at a very respectable trot.

The chapel of the cemetery should be near the entrance, and thither each band of mourners might follow the corpse of their own friend, and after hearing the psalm and lesson read, proceed to the grave-side service, which—as the burial would be indiscriminate, and no reserved ground for the rich, or neglected corner for the poor—might either be read once over the adjoining graves, or, which we would much prefer, separately over each. Norman architecture, from its massive and solemn character, would seem the most appropriate style, especially for the construction of crypts; and a cloister connected with the church should run round the whole inclosure, which would serve for the erection of memorial tablets, and as a covered passage for mourners to the more distant parts of the cemetery. A portion of this would only be necessary in the first instance, to be afterwards extended as the ground was

occupied.

A bold and simple Cross should rise on the most elevated point of ground; and instead of Mr. Barber Beaumont's and Abney Park Cemetery, or the like, they might be called after the apostle or the evangelist in whose name they were consecrated. And this consecration, it should be remembered, is not only a religious rite, but a security of its perpetual reservation and maintenance as a place of interment. The most respectable of our present cemeteries are established under an act of Parliament, and the whole of the ground, blest and unblest, is, we suppose, perfectly safe from future violation. But there are many others, and Abney Park is one, the ephemeral property either of one or several private persons. These, according as the market varies, may be burial-grounds to-day, and Prospect-places or Railroad-stations tomorrow. In fact, when they are quite full, they must almost of necessity be turned to some other use. At Abney Park, we were told on inquiry, that though not an inch of the ground is consecrated,

an 'Episcopal clergyman' reads the burial-service of the Church of England. We should like to know the bishop that this reverend Episcopalian acknowledges. In one of those called 'Dissenters' burial-grounds' the numbers interred are at the rate of more than 2300 per acre per annum! In another 'an uneducated man generally acts as minister, puts on a surplice, and reads the church-service, or any other service that may be called for.'—Sup. Rep. § 156.

We should be very scrupulous as to the admission of every newfangled and patented contrivance into the sepulchral pale. King Death's is a very ancient monarchy, and quite of the old regime. The lowering therefore of the coffin from the chapel into the crypt by means of Bramah's hydraulic press, so highly extolled for its solemnity in some of the cemeteries, has too much of the trick of the theatre about it for the stern realities of the grave. Nor is there anything much better in Mr. Loudon's cast-iron tallies for gravestones, temporary railroad cemeteries, and 'cooperative railroad hearses.' We think that some of the metropolitan clergy have spoken rather unadvisedly in advocating music as enhancing 'the attractiveness of a national service of the dead:'and we hardly suppose that Dr. Russell, when pleasantly recurring to his boyhood recollections of the 'ambitious choir' of his native village attempting 'Vital spark of heavenly flame,' seriously meant to recommend the general revival of such aspiring flights.

Psalms and Hymns at funerals, which have neither propriety nor rubric to recommend them, are now very rightly falling into gradual disuse, even in rural districts, from the melancholy experience of their unsolemn effect.

Liverpool and Glasgow are fortunate in the site of their burialgrounds, but the German cemeteries are those which seem to offer most suggestions for the improvement of our own. The 'Court of Peace,' or 'God's Acre,' to give the German names literally translated, is generally well worthy a visit. A recent traveller says—

'It is a place of public resort at all hours—its gates stand always open. It is planted with a few trees, so that its aspect may not be altogether cheerless; but it is more thickly planted with crosses, gravestones, and monuments congregated together, thick as a forest, slowly advancing foot by foot, year after year, to occupy all the vacant space. Gravestones of various shapes, with lengthy epitaphs, are common among us: here, however, the more touching and trustworthy symptoms of continue recollection are everywhere observed in the fresh chaplet or nosegay, the little border of flowers newly dug, the basin of holy water, all placed by the side of the funereal hillock.'

All this is perfectly natural and national in the people to whom it belongs, and is very striking and instructive to the English traveller: veller; but the attempt to transplant the sentiment here presents, in the hands of a Glasgow author, the following serio-comic burlesque, in the penny-peep-show style of eloquence:—

'Here may be observed the helpless orphans sitting round the newly-dressed grave of beloved parents; while there, the tender youth may be seen ornamenting that of a darling sister; here, the aged widow mourns, under a weeping willow, the memory of a departed husband; while there, cypress wreaths,' &c. &c.—Remarks, p. 15.

England will never realize the following scene which annually takes place at Munich, and forms certainly one of the most extraordinary spectacles in Europe:—

'The tombs,' says Mr. Chadwick, 'are decorated in a most remarkable way with flowers, natural and artificial, branches of trees, canopies, pictures, sculptures, and every conceivable object that can be applied to ornament or decorate. The labour bestowed on some tombs requires so much time, that it is commenced two or three days beforehand, and protected while going on by a temporary roof. During the whole of the night preceding the 1st of November, the relations of the dead are occupied in completing the decoration of the tombs; and during the whole of All Saints' Day, and the day following, being All Souls' Day, the cemetery is visited by the entire population of Munich, including the King and Queen, who go there on foot, and many strangers from distant parts.'—Sup. Rep. § 174.

Mr. Loudon states that 50,000 persons walked round the cemetery in one day. On mid-day of the 3rd of November the more valuable decorations are removed, and the rest left to be the spoil of time and weather. The Christian cemetery at Pera is one of the most beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, commanding a splendid view of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and forming with its mulberry-trees and cypresses a most conspicuous land-mark. At Weimar the ducal mausoleum has opened its doors to receive the tombs of Goethe and Schiller. At Mayence and Berlin, the cemeteries contain the public monuments of distinguished soldiers, who, officers and men, are

'Neighbours in the grave, Lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names.'

This circumstance suggests how infinitely preferable National Cemeteries, if they existed, would be to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's for the monuments of those whose claim upon our regard is rather for public services than for private virtues. Mr. Westmacott's letter on this subject well deserves greater attention than it has yet met with. He draws a very proper distinction between two classes of monuments—'One, of a personal and commemorative character, and having reference to worldly honour and achievements, and therefore illustrating the importance of the individual;

the other, intended to be simple records of the dead—the reminders, not of the glory and honours of a transitory life and of this world, but of that change to which all are doomed.' (Letter, p. 5.) The former class he rightly thinks misplaced in a Christian Temple; and he even proposes to remove the existing statues from the Abbey to the Chapter-House. Public cemeteries would provide a still better 'Walhalla.' The 'sic sedebat' of Lord Bacon or Cyril Jackson, so much more interesting to the age and to posterity than the draped nakedness of Dr. Johnson, or the conventional dress of older monuments, is only inappropriate from the site.

We have preferred to speak of what cemeteries are, and might be, rather than dwell at length on the evils of the present inadequate accommodation for burial in the metropolis and other large cities, which are so glaring and obvious that they scarcely require any notice from us. Each family in its turn feels the inconvenience when death knocks at their own door, but few who have not read Mr. Chadwick's report have any idea of the extent to which the poor are sufferers by it. The excessive expense of funerals leads those who can only just support their own life, to delay the interment of their dead to the latest possible period; and the corpse is frequently kept more than a fortnight in the one room where a family of six or eight, and often more, sleep, eat, work. To meet the exorbitant demand which the undertaker makes on their petty gains, burial-societies have been very generally established among the humbler orders; and these are often on the very worst system, being for the most part in the hands of low undertakers and publicans, who work the society for their own especial benefit. A more horrible evil has resulted from these clubs, in the neglect or poisoning by their parents of children on whose deaths a sum of money was insured for burial. There have been three or four trials from Stockport at the Chester assizes for infanticide on this motive; and though only one conviction was obtained, no one had any moral doubt of the guilt in some other cases. It is said to be a common phrase of the gossips in the neighbourhood of Manchester respecting a sickly infant—' Ave, ave, that child will not live; it is in the burialclub!' The frauds that are attempted in order to obtain the burial-money are very ingenious, sometimes amusing. A man and his wife, residing in Manchester, agreed that the husband should pretend to be dead, that the wife might receive the funeral insurance. Due notice of his death is given—the visitor for the society calls to see the corpse—the disconsolate widow points to the 'dear deceased,' whose chin is tied up with a handkerchief in the attitude of death—the visitor is about to depart, satisfied with VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXLVI.

the fulfilment of his sad errand, when an awkward winking of the eye arrests his attention—he feels the pulse—' there is life in the old dog yet.' The indignant widow asseverates that there has not been a breath in him since twelve o'clock last night. Careful not to hurt her wounded spirit, the visitor hesitates—the neighbours of course assemble—the debate grows warm—till the doctor being sent for dispels doubt, disease, and death, by dashing a jug of cold water into the performer's face. The concluding part must have been not the least ludicrous, when the man was brought up the next morning before Sir Charles Shaw, clothed in the coffin-

costume of his imposture.

There exists among the poor of the metropolitan districts an inordinate dread of premature burial; and very terrible stories are told of bodies being found in coffins in positions that seemed to indicate that a struggle had taken place after the lid had been closed. The dread of such a contingency is another of the causes which often delay interment till decomposition has begun, A case of supposed trance lately occurred at Deptford, where, from the absence of some of the usual signs of death, the parents of a lad, who had died suddenly, would not allow the body to be interred till after the space of thirty-five days. At Frankfort there is a singular contrivance to avoid the possibility of premature interment. Receiving-houses are appointed, in which the body is laid out, and a ring connected with a lightly-hung bell is placed on the finger of the corpse, so that the slightest motion of the limb would give the alarm to the watchers. It would seem too sceptical to doubt the fact that people have ever been buried alive; but we can hardly think that in this country the danger is sufficient to require such extreme precaution. He die corpsebell at Frankfort or Munich ever yet been rung? Ine French provincial news-writers, nearly as trustworthy as their Irish brethren of the same class, are the chief source of the modern tales that are told of the nailing of the coffin awakening its inmate-of bearers being stopped by strange noises on their way to the grave-of bodies found distorted on disinterment, and other like horrors of posthumous life. For ourselves, we should be content with Shakspeare's test-

'This feather stirs; she lives!'

There is another evil of the present system calling for remark. The class of sextons and grave-diggers, who in the early Church as copiata, fossarii, &c., would have borne a respectable office and character, becoming the duties imposed upon them, is notoriously become one of the most demoralized and shameless; and painfully unite in their own body the contrast of the Psalmist, being 'doorkeepers in the house of the Lord,' yet 'dwelling in the

tents of ungodliness.' It would be well that the lower officebearers of the Church were more strictly looked after: we verily believe that vergers, sextons, and parish-clerks, make many infidels annually. The evidence given of the habits of the metropolitan grave-diggers is too sickening to repeat; some idea, however, may be formed of them by a low publication lately advertising 'A correct view of the Church of -, and the Gravediggers Playing at Skittles with the Skulls and Bones,' unlike the 'ancient gentleman' of Shakspeare-' Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? But of old, though a skull might occasionally be 'knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade,' they did not bury eight or ten corpses in the same grave; nor had the operator to dig through a mass of loathsome soil, 'saturated and blackened with human remains' (Sup. Rep., sec. 156); nor were his profits increased and his sacrilege stimulated by the half-decayed wood and ornaments of the coffins he disturbed. The sale of secondhand coffin-wood has now become a petty trade in some low districts of London, and a witness describes that he detected by the smell the origin of the firewood in some of the wretched abodes that he visited. We have just heard that one poor man has gone mad on the subject of the desecration of graves; and that he goes about addressing what audiences he can collect, mounted on a rostrum made of a second-hand coffin, which he snatched from a grave-digger who was about to apply it to use again. The following bit of Mr. Wild's evidence may fitly conclude this part of the subject. He has been speaking of the effect produced by the many funerals which take place at the same time in large parishes, and the remarks of the poor who are kept waiting outside while the service over those whose higher fees are paid is proceeding within the church, half-realising the scene of Crabbe, where

'waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,
To think a poor man's bones should lie unbless'd.

The further question is asked,

What other inconveniences are experienced in the service in churchyards?—It is a frequent thing that a gravedigger, who smells strongly of liquor, will ask the widow or mourners for something to drink, and, if not given, he will follow them to the gates and outside the gates, murmuring and uttering reproaches.

'Is that ordinarily the last thing met with before leaving the church-

vards?-Yes, that is the last thing.

* That closes the scene?—Yes, that closes the scene.

It is stated in Mr. Chadwick's report, that in many parishes of London the corpses of the very poor are not brought within the church at all, and that consequently half the service is omitted. We

cannot believe this to be a prevailing custom—for it would hardly have escaped the lynx-eye of the present zealous diocesan; and surely it would be worse than folly to urge the more frequent and strict observance of the Church's general services, if the most solemn of all were notoriously curtailed to the measure of quality or fee. Truly indeed may it be said in this matter that 'until the Church's intentions are completely fulfilled as to her ritual, we do not know what the Church really is, nor what she is capable of effecting.' Mr. Milman emphatically denies this defraudment of the poor for his own curates. All honour be to them! For the denial seems to imply the contrary general use. Too much allowance, indeed, can hardly be made for the zealous and painful clergy of our overgrown metropolitan parishes, who toil on from week to week amidst a mass of crime that they cannot check, and misery that they cannot alleviate, uncheered by the faintest hope of overtaking the work that lies before them, and by little sympathy from the uncounted wealth that dwells within the sound of their church-bells-but we would be eech them to let no deadening routine of their thankless duties, no salving precedent, no cold calculation of mercenary underlings harden their hearts against the claims of the Christian poor to the full participation of the last offices of the Church. If it were not that Dissent is ten times more crouching to wealth, and grinding to poverty still, 'the poor man's Church' would long ago have been a mockery as applied to the Church of England.

One important point, which we have left unnoticed, the moral effect of cemeteries, as compared with the close town grave-yard, will come better recommended in the language of Wordsworth. Coleridge gave his sanction to these words by publishing them

in his 'Friend:'-

^{&#}x27;I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice [wayside cemeteries]. We might ruminate on the beauty which the monuments thus placed must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature, from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running within sight or hearing, from the beaten road, stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller, leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shades, whether he had halted from weariness, or in compliance with the invitation. 'Pause, traveller,' so often found upon the monuments. . . . We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the inhabitants of large towns and cities, by the custom of depositing the dead within or contiguous to their places of worship, however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary may be the associations connected.

with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares; yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay, which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare, in imagination, the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed.

If an English Virgil were to sing the blessings of rural life he would hardly omit the decency and quiet of the countryman's last home; for Gray's Elegy, the verses of Wordsworth and Wilson, and the chapters of Washington Irving and Mrs. Southey, have not exhausted a subject round which the present state of feeling has thrown a new, and, we think, a holier interest. Our country churchyards are not indeed without their defects, often very grievous ones; and while our larger towns must certainly without delay provide additional burying ground, our villages must not be behind in rendering the courts of the Lord's House more worthy of His name, and the uses for which they were set apart for ever. The state of the church material, it is said, may be taken, in most parishes, as an index to the state of the church spiritual. The saying would be more true of The poor vicar cannot always find the means its precincts. or the influence to expend many hundreds upon the fabric; but he can always forego the petty gain of letting, and undertake the slight expense of keeping decent, the churchyard. There are a few simple rules which should be observed in every parish-Never to allow burial within six or eight feet of the walls of the church—to admit no iron palisades round tombs—to carry away, on the opening of each new grave, four or five wheelbarrowfuls of earth to a distant corner of the churchyard—to keep the turfed grave as low as possible, and the general surface of the churchyard below the level of the floor of the church. This last direction seems now often beyond our power. Two, three, and sometimes even four feet of soil lie a continual damper against the outside walls, and necessitate the infliction of Arnott's stoves and hot-water pipes within. But, considering the depth at which the coffins are interred, it would be quite possible to remove two or three feet of earth from the surface without in the least degree disturbing the remains below, taking care that the exact spot of every tombstone was marked that it might be replaced in

the same position, and not less observant of each heaving turf beneath which,

> Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

It requires a nice hand and a reverent mind to perform this delicate task rightly, and not one spadeful of earth should be disturbed without the personal superintendence of the clergyman or church-Where this attention is paid, and the minds of the parishioners duly prepared beforehand, a most salutary reform may be effected without committing either injury or offence. Only in this, as in every church restoration or improvement, let no clerk take the measure of his own knowledge or feeling as that of his flock. It requires more pains and time than he may like to give, to bring up his people to his own standard; but he must not expect them to adopt in a day principles and practices which it may have taken him many years, and much reading and reflection, to work out for himself. The soil pared off it will be much better to heap into a steep mound than to carry beyond the churchyard; and another generation may perhaps not be afraid or ashamed to revive upon its summit the ancient and simple Cross, which a bigotry more strange and fierce than the Saracen's has desecrated, and swept away, almost universally, from its most

appropriate site.

The mistakes that have already been committed make us deprecate any hasty change. We have heard a churchyard eulogized because it was planted to harmonize with the shrubberies of the vicarage—and, being only separated by an invisible wire fence, to appear part of them. This is false in principle, and therefore in taste. A clear boundary should mark the consecrated ground, and the style of planting be accommodated not to the parsonage, but to the church. Straight and angular walks are therefore preferable to the undulating curves of the landscape-gardening school; and formal avenues to mixed clumps. A broad gravel path immediately round the church is as seemly as convenient. Those who abose the state of our present churchyards are little aware of the difficulty of rendering them more comely. We know of a little village in one of the midland counties, where the new vicar turned off the tenant and his sheep, took the churchyard into his own hands, and set about to make it the pride of his parish, and the pattern to the neighbourhood. Pleased with the idea, he put up new gates after an old fashion, in place of the field-gate that was there before; he planted an avenue of cypresses up to the porch, and yews and cedars of Lebanon where they seemed most wanted; and, fond easy man, in the pride of

his heart he entered the name and place of his plants, and the date of their planting, on the fly-leaf of the Burial-Register, and dreamt that on some future day, when he slept beneath the shade of his cedar, his successor should settle the age of that widespreading tree by turning to that solemn record. How a Mephistophiles would have laughed to see him planting them! The hinds stopped to admire them on the Sunday; they overgot the winter's frost and the summer's drought; nay, escaped the ravages of the stones and fingers of the village children. 'Did I not say,' remarked the vicar, as he pointed to the Virginian creeper that had reddened in the autumn sun, as it clung round the yellow sandstone arch of the porch, 'that if you showed confidence in the people they would prove themselves worthy of it?' Alas for the short-sightedness of human boasting, and for our fondest hopes of trees and flowers, and rustic taste! There was a slight disturbance in the village that called for the vicar's interference; and the next morning - and Sunday morning too - there lay, torn up by the roots, the remnants of the 'trees he planted,' and the creepers he had trained; and which read him probably, as he walked through his ruined idols, a far better homily than the sermon he afterwards preached to his flock. It requires no little faith to persevere after such scenes as these; but though we would by no means discourage our country friends in their attempts to improve their churchyards, we would suggest to the passing traveller and the prying Camdenian a little charity in their judgment, when they lay all the blame at the parson's door.

Many are beginning sadly to overplant their churchyards. Two or three fine old trees are quite enough; and therefore a greater number of young ones should only be planted to meet accidents. After all, what can be better than the single solitary yew, which is all that most of our oldest churches have to boast of? The species of trees appropriate to a churchyard are very limited. They should either be connected with the associations of Holy Writ, or, as Aristotle would say, xenic-that is, removed from common life. The splendid Deodara and the graceful hemlock-spruce will come under the latter head. But the tree that best unites these two qualities is the cedar of Lebanon; and its quick growth and horizontal branches, finely contrasting with spiral church architecture, may recommend it where other reasons fail. It is, indeed, a noble tree, as worthy now to guard God's House without as it was deemed of old to furnish it within; and may well represent those trees of the Lord's planting which flourish so greenly in the verses of the Psalmist, and which have thrown an unwonted charm even into the metres of Brady and Tate, for there is surely a simple majesty in these lines:-

'The trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with sap are fed;
The mountain cedar looks as fair
As those in royal gardens bred.'—Ps. civ. N. v.

The sycamore would remind us of Zacchæus, and the vine and the fig-tree are both sacred types. These two last are best suited for the porch, where they might replace the perfidious ivy; and if left to grow in their natural luxuriance, would seldom tempt the pilferer by their fruit. The rose of Sharon, and the wild vine of America (the Virginian creeper), might add their symbols intermixed with these; and on no account should any other flower, save those that spring up naturally from the turf, mar the solemnity of the place. Ivy, when planted at all, should be the narrow-leaved English, not the broad Irish. Loudon gives a list of some five hundred trees, shrubs, and flowers, adapted for cemeteries and churchyards; but, as may be supposed from the number, it is rather a select arboretum and flora, equally suited to any other purpose. His sketch of the sepulchral style, as contrasted with the pleasure-ground style of laying out a cemetery, is generally correct; but he quite overlooks a principle which we think will be found to hold good universally, that for a cemetery or churchyard the shrubs only should be spiral, the trees massy, and horizontal in their branches. In both cases, evergreens are preferable. The old and genuine Scotch pine is one of the best trees for a high situation. The Lombardy poplar should be avoided, as being in too close competition with the spire. The oak is too Erastian, as well as too utilitarian a symbol. The weeping willow is quite a modern sentimentalism, false as a Christian type, and its name (Salix Babylonica), which popularly connects it with Hebrew song, a mere pious fraud of the botanists.

The Yew demands especial notice, as the church tree of England—many of the finest specimens of which are undoubtedly older than the fabrics with which they are now associated. Pages upon pages have been written on the origin of planting this tree in our churchyards, and form a curious chapter in the history of antiquarian trifling. It is contended that it was placed there as a screen to the church against the winds—a shelter for the congregation assembling—to furnish long bows for the parish—as a funereal emblem of death—as a joyful symbol of the resurrection, as a substitute for palms—as a wood anciently used in funeral pyres, or strewed en coffins—as derived from the pagan reverence for 'green trees;' and one Œdipus has the hardihood to account for its proximity to the church, that, in troubled times, the congregation, when disturbed, might have a natural armoury at hand whence

whence they might cut their weapons. A more obvious reason—its use in decorating the church at Christmas and other festivals—we have never seen suggested in the many essays which this simple subject has produced. Its deadly property to cattle is well known; and whether or not that was a good reason for planting it in churchyards, its presence there is at least a better one for the expulsion of the graziers' stock, too often found there.

We would plead a word in behalf of the time-honoured trees still existing in country churchyards. Many sad spoliations of what old books call 'Saint's Yews' have come under our own knowledge, realising the old ballad verse—

'Then came the clerk of the parish,

'Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you the truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been here.'

The title of an ancient statute (35 Edward I.), which runs, 'Ne Rector Arbores in Cemeterio prosternat,' might be sometimes revived with advantage in the present day. An old story is found in Brand of a clergyman, who, 'seeing some boyes breaking boughs from the yew-tree in the churchyard, felt himselfe much injured.' He bethought him of a summary method of escaping the like indignity for the future; for, 'to prevent the like trespasses, he sent one presently to cut downe the tree, and bring it into his back-yard.' Whereupon two of his cows feeding on the leaves of it died. We join with the narrator in the moral of the story, and bring in the verdict of the Irish jury—'Sarv'd him right.'

There is every reason to hope that some check may be given to the present hideous fashion of country tombstones. Mr. Paget has done for the humbler classes what Mr. Markland's excellent book has for the higher.* His 'Tract,' which does great credit to the provincial press from which it issues, should be widely distributed in all country parishes, and will hardly fail to diminish the number and size, and correct the emblems, of the black slate slabs which, from their ready subjection to the chisel, are making rapid inroads throughout our rural churchyards. From Mr. Paget, as well as the Cambridge Camden Society, we have had drawings of a better class of headstones; † yet, though those designs which we have seen executed in stone are great improvements on the prevailing form, we think there is still room for the exercise of an enlightened and chastened taste. We are still in want of a good collection of posies for country churchyards, to replace

' Afflictions sore long time I bore,'

^{*} Quarterly Review, vol. lxx. p. 417.

[†] We have just received, too late to notice it otherwise, a * Paper on Monuments, Oxford, 1844, by the Rev. J. Armstrong, which gives the best designs for churchyard head-stones we have seen.

and others of that class. Perhaps the simpler and older forms of epitaph, imploring mercy and peace, would be more consonant with right feeling; but we would hardly debar our rural population from 'the sermons in stones' which they delight to pore over as they loiter among their fathers' graves before evening service. Only we wish that the poetry and the doctrine put before them were more free from the vulgar extravagancies which now amuse rather than instruct us on village tombstones. Goldsmith has somewhere made a remark on how good and amiable a world this would be, if men's lives were only spent as they read on their epitaphs. Of men, as Christians—and as such their epitaph should speak of them—the less said is best said. 'The greater part of mankind must be content, as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man.'

Mr. Chadwick deserves the thanks of the community for having stepped a little out of his way to notice the subject of funeral expenses. Five millions sterling, on a moderate calculation, is the sum annually expended in England and Wales alone on this account. Four of these may fairly be set down as squandered on the mere fopperies of death. Will Christian England hear this simple statement and be still? There is a cry in the streets of towns that count their inhabitants by tens of thousands, for schools and churches; gaunt and squalid poverty, heathen ignorance, and, what is worse, half-knowing infidelity, call aloud for almoners, and teachers, and pastors; and the utmost that our wealth has done for them has never yet in one year met the demand of that year's increase, let alone the accumulations of past years' neglect. And here is an annual four millions -- a professed offering to domestic piety and Christian decency-which might have met all these demands even to an overflowing—not merely wasted, but degraded to the idlest and meanest uses. This estimate does not include the vain marble, 'the storied urn and animated bust,' and the emblazoned hatchment, of monumental affectation and parade. To what then does it go? To silk scarfs, and brass nails-feathers for the horses-kid gloves and gin for the mutes-white satin and black cloth for the worms. And whom does it benefit? Not those in whose honour all this pomp is marshalled-not those who often at a costly sacrifice submit to it as a trammel of custom-not those whose unfeigned sorrow makes them callous at the moment to its show and almost to its mockery-not the cold spectator, who sees its dull magnificence give the palpable lie to the preacher's equality of death-but the lowest of all low hypocrites, the hired mourner, whose office it is a sin to sanction and encourage. There is a time in every family when one room in the house of the living is the chamber of death-when words are whispered low, and the smile is checked,

and the light of the sun is darkened, and the sternest master is mild, and the most bustling servant is still, and no one has the heart to choose the wood for the coffin, or haggle about the price of broadcloth. Then, when false shame or true affection makes us puppets in the hands of others, a mercenary stranger,

' Like the ghole of the East, with quick scent for the dead,'

'undertakes' the measure and evidences of our grief, and by 'only what is customary' is at once the arbiter, and director, and purveyor of the trappings of woe, taking his own orders, and charging his own prices, according as he may estimate the pride, or piety,

or purse of his helpless employers.

It speaks volumes of the iron grasp with which that monster custom has clutched us here, that a bill of 601. or 701. for funeral expenses is passed, as a matter of course, by a Master of Chancery, even in an insolvent estate. From 60l. to 100l. for an upper tradesman, 250l. for a gentleman, 500l. to 1500l. for a nobleman-such is the ordinary metropolitan scale, as announced by the officials of the great Leveller, for attendance on the funerals of many who have left their widows and orphans destitute, their debts unpaid, and perhaps wanted themselves the comforts, even the necessaries of a dying-bed.* The family pride, that turned a deaf ear and a stone heart to the calls of living wretchedness, comes to the rescue when the unfortunate has ceased from troubling, and gladly pays to the last claim that which, if given before, might have inconveniently prolonged and increased further demands. Poor Sheridan proved not in his death more truly the faithlessness of summer friends, than he did in his funeral the hollow mockery of posthumous parade; and Moore never struck a nobler or more independent chord than when he sung,

'How proud will they flock to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow!
How balliffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

It was probably with a prescient dread of some such empty pageantry that Pope ordered, by will, that his pall should be supported by poor men only. This office—indeed the more real service of carrying the bier itself—was formerly the privilege of the nearest relations and decrest friends. The holy lady Paula has

^{*} The average surplice-fee for the clergyman for the whole of London, where almost alone it exists, and which forms the chief source of income in some parishes, is 6s. 2d. The average funeral expense for the whole London population is about 15t. Pauper coffins are contracted for at 1s. 6d. each. Undertakers themselves acknowledge that 56 per cent. might be deducted from their usual charges, and leave them a fair remanneration. The whole of Mr. Chadwick's Report on this part of the subject proves the undertaking system to be, what, in another sense, Lord Portsmouth delighted to call a black this.

this honour recorded of her by St. Jerome, that the bishops of Palestine carried her forth with their own hands, and put their own necks under her coffin,

'Bending beneath the lady and her lead.'

Good Izaak Walton was told by the Bishop of London who ordained George Herbert, that 'he laid his hand on Mr. Herbert's head, and, alas, within less than three years lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to the grave;' and it was often a matter of friendly rivalry who should be allowed to carry a good man deceased to his last home. Even in our own day, we read in the Life of Sir Walter Scott, that ' His old domestics and foresters made it their petition that no hireling hand might assist in carrying his remains. They themselves bore the coffin to the grave.' If modern effeminacy or refinement can only lay a hand to a tassel, where our fathers put their shoulders to the coffin, at least some poor dependents might be selected for underbearers, on whom the funeral dole would be better bestowed than on hired strangers. Now-the men who share in the funeral baked meats are thus described by one of their masters :- 'They are frequently unfit to perform their duty, and have reeled in carrying the coffin. The men who stand as mutes at the door, as they stand out in the cold, are supposed to require more drink, and receive it liberally. I have seen these men reel about the road, and after the burial we have been obliged to put these mutes and their staves into the interior of the hearse, and drive them home, as they were incapable of walking. After the return from the funeral, the mourners commonly have drink again at the house. (Sup. Rep. § 56.) No one who has read 'Inheritance'—and who has not?-can fail to be reminded here of Miss Pratt's arrival at the

'It was drawing towards the close of a day, when the snow had fallen without intermission, but was now beginning to abate. A huge black object was dimly discernible entering the avenue, and dragging its ponderous length towards the castle; but what was its precise nature the still falling snow prevented their ascertaining. But suddenly the snow ceased, the clouds rolled away, and a red brassy glare of the setting sun fell abruptly on the moving phenomenon, and disclosed to view a stately full-plumed hearse. There was something so terrific, yet so picturesque, in its appearance, as it ploughed its way through waves of snow—its sable plumes and gilded skulls nodding and grinning in the now lurid glimmering of the fast-sinking sun—that all stood transfixed with alarm and amazement. At length the prodigy drew near, followed by two attendants on horseback; it drew up at the grand entrance, the servants gathered round, one of the men began to remove the end-board—that threshold of death—and there was lifted out, not "a slovenly unhand-

some corpse betwixt the wind and his nobility," but the warm, sentient, though somewhat discomfitted, figure of Miss Pratt.'

Thus are farce and tragedy mixed up in the drama of life, and remind us of the schoolboy puzzle, which, by a slight harlequinade of the letters, turned 'funeral' into 'real fun.'

In olden times, when charity implied an act and not only a feel-

ing, almsgiving accompanied the performance of every Christian service. Men were not afraid of doing good works, lest they should be said to rest upon them. And the funeral Dole,* though it undoubtedly led at times to great excesses, was one of the occasions which helped to equalize wealth, and make the poor partakers of our substance and hospitality. The Fathers, indeed, are full of condemnation of the abuses of the anniversary festivals of the dead, which savoured more of the Parentalia of the Gentiles than of the doles of Churchmen; our own Puritans also, not without reason, attacked the carousing and junketing of the Month's Myndes; † but the same objections hardly hold good against the dole and almsgiving at the time of the funeral. St. Jerome commends a widower upon this account—' that whilst other husbands throw violets, and roses, and lilies, and purple flowers upon the graves of their wives, our Psammachius waters the holy ashes and bones of his

wife with the balsam of alms.' Old English wills are full of such instructions as that of William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, 1397—that 'twenty-five shillings should be daily distributed among three hundred poor people from the time of his death to the arrival of his body at Bustlesham.' And Strutt gives among the articles of expense at the funeral of Sir John Rudstone, mayor of London, 1531—'To poor folke in almys, 11. 5s.' &c.; and the list might be easily lengthened. If respect for the dead necessarily involve unusual expenditure, surely such objects as the above are more reasonable items than those which occur in a modern undertaker's bill of 'ostrich feathers, 11. 1s.; man carrying ditto, 8s.;

eighteen pages, silk bands and gloves, 111. 14s.' and the like.

It is to be lamented, but perhaps not wondered at, that the more the dead have been honoured, the more the living have been forgotten—the poor stinted as the parade has increased. We omit in this view the extraordinary occasions when in the palmy days of pageant and heraldry the combination of great worth, wealth,

^{*} The origin and signification of the word are well explained by these lines from Percy:—

[&]quot;Deal on, deal on, my merry men all, deal on your cake and wine;

For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day, shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

† The day month after the funeral, as year s-mind was the anniversary. Sir Robert Chichely, grocer; and twice Lord Mayor of London, who died in 1439, 'wylled in his testament, that upon his Mynde Day a good and competent dinner should be ordayned to xxiiii C. pore men. And over that was xx pounde destributed among them, which was to every man two-pence."—Brand's Pop. Antiq., Sir H. Ellis's Ed., vol. ip. 192.

and rank-all, or some of them-made a funeral procession an affair of state; and which in no way justifies the appropriation of the dead-letter of a spirit of nobility which has passed away, to the obsequies of persons who in those days would not have been allowed to subscribe 'gent.' as their designation. But while the ceremonial pomp of our fathers has been retained, their charity, whether by the will of the deceased, or the largess of the surviving, is too often omitted, and the mural tablet now generally records the virtues which were once more indirectly, but not the less sensibly, portrayed on the same church-walls in the list of parish benefactions. Let us hope that the like spirit which is now converting the sepulchral monument from being the disfigurement of the church into its ornament, that substitutes the painted window and the sculptured font for the pompous and unmeaning tablets of the last age, may be yet further extended to the more judicious application of funeral expenses. We do not hesitate to denounce the present accumulation of ceremony and outlay at funerals as not only ridiculous, but sinful. In ordinary cases it is out of all proportion to the means of the family incurring it, and not unfrequently a most grievous burden. But where money is of little moment, how far better would it be to expend the sum consumed in an hour's passing pomp on the lasting and substantial good of a memorial school-room or an alms-house, in restoring an aisle, or adding a porch to the parish church! Some sacrifice on the death of a friend humanity seems to demand-who does not read 'Rasselas' with a double interest when he knows it was written to pay the cost of a mother's funeral? Affection, where it exists, suggests it: and its absence, where it exists not, is scarcely a less stimulant, lest the niggard hand should betray the cold heart. The world, always leaning to the uncharitable side, while it gives little credit to a costly outlay, yet sees in a cheap funeral the measure of the love of the survivors; and few have the courage to undergo this ordeal. But let a distribution be made or announced on the day of the funeral, which, while the minimum sum is expended on the obsequies, by the amount saved from the undertaker's clutches, shall feed and clothe and teach the poor, and the most ignorant will be satisfied, and the most envious silenced. If we could be brought to view this matter simply as Christians, nay, as mere men of common sense, 101. would suffice in towns, and 51. in the country, for that upon which hundreds are now squandered, and of which not a trace remains. Something may be said for a sumptuous monument; it wards off oblivion for a generation or two from a name that would otherwise be forgotten; it speaks for a time of and to the charities of family and home; but the train of hired feathers and hack coaches has none of

of these things to recommend it; the impression produced by it is purely evil. We thank Mr. Chadwick for reminding us of these nervous lines of Crabbe—

Lo! now, what dismal sons of Darkness come To bear this daughter of Indulgence home; Tragedians all, and well arranged in black! Who nature, feeling, force, expression lack; Who cause no tear, but gloomily pass by, And shake their sables to the wearied eye That turns disgusted from the pompous scene, Proud without grandeur, with profusion mean! The tear for kindness past affection owes; For worth deceased the sigh from reason flows; E'en well-feign'd passions for our sorrow call, And real tears for mimic miseries fall: But this poor farce has neither truth nor art. To please the fancy or to touch the heart; Dark but not awful, diamal but yet mean, With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene: Presents no objects, tender or profound, But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around. When wees are feign'd, how ill such forms appear; And oh! how needless when the woe's sincere.

-The Parish Register.

On the other hand, conceive for a moment what our towns might have saved in workhouses and prisons—what buildings in their place devoted to religion and charity they might have exhibited, if, during the last age, the forty pounds which might have been saved out of every fifty wasted on funeral fopperies had been rationally expended. Let it not be said that it is vain to argue thus—that the money if not spent on the funeral would not have been spent at all, or at least in no better way; because nature will demand a sacrifice in the last gift of love, and of old it did flow in a nobler channel. It is not cheap, so much as plain, funerals that we advocate. We grudge not the 'waste of ointment,' however costly, so it be poured out in the honour of God, and not for the pride of man; and the very want of our Lord's visible presence suggests that we have the poor in His room.

And yet, after all, in the case of our dearest friends deceasing, it may be feared that the world and its fashions will have their way. We cannot bear, perhaps, the thought of withholding, in the case of others, even the lacquered cherubs and French-polished mahogany of the undertaker's bill. But there is one case which comes nearest home to us, on which we may decide, for 'once it shall come to pass, that concerning every one of us it shall be told in the neighbourhood that we are dead;' and then there may be found that strict written

injunction

injunction with regard to our own funeral, that even the extreme officiousness of love dares not disobey. Mere general directions, however, will not suffice. Few fail even now to give instructions, verbal or written, that no unnecessary sum shall be expended on their burial. But each one must name the definite amount beyond which the expenditure shall not go, and name also the rescued sum which shall be devoted to charitable purposes. Details must not alarm us; we must name the elm coffin, and the coarse linen, and dispense explicitly with mutes, and hat-bands, and kid gloves. The carpenter must be the undertaker, and six poor men to carry us in place of the four-horsed hearse. If we thus took the ordering of our own funerals upon ourselves, our friends would be relieved, and the world satisfied; and though eccentricities might sometimes peep out in the instructions, there would be little fear of often encountering the orange-coloured pall and cloaks of the late Dr. Somebody, or the 4000l. for an equestrian statue of himself,

left a short time since by one Mr. Hobart.

Many of the best and greatest men have left strict injunctions on this head, which have mostly been evaded for want of more definite expressions. A few only occur to us at this moment, as Pope and Burke, Sir M. Hale, and we think Bishop Hall. All strongly deprecated funeral extravagance. Evelyn records of his mother that on her death-bed she importuned his father 'that what he designed to bestow upon her funeral, he would rather dispose among the poor.' We learn from Gregory Nyssen,* that Ephrem Cyrus left it upon his will, that nothing should be expended on his funeral, but whatever should be appointed for that should be given to the poor. Paula, to whom we referred before, left not money so much as to buy a winding-sheet. St. Basil asks the rich-'What need have you of a sumptuous monument, or a costly entombing? Prepare your own funeral whilst you live. Works of charity and mercy are the funeral obsequies you can bestow upon yourself.' Sir Thomas Wyndham, 1521, directs his body to be buried, without dampnable pomp, or superfluities;'+ and the old wills abound in similar injunctions. The Roman sumptuary laws expressly forbade expensive funerals; might not taxation, which in modern times supersedes the necessity of direct restrictive enactments, help to diminish the increasing folly?

It would be unjust to the Gallican Church not to notice especially her continual efforts against the repeated inroads of intramural burial. These she has persevered in, even in spite of the Pope's decretals giving hereditary rights of burial within the church to wealthy and noble families. Mr. Walker reprints a most valuable document, taken from a New York publication,

Allan

in the form of an ordinance of Stephen Charles de Lomenie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, who was made a cardinal by Pius VI. Making allowance for some doctrinal points to which we might not agree, the archbishop's letter gives the best history of, and the most conclusive arguments against, intramural burial, which we have yet seen. After referring to thirteen ordinances published in France alone, between the years 1600 and 1721, against the practice, he thus appeals to the feelings of those who might be disposed to persist in their privilege of interment in or near the church:—

'If inhumation around churches is to be allowed, can cities be perfectly salubrious? If priests and laymen, distinguished for piety, are to be buried within, who shall judge of this piety, or who presume to refuse their testimony? If the quality of founder or benefactor is a tile, what rate shall fix the privilege? If the right is hereditary, must not time multiply the evil to excess, and will not our churches at length be crowded beyond endurance? If distinctions of rank are to exist after death, can vanity know any limitation or judge? If these distinctions are to be procured for money, will not vanity lavish riches to procure them? And would it be proper for the Church to prostitute to wealth an honour only due to such as have been rendered worthy by the grace of God?'

Such is the unanswerable appeal. Now for the manner of enforcing it:-

'We are disposed, dearly beloved brethren, to show all possible moderation in this necessary reformation; though charged to be strict in the fulfilment of our pastoral duties, we are allowed a discretionary power, and can consult your habits, your opinions, and even your prejudices, and all that may conciliate your interests with the glory of God; but woe to us if, blinded by weakness, we lose sight of the experience of past ages, and suffer things still to continue that have till now served, and can only serve, to perpetuate disorder.'—Gatherings, p. 72.

The reasonableness of the injunction, and the moderation in effecting it, we earnestly recommend to our spiritual rulers. On the other hand, we will not think so ill of our aristocracy as to believe that family pride will stand out for the pitiably Pharisaical distinction of burying within the church—of all privileges the most unprofitable to the possessors, and unedifying to the people. There can be few cases where they have the shadow of a legal right; and an episcopal injunction might, we suppose, in every case, avail to suppress it. Belial and Mammon are the presiding deities of private vaults; for Christianity, reason, and decency, must, on an unprejudiced view, equally abhor them. The material appearance of a charnel-house is positively more nauseous than that of an earthen grave, and the process of corruption there perhaps the more loathsome of the two. When

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Allan Cunningham was offered by Chantrey a place in his own new elaborate mausoleum, Allan answered like a man and a poet, 'No, no, I'll not be built over when I'm dead; I'll lie where the wind shall blow and the daisy grow upon my grave.' His wish was granted: he was laid in the lap of his mother earth, under a simple sod; and, according to a brother poet's prayer,—

'The evening sun Shines sweetly on his grave.'

The fact that the tombs most conspicuous in the Cemetery at Kensal Green, where 'Honest Allan' thus reposes, are those of St. John Long, the quack, Ducrow, the equestrian, and Morison, the hygeist, will not perhaps tend to raise the value of granite and marble and bronze in the public mind. There is something, too, very disgusting to us in the public exhibition of coffins, such as takes place in the catacombs of the cemeteries, and in some noblemen's vaults, on payment of a fee. Like making a spectacle of an execution, or thronging to the funeral of a suicide or a murderer, this is hardly the healthy Christian contemplation of death, but rather springs from the same morbid feeling that led the Egyptians to introduce a skeleton in their feasts, and Lord Byron to have his drinking-cup made of a skull—not a repose, but an excitement—the substitution, in either case, for the wholesome fear of death, of a braving of

'The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon.'

A great deal has been said of late of the unchristian 'respect of persons' shown by the ambitious and monopolising pews of too many of our churches; and certain it is that such distinction of rank in God's House is very hurtful in many ways, and that if there is to be an inequality at all, the tables should be turned, and the best places allotted to those who have, as is supposed, most to learn, and who are the Church's peculiar care. But surely it is far more shocking to right feeling to carry this inequality into the grave: we mean not in monuments, which may result merely from affection using its proportionate means, but in the place of burial, so that the poor man shall have the northern and unsunned corner of the churchyard, while the chancel shall hardly be deemed good enough for the deceased rector. Even the growing spirit of church decoration may be perverted, if the foundation be not rightly laid; for in many cases where the greatest care is bestowed upon the fabric, it seems rather to be viewed as a family mausoleum than as a place of common worship: and the high principle that is contended for will be little advanced if the green-baized pew only gives place to the at it.

emblazoned monument. Let the high clergy and laity follow Allan Cunningham's example, and give such directions about their burial that the poor man may see some little sincerity of action, as well as warmth of profession, and have no more repetition of the old but eloquent epitaph—

'Here I lie beside the door, Here I lie because I 'm poor; Further in the more they pay, Here I lie as well as they.'

For our own part, when we think over the lives of those who claim chancel-vaults, and of those who rest in the churchyard, without a stone to mark the spot of their interment—like Crabbe's old Dibble we would content ourselves with the humbler allotment, and

Join the party that repose without.'

'To subsist in lasting monuments,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'to live in their productions, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysicks of true belief. To live, indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence, in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything in the ecstacy of being for ever, and as content with six feet as with the moles of Adrianus.'

Though, as we have already said, we differ from Mr. Chadwick as to the hands into which the providing and maintenance of Cemeteries should fall, we can have no difficulty, and we think the nation will go along with us, in coming to the same main conclusion with him:—

'That on the several special grounds, moral, religious, and physical, and in conformity to the best usages and authorities of primitive Christianity, and the general practice of the most civilized modern nations, the practice of interments in towns in burial places amidst the habitations of the living, and the practice of interment in churches, ought for the future, and without any exception of places, or acceptation of persons, to be entirely prohibited.'—Sup. Rep. § 249.

We also fully agree with him—'That the necessities of no class of the population in respect to burial ought to be abandoned as sources of private emolument to commercial associations;'—that 'institutions of houses for the immediate reception, and respectful and appropriate care of the dead, under superior and responsible officers, should be provided in every town for the use of all classes of the community;'—that 'an abatement of oppressive charges for funereal materials, decorations, and services,' should be made; and we are sure that he would meet us with his concurrence in the suggestions we have tendered for the general diminution of all funeral

funeral parade. We cannot take leave of the Réport without thanking its able author for the very great public service he has achieved by it.

And now, something must be done in this matter, and that without delay. This day the sun will set in Britain upon a thousand corpses of those who saw the light of yesterday. It will be the same to-morrow, but with increasing ratio; our burial-grounds are meanwhile almost stationary; and the mind shudders to think of the accumulating horrors which must ensue from a continuance of things as they are. There is no doubt whose prerogative it is to. conduct the rites of Christian burial, and whose duty, therefore, it is to come forward at the present moment, and rescue them from their increasing desecration. One year more, and a new concession may be wrested from the Church, and another tie may be broken; and while Churchmen are busied in fine-drawing the Articles in their studies, and carving rood-screens in their workshops, the opportunity of a great practical restoration, at once primitive and catholic, pious, edifying, and popular, may be allowed to slip away, to fall into the hands of speculators and Dissenters. Never-if we may, without irreverence, apply to a minor want of the Church that expression which was more solemnly appropriated of old to her greatest need-never was the Fullness of time for a specific object more signally come. The necessity of the case is not more urgent, than are the means to meet it prompt and ample. The antidote as well as the bane is before us. The very existence of the Ecclesiastical Commission, unwelcome as it may be to many even in its improved constitution, offers the fortunate-may we not say, providential—accident of a motive power and machinery made to hand to carry out the material framework; while the spirit to give life and energy to a movement in the direction of primitive usage, is only not boiling over for want of a vent at which to expend itself. It is not in this only, but in greater matters, that we want good practical men to guide the present high-running tide of Church principles—a change for which, on the whole, we cannot be too grateful. No great change of mind, for good or for evil, was ever the unassisted work of man. Despite the cries of old women and the fears of philosophers—nay, despite the serious offences of the masters, and the laughable flounderings of the disciples, no unprejudiced observer can fail to recognise in the present signs of the times a more than common reading of 'vox populi, vox Dei.' Let the leaders only, instead of shrinking into irresponsible privacy from the immediate duties to which they have been called, or provoking friends into enemies by one-sided histories and extreme theories, or frittering away their learning on copes and candlesticks, take a manly and practical view of the present

present requirements of the English Church, and, as has been done in one field by the vicar of Leeds, take up such questions as this we have now discussed—where the want is clear and palpable, and the remedy simple and well defined. 'Going over the theory of virtue in one's own thoughts, talking well, and drawing fine pictures of it;' this may suffice for the philosopher, but not for the Divine. Let it never be said of English theology, as it was of Grecian ethics, that when its written principles were highest, its practical development was at the lowest ebb. Of course, we do not mean to apply this personally; we speak of measures, not of men. No great principles were ever yet advanced by the mere speculations of the closet. The benefactors of mankind—those for whose being we have to give God thanks-have not been content with putting forth abstract opinions, but, like their great Master, have employed themselves in going about doing good. It is a commendation in the Gospel that the love of a disciple was deepest shown in that the work she did was done 'for burial.' We look to the Fathers of our Church to draw the conclusion, and sum up our paper in the words of the faithful Borromeo-' Morem restituendum curent Episcopi in cemeteriis sepeliendi.'

ART. V.—1. Journal of the Royal English Agricultural Society.
Vol. I., 1839, to Vol. IV., 1843. London.

2. Remarks on Thorough-Draining and Deep-Ploughing. By James Smith, Esq., of Deanston Works, near Stirling. Sixth Edition, with Notes. Stirling, 1843.

Edition, with Notes. Stirling. 1843.
3. A Bill to encourage Industry by facilitating the Letting of Small Allotments of Land; and to provide for the Regulation of Loan Societies. Prepared and brought in by Lord Ashley, July, 1843.

4. Labourers' Friend Magazine, for disseminating Information on the Advantages of Allotments of Land to the Labouring Classes; on Loan Funds; and on other means of improving their Condition. London. Printed for the Society.

THE universal need of food to sustain the corporeal frame of every organized being is the grand mainspring appointed by Providence to compel unceasing activity throughout all animated nature. It is no less energetic in the motives that fill the streets and workshops of cities with the busy occupations of industrious man, than in the instincts which urge the wolf to pursue the lamb—the sheep to follow their shepherd—and the ox to know his master's crib; whilst from one generation to another the ploughman is impelled to labour on his furrows by the same wants

wants that prompt the birds to follow him, in quest of worms and insects which the plough turns up from their harbours within these furrows; and the very worms and insects elaborate their domiciles, and incessantly perforate the soil to seek their meat from vegetables which, in their turn, are nourished by the decomposed elements of earth, and air, and water, imbibed by the spongioles of their roots and the pores of their leaves.

Among the nations of antiquity the omnipresent problem in the mind of rulers was, how to ensure to the people a never failing and adequate supply of food; and although in modern times the spirit of commercial enterprise has, in a great degree, relieved governors from the need of maintaining public granaries and stores, the grand question of feeding the people must ever remain a subject of supreme political consideration—a paramount im-

portance to every fiving individual in every state.

Recent and present events urge this subject with more than usual pressure upon our consideration, and they who, like ourselves, have witnessed variations in the price of that one species of grain which is the staff of life, from more than 40% a load in 1800 to less than 81. a load in 1833, must rejoice in the prospect of proceedings that may put an end to oscillations so ruinous at one time to the owners, at another time to the occupiers of the soil—so fraught with inconvenience to all classes of the community; must welcome the dawn of any measures that may tend to place owners and occupiers, and the growers and consumers of food, on a fairer footing towards each other—and at the same time multiply the productive powers of the country in a degree commensurate with the wants of a population increasing at the rate of more than 700 souls per day. Formidable indeed would have been our position had the resources of art and science already forced our lands to their utmost capability of productiveness, leaving no alternative but dependence on other nations for the bread of even a small section of our people; but, however strange the fact may be, it is historically true, that while the manufacturing and commercial portions of our people, by the application of the discoveries in modern science (especially in Chemistry and Mechanics) to their respective arts, have multiplied their wealth to a degree which it almost exceeds the power of numbers to calculate, the [agriculturists alone have, till within a very short period, remained unconscious of the similar advantages that they also might derive from the application of science to the most ancient of all arts.

It is happily true, however, that, were our population to increase two and three fold beyond its present amount, there are not wanting means of increasing food after the same ratio; and this fortunate truth, long scouted as a wild dream, begins to be put forth in a shape with which economical theorists must find it impossible to contend. Happily, the same concentrated force of scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions which had so marvellously augmented the productive powers of so many mechanical arts and manufactures, has also begun to accelerate the wheels of agriculture, clearly and obviously increasing the productive powers of the soil in a ratio proportionate to the degree of scientific knowledge, and the amount of aid from improved mechanical implements of husbandry that have been applied to co-operate with human labour; and no theory or prejudice can hope to withstand the influence of this salutary movement.

Between 1801 and 1841 the population of the empire has increased from 16,300,000 to 26,800,000, and these increasing numbers have been sustained with food almost entirely by the augmented productions of our own improving agriculture. By extensive enclosures—by large expenditure of capital in draining by improved systems of alternate cropping—by large importations of foreign, and increased production and preservation of domestic, manures-by the culture of roots, especially of turnips-by the general spread of sheep husbandry-by improvements in the breed of cattle, and inventions of more efficient agricultural implements and a consequent economy of seed and labour, especially of the costly labour of horses—an amount of new and efficient forces has been called into action among the more energetic and intelligent part of the cultivators of our soil, especially in the northern and eastern parts of the island, which has been very nearly adequate to meet, from our home supplies, the increased demand for food arising from this addition of 10,000,000 to the population of the empire in the first forty years of this steam-rate century.

As prices have decreased, the spirit and energy of the British farmer have been forced into fuller activity to devise new expedients to meet and conquer the discouragement of low prices by increased productiveness, and the country has been, and is still in the main part, supplied with food from its own resources. Had these improved systems (even as they now exist) been fully carried out over the whole length and breadth of the land, the capabilities of further increase might have been talked of as questionable; but it is notorious that to this hour there has been hardly any adoption of the greater number of these elements of amelioration-especially the fundamental element of thorough draining—throughout the larger portion of the midland and western regions of our island; and to this very evil of retarded improvement we may now point for ground of hope and confident assurance that the supply of food may be increased in a degree fully adequate

adequate to any demand that may arise from our so formidably increasing population. The means of amendment are at hand; they are understood and practised by the more intelligent cultivators of districts which are now the most productive, and little more than half a century ago were the most unproductive portions of our island; and the education of the middling and lower grades of farmers in a knowledge of the systems adopted by their more enlightened brethren, seems to be the chief desideratum in order to effect the general adoption of these systems throughout

the empire.

It has been too much the practice to set up unreal distinctions and assume an imaginary rivalry between the manufacturing and agricultural interests of this great country—as if the tilling of the earth by the more or less perfectly constructed machinery of agricultural implements, and the use of horse-power, were not the first fundamental mechanical elements in the manufacture of flour by the miller and bread by the baker—and as if the producer of wool was not as essential a party to the manufacture of cloth as the weaver who directs the hand-loom, or the engineer who attends the steam-boiler. But there are influential and interested individuals who cannot or will not see that the agricultural and commercial portions of our population are embarked in the same bottom, forming the complex cargo of the great Galleon of the state, in which they must sink or swim together. We have a new aristocracy of commercial wealth, the creation of the last half century, who, in their rapid rise to high influence in our social system, forget that the land and the owners and cultivators of the land form the primary essentials, and the mercantile and manufacturing establishments the accidental adjuncts of our state; and that the rain of the solid walls and foundation of the stupendous fabric of the greatest nation upon earth would involve in one common destruction its richest appendages and most ornamental decorations. Nor has the advancing wealth of the commercial interest been without a corresponding advantageous influence in improving the value and multiplying the productions of the land; the increasing demand for food has called into action a spirit of improvement which has converted into fertile corn-fields vast districts of our island, which, half a century ago, were rabbit-warrens or marshes, whose fruits thus suddenly augmented by the applications of capital and science, beyond the wants of their own inhabitants, would have been brought forth in vain, had not new and remunerating markets opened in the manufacturing counties which cannot grow sufficient food for their own population; and thus a new source of wealth has accrued to the owners of land in the agricultural districts from

the increasing opulence and increasing demand for food for the manufacturers. In these harmonious adaptations we see mutual and reciprocal advantage, in the place of the collision and conflict which have of late been so assiduously proclaimed to the deluded dupes of fallacious arguments from the mouths of interested men, whose end, while they clamour for cheap bread to the labourer, is only to enrich themselves—and who know full well that the price of wages, both for the agricultural and the manufacturing labourer, must fall simultaneously with a reduction in the price of food.

'The able and intelligent leaders of the Anti Corn-law League,' says Colonel Torrens, 'are too well informed regarding the origin and nature of rent not to be fully aware that that portion of the rural population, who derive their profits and wages from the cultivation of lands of an inferior quality, cannot be indemnified for a fall in the price of produce

by any possible re-adjustment of money rents.

What their promised re-adjustment means, if it means anything, is not a mere reduction of money-rents, but a reduction of money-rents accompanied by a corresponding reduction in the vages of domestic labour, and in the price of all its products. This general fall of prices, or, in other words, this rise in the value of money, will be so far effectual, that it would not inflict upon the rural population any evil greater than that which it would inflict on all the other producing classes throughout the kingdom.—Letter to Mr. Senior, p. 59.

The 'Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England' will be a permanent monument to the honourable member for the county of Berks, whose patriotic earnestness of purpose induced him to take on himself the gratuitous labour of its editor-The same spirit of zealous endeavour to assist in teaching the farmers of England to meet the necessities of the times, has prompted Mr. Pusey, not only to prepare for the press the contributions of others, but also to enrich its pages with several most instructive essays from his own skilful pen on the recent improvements in agriculture, and on its actual condition in some of our counties where it is the most advanced. The volumes of this Journal already record, illustrate, and suggest momentous improvements in the culture of the soil and social condition of the people, which may well engage our attention throughout What topics can have a stronger claim on more than one article. us than those most important problems in rural economy which tend to solve the questions—how to obtain the greatest amount of produce from the earth, at the smallest expenditure of money, labour, and time?—and how to improve the condition of the agricultural labourers in a country whose rural population, in

most counties, exceeds the actual demand for workmen, by finding additional occupation for human hands, and diminishing the amount of work now performed by the more costly labour of horses?

At the head of the Journal stands a general report by Mr. Pusey on the present state of the science of agriculture in England. It commences with the announcement that the average produce of wheat in England is only twenty-six bushels an acre, and that if this could be raised to twenty-seven bushels, it would add to the nation's income 475,000 quarters, worth at 50s. about 1,200,000l., which would be equal to a capital of 24,000,000l. gained for ever to the country by this trifling increase in the growth of one article alone in England and Wales.

If such be the present state and future prospects of our country, it needs no ghost to tell us the value of a Journal conveying to the cultivators of our land information that will teach them not only to add one bushel to the produce of each acre of wheat, but in a still greater degree to augment the amount of every other kind of crop over that large portion of England which is still uninitiated in thorough-draining and alternate cropping. We have much reason to hope that the time is not distant when its illuminating influence will have dispelled that Cimmerian darkness which overshadows too many of the central and western regions of our island; and when the practical examples of scientific leaders that are daily arising among the more highly educated portion of the owners and occupiers of land in every county of Great Britain will, each in their respective neighbourhoods, have established centres of light irradiating the dim circles by which they are surrounded.

The establishment of the Highland Society, in 1784, has from that time been exercising a most beneficial influence on the agriculture of Scotland by the institution of prize essays on subjects connected with farming, and by the periodical gatherings of farmers in various central parts of this highly distinguished region of agricultural improvement; and the Duke of Richmond, who has of late years been one of its most influential leaders, has been among the foremost to aid in imparting to the southern portions of our island, by the establishment of a similar society in England, the same advantages which he had witnessed among our neighbours in the north. The transactions of the Highland Society are too well known to need any further commendation than their effects in the country to whose rapid improvement they have so much contributed; and the adoption of a similar mode of circulating knowledge in practical agriculture, by the publication of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, has

already

already produced results commensurate with the most sanguine expectations of its founders.

During many years past, local improvements have been going on

in the breed of stock and modes of cultivation, and local societies have done much to extend the knowledge of these improvements in their respective neighbourhoods; but some point of union was wanting through which the knowledge of these results might acquire a general circulation, and we owe to Lord Spencer the accomplishment of this great national desideratum in the establishment of a general Agricultural Society for all England, composed of persons of all varieties of political opinion, united for the object of improving that agriculture in which they had all a common interest. These last five years, however, have been distinguished by a series of more effective steps towards the improvement of English agriculture than any preceding period in the history of the country, and the great cause and leading feature of this forward movement has been the formation of the Royal English Agricultural Society, which has held its five first meetings in the towns of Oxford, Cambridge, Liverpool, Bristol, and Derby, and will re-assemble at Southampton in the present year. The beneficial influence of

similar periodical associations of farmers on a smaller scale had been felt from the commencement of the present century, in the effect of practical examples of good farming exhibited to the agriculturists assembled annually at the Holkham and Woburn sheep shearings; and the establishment of provincial farmers' clubs, which within the last few years have become so general throughout the country, together with the publication of agricultural journals, both in London and the provinces, have done much to promote that general circulation of knowledge which must precede the adoption of amendments in practice. The occasional delivery of lectures to these associations of farmers, calling their attention to improvements introduced with success in other neighbourhoods, has added the stimulus of rivalry and honourable ambition to the dictates of interest. The establishment of local premiums, to be competed for by breeders of stock and inventors of implements. and by the authors or adopters of new modes of managing the land, has still further accelerated the circulation of knowledge and consequent improvements in practice, among a race of men whose

The first step towards every amendment is a conviction that we are not yet arrived at perfection; and convictions of this kind are not easily attainable by individuals moving continually within the same circle, comparing themselves with none but their own neigh-

necessarily insulated position precludes them from such frequent opportunities of communication with one another as are enjoyed

by the inhabitants of populous towns.

bours, and having few means of seeing or hearing what is done beyond the contracted sphere of the native village and the nearest market-town; such men are usually prepossessed, in a degree commensurate with their ignorance, with a notion that no improvement can be for the better. But the institution of associations for the propagation of knowledge in the pursuits of agriculture has, to a great degree, convinced the occupiers of our lands that agriculture is not only a practical art, but a science of the highest order, requiring a combination of many subordinate sciences to consummate its perfection. It is now admitted that the sciences of chemistry, of animal and vegetable physiology, and mechanics, form the foundations not only of the theory but of the practice of that foremost and most important of arts, whose object is to obtain supplies of food, by co-operating with the laws established by nature to regulate the growth and multiplication of the animal and vegetable productions of the earth. Agriculture, says Liebig, 'is both an art and a science; its scientific basis embraces a knowledge of all conditions of vegetable life; of the origin of the elements of plants, and of the sources whence they derive their nourishment.' 'Science with practice' is the motto on the seal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England: and there is at this time a felicitous concurrence of opinions and circumstances that favours the invention and acceptance of ameliorated methods of husbandry; a strong opinion is rapidly extending itself among practical farmers, that science is capable of teaching improved methods of managing their land, and there is a ready disposition on the part of scientific men to devote their attention to subjects connected with agriculture. We have in Germany, Liebig and Sprengel; in France, Boussingault, Dumas, and Payen; whilst in England, Johnston and Playfair, and Daubeny and Henslowe, are actively exerting themselves by lectures to associations of farmers, and to students in the universities, and by publications suggesting experiments founded on the theoretical deductions of science, in their several departments of chemistry, and botany, and physiology.

Recent experiments on a large scale have fully demonstrated that the drainage of all lands that are not naturally dry is the antecedent condition of every other agricultural improvement; it is vain to apply the most fertilizing manures, unless the free access of their elements to the roots of the growing plant be

secured by the permeability of the soil.

The first requisite to the introduction of these improvements is the example and co-operation of the landlords in the indispensable work of thorough-draining all wet land; and this has usually been effected at the joint expense of the owner and the occupier, the former supplying tiles or stones, and the latter the labour of

laying

laying them in the ground. During the last thirteen years the Duke of Rutland has drained 5500 acres, and laid in the ground about 11,000,000 of tiles, upon his property in Leicestershire, to the great advantage both of the owner and occupier and of the public-the Duke providing the tiles, which are fixed in the ground at the expense of the tenants, under the direction of his Grace's surveyors. The Duke of Bedford has proposed to his tenants the choice of three methods of co-operating in the drainage of their farms. 1. The Duke offers to undertake one half the expense of tiles and soles and labour in cutting and filling the drains, the tenants paying the other half and finding carriage. 2. The Duke will supply tiles and soles, charging five per cent. per annum on their cost, the tenants being at the whole expense of labour and carriage; or, 3. The Duke will be at the whole expense, the carriage excepted, and charge seven per cent. per annum on the amount of his outlay; the work to be executed under the superintendence of his Grace's agent. Similar operations upon a small scale have been going on for a long time past in obscure corners of almost every part of England; and in Scotland many large proprietors, more especially the Duke of Portland, have executed great works of draining at their own expense, charging the tenants interest on the money so invested in the land.

The objects of draining are of two kinds; one to dispose of the rain-water that descends from above, the other to prevent the water of land-springs from ascending to the surface. The evil in each case is the saturation of the soil with water to the destruction of corn and all the finer grasses, and to the encou-

ragement of coarse sour grasses, rushes, and sedge.

The cheapest and most frequent mode of removing water derived from above or from below, is by shallow open gutters on the surface both of arable and pasture lands; but in each case the remedy is imperfect, as it leaves the roots at a few inches below the surface too long and too frequently immersed in water. The more effective but more costly remedy for both these evils is found in thorough-draining with deep gutters placed below the level to which the roots of corn or grasses usually descend. By these the water of land-springs is prevented from rising into contact with the roots, and the rain is so absorbed, that it neither forms ponds, nor saturates and destroys the permeability of the soil or subsoil—the same drains that carry off the water which ascends from subterraneous sources, removing also the rain that descends into them by percolating the soil.

The practice both of carrying off ground-springs by deep drains, and removing rain-water by shallow gutters on the surface, is of most ancient use; but the doctrine is new, that where there are

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no ground-springs, a system of under-drains, not less than thirty inches deep, and from twenty to thirty feet apart, is profitable

for a large proportion of our cultivated lands.

The name of thorough-draining has been recently applied to this more perfect mode of removing water both from the loose and porous soils through which ground-springs ascend, producing bogs and swamps upon the surface, and also from dense clay-soils which, as soon as they are wet, are impenetrable to rain. thorough-drains cause the rain of every shower to descend through the soil into the subsoil, imparting to every root it bathes in its downward passage the fertilizing elements of ammonia and carbonic acid, with which each drop of rain is charged. In the early months of spring, when the atmosphere is often warmer than the earth, the descent of rain-water through the soil applies to the plants the further benefit of heat-which is brought down by warm showers, and imparted to the earth wherever the rain finds a free descent through porous soils. There is a further cause of higher and more genial temperature in lands whose soil is dry, in their exemption from that loss of heat by the evaporation of stagnant water, which keeps cold the surface of all lands upon which water is permitted to accumulate. The power of sowing early, and getting an early harvest, is another benefit resulting from the drainage of wet lands. Nor are the benefits of drainage limited to vegetation only:—we have also to include the extinction of agues and fevers in regions which had been rendered unhealthy by the miasmata exhaled from decomposing vegetables in the stagnant waters upon their surface.

It is consolatory to know that nearly one-third part of England, which is composed of ill-cultivated wet land, may, by thorough-draining, be converted to land of the second order of productiveness, and made to yield in many cases nearly double the amount of produce that it has ever done. It is encouraging to hear of the immediate benefits resulting from drainage in the substitution of valuable green-crops in the place of barren summer fallows, and in the power of cultivating roots, and feeding sheep, on lands where, in their undrained state, it was almost impossible; add to this augmented produce, the economy of labour and capital by ploughing with two horses, the reduction of cost in horse-meat and harness, and the diminished wear and tear of heavy implements, and the gain of time, in which one man with two horses can plough an acre of drained land sooner than a man and boy can plough land that has not been drained with four or five. We need no further facts to show the vast advantage which the prospect of a general introduction of thorough-draining would impart to the entire community, if means can be devised to meet the large expenditure of money that is

required to accomplish so desirable an end.

By a recent Act, introduced by Mr. Pusey (3 and 4 Victoria, cap. 55), the owners of settled estates in England and Ireland, who have only a limited interest therein, and who, by reason of the great expense, are unable to execute such draining as would render them permanently more productive, have been empowered to defray the cost of draining by money borrowed on mortgage, to be repaid, with interest, by instalments, within eighteen years, or by a rent-charge on the lands so drained; and in pursuance of these powers, an association has recently been formed in Yorkshire, entitled The Yorkshire Land-Draining Association,' for the purpose of supplying the necessary funds for the thorough-draining of land, and of executing the works required for this purpose. As individuals are reluctant to lend money on condition of repayment by instalments, this association will combine a facility of supplying capital for agricultural improvement, with secure and profitable investments for the monied interest; thus giving effect to Lord Stanley's wise and important declaration at Liverpool, in July, 1841, that 'there was no bank in the whole country—no commercial speculation—no investment so safe, so sure and profitable, as that in which even borrowed capital may be engaged by investing it under the ground.' This association offers the further advantage of guaranteeing the most effective and scientific execution of drainage under its own official direction; thus obviating the risk of failure from entrusting the work to persons who may not always have competent experience and knowledge of the best methods of performing the often difficult operations of thorough-draining. Should these plans come into action, they will allow of the general drainage of entailed estates by tenants for life, not only without detriment, but to the certain great improvement of their present incomes, and to the future benefit of their successors.

Sir James Graham has been foremost in the Journal under our review to call the attention of agriculturists to the benefits immediately resulting from frequent draining in combination with deep ploughing, as applied at Deanston by Mr. Smith. It is shown in Sir James's paper, that furrow-draining and deep-ploughing have long been practised in some of the midland counties of England, particularly Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, and that the practice in Scotland is much more recent than in England; that the English drains are usually less deep than Mr. Smith's, who, after drainage, lays the land down flat, and without any furrow, whereas in the midland counties the furrow is carefully preserved. After furrow-draining in these counties, a portion of the subsoil is raised at

once to the top by deep trench-ploughing; at Deanston, the subsoil is only broken through and divided by the subsoil plough so as to become pervious to air and moisture, and is not raised to the surface till it has become mellowed and made friable by the admission of the atmosphere, when, after five years, it may with safety and advantage be brought to the top by deep-ploughing,

and mixed with the surface soil.

Sir James cites an experiment made by himself at Netherby in 1838, on eight acres of the poorest and wettest land, the surface of which is about five inches of black earth of a peaty quality, and the subsoil a weeping retentive clay, with sand and rusty gravel intermixed. Tiles were laid in every furrow, thirty inches deep and ten yards apart. It had been pasture of the coarsest kind, overrun with rushes and aquatic plants, and was rented at 4s. 6d. an acre. On one half of this field, after being drained, Sir James used Mr. Smith's subsoil plough; the other half was trenchploughed to the depth of ten inches by two ploughs following in succession—in the first part, not mixing with the surface any of the subsoil-in the last part commingling the surface and the soil in nearly equal proportions with the subsoil. The whole field was heavily but equally manured and planted with potatoes, and, in a bad season, yielded about twelve tons per acre. The crop was rather better where Mr. Smith's subsoil-plough was used; and there, notwithstanding the wetness of the season, no water stood upon the land; where trench-ploughing was adopted, the rainwater stood for a time in hollow places. The cost of draining and extra ploughing was 6l. 18s. 4d. an acre, and the field was forthwith let at 20s. an acre, on a lease of fourteen years. In the following spring, the field was sown with oats and grass-seeds: the produce of one part, where Mr. Smith's subsoil-plough had been used, was at the rate of six quarters and four bushels to the statute acre; another part, where trench-ploughing had been used and the subsoil brought to the top, produced five quarters and four bushels to the statute acre; -showing an advantage of one-sixth more corn where Mr. Smith's plough was used than where the land was trench-ploughed; and showing still further, that the value of this single crop not only repays the whole cost of the drainage, but is more than the fee-simple of the land before it was improved.

Another experienced agriculturist has recently published in the Gardeners' Chronicle the following statements as to the costs and effects of drainage in augmenting the produce of wheat:—

^{&#}x27;Draining in the best manner seldom costs more than 61. per acre, and can be often done effectually for half that sum. Without being drained, the cold wet lands which abound in England will not average sixteen bushels

bushels of wheat per acre, taking into the account the portions of fields which fail entirely. The same soil, properly drained, with the same labour and manure, will average thirty bushels, with double the quantity of straw; and more than a bushel per acre of seed may be saved. Here then is a difference of fifteen bushels per acre, which at 6s. amount to 4l. 10s.; and allowing a load of straw more than on the undrained land, worth 1l. 10s., we have just the cost of the draining, or cent. per cent. on the capital.

But while the agriculturists of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, and of the northern parts of our island, have been taught the lesson of drainage, many of the most fertile western and southern and central parts of England have yet to learn the instantaneous and permanent improvements that result from relieving all lands from the deleterious effects of water lodged upon their surface. We know not any such continuous extent of good land in so neglected and slovenly a condition, from lack of drainage, as that over which the railroad passes between the populous towns of Lancaster and Preston; and no intelligent traveller can have passed by the railroad from Birmingham to Tamworth, over rich strata of red marl and gravel, intermixed with fertile clay, without astonishment at the low state of cultivation of that central and thickly-inhabited part of England. Rich but undrained pastures bedecked with rushes, and cornfields garnished with thistles (plants almost extirpated from the Lothians, but rampant in North Warwickshire), form alternate items recorded in his notes, to the shame of the owners and occupiers of such neglected acres; and we would here remind those gentlemen who have estates contiguous to railroads, that the eyes of all England are on them-that the observation of locomotive thousands will henceforth be daily fixed upon their lands.

Sir Robert Peel has rendered to his neighbours a valuable service by his experiment in thorough-draining a few acres of wet land at Drayton Manor, the details of which are recorded in the third volume of these 'Transactions.' The field selected was in the worst condition of any that could be found on the estate: its subsoil an admixture of sandy gravel and clay, sufficiently tenacious to cause it to be half covered with shallow ponds of water. In the autumn of 1840 it was thorough-drained and subsoiled in the manner recommended by Smith of Deanston, and having been manured with lime and rotten dung, was sown, in the month of June, 1841, with several kinds of turnips, which, notwithstanding prophecies of failure from the late period of sowing, produced crops varying from sixteen to twenty-seven tons per acre. In 1842 it yielded a crop of barley so large that it fell to the ground with its own weight—followed,

in 1843, by a not less abundant produce of clover. The restoration of this field to a state of fertility was instantaneous. The value of the first year's crop of turnips went far towards repayment of the cost of drainage; and the land-whose last produce before the drainage had been a scanty crop of oats, seeded down with clover and grass that was almost worthlesswas at once brought into a state of permanent fertility. The beneficial effect of the experiment has not been confined to the field on which it was made. The tenant, who in 1840 was afraid to undertake its drainage at his own charge, and gave up the field in order that the experiment might be made by its owner, is now adopting the same process at his own expense in an adjacent field, which he would never have dared to drain without the assurance of success resulting from the example of his landlord an example which should produce the further and infinitely more important benefit of convincing other landlords of the electric efficacy of one small and good experiment, conducted by themselves. Sir Robert Peel's experiment on a single field has the further advantage of showing the applicability of the benefits of thorough-draining and subsoil-ploughing to estates of the smallest extent—even to an insulated acre.

As at the present crisis of English agriculture, the evils of failure in unskilfully conducted experiments are incalculable, from the triumph they afford to the haters of all improvement, and the alarm and distrust they excite in timid watchers; we rejoice to learn that Mr. Smith, of Deanston, so well known by his publications on 'Thorough-Draining,' and his successful practice of the same in Scotland, has established himself in London as an agricultural engineer, ready to give professional advice as to drainage and irrigation, and also as to the best systems of cultivation and the arrangement of farm-buildings, tanks, and compost-heaps—either supplying plans to gentlemen who may wish themselves to conduct the operations, or undertaking for them the execution of such works by agents and workmen of his own.

As it is both to heavy soils and light cold clay lands that thorough-draining may so advantageously be applied, and as lands of this kind are frequently remote from stones, it is a happy circumstance that an effective remedy is co-extensive with the evil in the facility of preparing tiles from the self-same clay which requires to be drained; and as the very great cost of draining, even at the cheapest price at which tiles can be manufactured by hand labour, has hitherto prevented their general application, it has become essential that less expensive modes of making them should be discovered.

The Marquis of Tweeddale's machine for making tiles was a

great advance towards the accomplishment of this universal desideratum; when tiles are made therewith, lands have been thorough-drained at a cost varying, according to the price of coals, from 3l. to 6l. per acre. A still more efficient machine (invented by Mr. Etheredge, of Southampton, to whom a prize was given at the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Derby, 1843) is said to make on an average 8000 tiles and as many covers per day; and if this machine can be introduced to general use, with all the benefits promised by its patentee, it will prove about the most valuable invention of our time. We are informed that the Duke of Northumberland is about to expend 6000l. a-year on drainage, for which Mr. Etheredge has engaged to supply annually 3,000,000 of tiles, with an equal number of soles; for the present year he is preparing 8,000,000. tiles and soles when placed together form a conduit three and a half inches deep by two inches wide inside: the charge for tiles is 14s, per thousand and for the covers 7s., including a fair profit to the maker. Their form, being that of an inverted

arch, combines perfect strength and free passage for the

water, with exemption from the risk of mud accumulating within the water-course, or of the tile sinking down into the soft or sandy bottom of the drain: and as the entire cost of these compound conduit-pipes is only 21s. a thousand, where coal is cheap, and as 2000 tiles are nearly sufficient for an acre, there is no wetfield within the vast area of the swampy shale-beds of our numerous coal formations that may not be permanently improved at a cost varying from 3l. to 4l. an acre, including the labour of cutting and filling the drains.

Having thus far considered the advantages to be derived from the removal of stagnant water, we will next advert to the beneficial influence of running water artificially conducted over the surface of grass lands.

From the very infancy of agriculture, the artificial application of water during the parching heats of summer has been held indispensable to the culture of a large proportion of southern Europe, and of the most fertile regions of Asia; and in these regions the supplies are usually obtained either with great labour from wells, or from rivers conducted by aqueducts over extensive tracts of country. In our own colder and moister climate irrigation is applied exclusively to meadows, and chiefly during the months of winter and spring.

. It is well known that hard water when charged, as is frequently the case, with solutions of iron, and that waters tainted by peat-bogs, are unfit for the purpose of irrigation; but it is not sufficiently understood that pure soft water, unenriched by animal or vegetable exuviæ, will, if kept in quick and constant motion, promote the growth of grass, by bringing continually into contact with it fresh surfaces of the fluid, from which the plants absorb both oxygen and carbonic acid, wherewith the water is continually replemished from the atmosphere so long as it moves rapidly in shallow sheets over the surface of the meadow.

In the south of England it has long been the practice to apply the streams of pure water that issue from the chalk hills of Dorset, Wilts, Hants, and Kent to the winter-floating of all the lands whose level admits of the passage of this water over their surface; and in the Cotswold hills, and other limestone districts, the water which issues from the earth charged with carbonate of lime is beneficially applied in a thousand instances, upon a small scale, to increase by irrigation the quantity of feed for sheep in spring, and of the crops of hay in summer; in such cases the benefit is ascribed, partly to the increased temperature maintained at the

surface by the water—which is warmer than the atmosphere during the coldest times of winter—and partly to the nutriment afforded to the grass by the carbonate of lime with which water that has

percolated calcareous rocks is usually impregnated.

As the application of pure water to the irrigation of pastures on steep slopes is of rare occurrence, we would invite the attention of proprietors to a few successful examples which Mr. Pusey has described on the elevated summits of Exmoor, because these may admit of imitation in other elevated regions, which, on account of climate, are incapable of cultivation for corn, whilst they are at no great cost convertible into hill-side water-meadows. Sir Thomas Acland's farm of Clotsham, which hangs almost precipitously over the valley of Holnicote, at 1100 feet above the level

of the sea, affords a good instance.

The name of Catch Meadow indicates the process by which this irrigation is effected. The ground is not re-shaped by the costly process required for the irrigation of meadows that are naturally level, but 'shallow gutters are carried round the slopes of the shelving field, tier above tier; and no separate channel is required for carrying the water off, because, after flowing over from one carrier, it is caught in the next below, from which circumstance the name is derived.' The ease with which these catch meadows are formed is remarkable. A field at Winsford, so steep that one could not climb it without the aid of hands, having been limed and planted with potatoes for two years, and overlaid with water-gutters along

along the slope, has been converted at a trifling cost, from waste rough ground, worth 5s. an acre, to a field bearing perpetual grass, worth at least 40s. an acre; and Mr. Blake of Upton has brought less than 400 acres, which had not been let for 1l. an acre, to produce 1200l. a-year, chiefly by catch meadows, which he formed out of moor-land, and lets as summering ground to the lowland farmers. Such being the effects of irrigation by catch meadows in the elevated districts around Exmoor, we see no reason why the same practice should not be extended, not only over the highland districts of Devon and Cornwall, but over millions of acres in the mountains of Wales and Cumberland, which, from their elevation, are incapable of producing corn. There are many of these high and barren wastes in which copious streams exist, which may be made to irrigate and fertilize large tracts of steep upland, that are now covered only with coarse grasses, heath, or rushes.

We know, on the high authority of Mr. Richard Griffith, that in many of the slate and granite mountain districts of Ireland, meadows and pastures are irrigated with water derived from rocks which contain no lime; and the site of many of these meadows being distant from, and frequently above the farm-yards, it is impossible that the water should have been enriched by any admixture of yard or stable drainage; but in these cases the effects of irrigation, in materially improving the produce, may in part be due to potash derived from the disintegrated felspar of the hills of granite. In the southern part of Wicklow and east of Carlow, the rocks at the surface are much decomposed, and are advantageously applied by farmers as a top-dressing for their meadows and pastures, in the form of clay, extracted from deep pits in the decomposing granite. The same is also mixed with farm-yard dung for raising green crops, both in Wicklow and Carlow, and in the Mourne Mountains of Down.

Other cases of irrigation are those in which streams, enriched by floods and the washings of villages and the overflowings of farmyards, are conducted over meadows that lie below the levels along which they can be made to run. Further but less frequent examples are those in which the contents of the sewers of large towns can be conducted over meadows subjacent to the points from which they leave the town loaded with the richest of all manures as yet applied to agriculture.

The most remarkable case of this latter kind, which has been frequently cited as an example that may be copied generally in all large towns, is that of the Foul Burn, which, after receiving the washings of Edinburgh, is conducted over a considerable tract of meadows on the east of that city during the whole year, producing unexampled crops of grass, and commanding a

rent which has varied from 101, to 201, an acre. The elevated position of Edinburgh affords facilities for the application of its exuvise to irrigation, such as are seldom found in other towns, placed as they are, for the most part, on or near the banks of rivers too low to admit of similar application of the contents of their sewers to the contiguous meadows. We know of no other such case among the large towns of Scotland: and in England Birmingham affords a rare example of a similar use of the drainage from its sewers which is beginning to be made extensively on tracts of meadow, contiguous to rivulets that descend from the unusually elevated site of that great town.

Much has been said by Liebig, and by recent English writers, respecting the enormous waste of manure that takes place in London from the termination of its sewerage in the Thames, and comparisons have been instituted between this waste and the more economical preservation of the exuviæ both of large and small towns upon the Continent; but that preservation is dearly purchased by the absence of the cleanliness produced in London and in most English cities by the copious use of water to remove impurities which contaminate the air of so many continental towns.

Mr. J. Evelyn Denison has published, in the first volume of 'The Journal,' a detailed account of the Duke of Portland's operations at Clipston Park, near Mansfield, by which 300 acres of sandy hill-sides, lately covered with gorse and heather—a rabbit-warren, over which a few sheep wandered—and a awampy valley below, thick set with hassocks and rushes, the resort of wild-ducks and snipes, and in many parts a worthless bog—have been converted to water-meadows of extreme fertility, by irrigation alone, as respects the slopes and terraces of the sand-hills, and by the combined effects of irrigation and thorough-drainage on the subjacent valley.

These improvements have been applied to land of two very different natural conditions—the dry and barren hill-side, and the swampy valley. The sandy hill-sides having been pared and burnt, and fallowed for turnips, which were eaten off by sheep, were levelled by the spade, and, being sown with hay-seeds after a crop of barley, followed by a second crop of turnips, were laid out with open carrier-gutters, by which the waters of the Maun, enriched by the washings of the streets and sewers of the town of Mansfield, were made to irrigate in succession, throughout the whole year, the fertile meadows into which these barren slopes of Sherwood Forest have been converted. The process of draining the boggy valley was more complex and difficult. Here it was necessary to add a perfect thorough-drainage of the bottom water, by deep under-ground drains, to the open gutters by which the waters of the Maun were conducted

conducted to irrigate the surface. The produce of these meadows exceeded all expectation. From January to the end of March they afforded pasture to ewes and lambs, fattening the lambs, which are sold at from 24s. to 30s. each. The most forward meadows are cut in the middle of May for green fodder to cattle in yards. A second cutting follows in the middle of July; and the eddish is eaten by sheep and cattle in the autumn and early winter. Even a third cutting of green food may be taken from those which are most advanced: so that, besides the early grass eaten by sheep in the spring, they afford two green cuttings and an eddish; and, if allowed to stand for hay, and mown early in July, they yield two tons per acre. The collateral benefit of these meadows extends to the arable land of the adjacent farms: requiring no manure but water, they afford, through the cattle fed in yards upon their produce, such a weight of manure for other land, that large barren districts have by these means been brought into profitable tillage; in fact, though the water irrigates only 300 acres, it enriches other lands to five times that extent.

In Staffordshire, Lord Hatherton has effected a most successful combination of thorough-draining with irrigation, by converting the noxious waters, which are collected from the drains of 800 acres of elevated hill-sides on the south-western flank of Cannock Chace, to the beneficial purpose of irrigating a series of upland water-meadows, within and adjacent to his park at Teddesley. The position of his large and admirably administered farm-yard, midway between the high lands that are thoroughdrained and the artificial water-meadows below, admits of an additional application of these drainage waters to turn the wheels of a mill within the farm, which performs the work of threshing, winnowing, and grinding, cutting chaff, turning a saw-mill, and other duties, valued together at 450l. a-year. A portion of the same water passes by a channel just below the level of the yard, where it is enriched by the infusion of a streamlet flowing from a large tank that receives every kind of liquid drainage from extensive stables, hog-styes, and yards surrounded by stalls, in which cattle are stall-fed during the whole year, for the purpose of providing from itself, for a farm naturally poor, the manures required to sustain its present state of high fertility. From November to April or May, the fluids of this tank form a perpetual enrichment to the soft waters collected from the drains above, to the great enrichment of the irrigated meadows upon the gentle slopes that lie below the level at which the fluids of the farm-yards are applied. The infusion of these fluids, like that obtained by the Duke of Portland from the sewers of Mansfield, produces at Teddesley large crops of hay and grass from 100 acres of upland

upland meadows, without any other manure, and the meadows are to be still further extended.

During the months of summer a further application is made of the contents of the tank by conducting them daily over a compost heap formed in a yard immediately below it: this heap is made up of every accessible kind of rubbish, saw-dust, weeds, leaves, ashes, road-dirt, and mould collected from old banks, to which are added large quantities of marl from an adjacent pit, and a copious admixture of peat from a contiguous bog. This compost heap will afford an additional source of most valuable manure to extensive districts of still unreclaimed and naturally sterile soils composed of sand and gravel, mixed with sufficient clay to make them rushy swamps, until reclaimed by thorough-drainage. In such a region, now under process of reclamation, one spirited and intelligent tenant of Lord Hatherton, Mr. Keeling, is at this time expending 1500% of his own capital in thorough-draining and re-arranging the fences on a large farm, held, as is the custom in that country, without a lease: the waters collected by his drains are here also applied to work a threshing-mill upon the farm, and a tract of elevated land in a cold climate is in process of rapid conversion from a state of wild rough and wet pasture, not worth 5s. an acre, into arable fields producing heavy crops of turnips, corn, and clover, and an enormous growth of Italian rye-grass; and throughout its whole extent affording sound ground for sheep.

The labourers at Teddesley, instead of expending their force in wasteful brandishings of the flail, are engaged in the more profitable and more pleasing duty of preparing and dispensing the products of the steam-boiler and the turnip-cutter; in foddering with roots, and chaff, and oil-cake, and meal in winter, and with artificial grasses in summer, the scores of oxen and cows that luxuriate in the stalls around the yards; in maintaining these stalls in a state of perfect cleanliness, and day by day carefully distributing the litter that comes from them, in uniformly level strata, over the flat surfaces of the yards, in which no heap or hillock is permitted to excite that too rapid fermentation and loss of ammonia in wasteful steam which arises from manure piled into one high heap on the spot nearest to the stable-door. Of the physical state of these labourers, one example deserves to be recorded, in the case of the swineherd who, in one day of last harvest, lifted with his own unassisted arms forty-nine loads of corn from the waggon to the rick.

The extensive annual sales of fat stock at this place, so recently a barren waste, have now an established local celebrity, and attest the value that has been conferred on the soil by the agricultural engineering of its proprietor. The wheat also that is now

grown on the elevated flanks and in the humid climate of Cannock Chace is made to command a high price from its being gently dried on a floor of tiles perforated as in a malt-kiln, and heated by hot-water pipes that maintain a well regulated and in-

nocuous temperature below.

These are noble monuments of the triumph of a great agricultural principle well carried out, and demonstrate the vast advantage of combining thorough-draining with irrigation, and of deriving, by perennial stall-feeding, full and abundant manurance for a farm from its own supplies. And although as yet unexampled in this country, they invite adoption upon all lands whose natural position admits of a similar conversion of the detrimental waters of upland swamps and marshes to the friendly purpose of irrigating pastures which lie between them and the subjacent valleys, the wet hillsides being simultaneously converted by thorough-drainage into sound and productive arable land. Examples of this kind may occasionally admit of imitation by the owners of small farms; but they speak volumes to the lords of districts sometimes larger than a little German kingdom, the fertility of which is too often in the inverse ratio of their extent, whilst in many cases they are without experience of the very rudiments of thorough-draining. To proprietors of this order, examples such as we have cited are fraught with persuasive admonitions; and millions of acres now ready to be rescued from their aboriginal sterility, whilst the daily increasing numbers of the people are crying aloud for increased supplies of food, will, in a few short years, have dated their conversion to fertility from the epoch of those living leaders of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, to whom will have been due the merit of setting examples of remunerating reclama-

We have dwelt much on the improvement of lands by thoroughdraining, because this method is susceptible of universal adoption in that large proportion of the midland and western parts of England in which agriculture is impeded by the wet condition of the surface. We will now advert to lands on the eastern side of England, which, being naturally dry, have, during the last half century, been rendered fertile by other modes of treatment.

The most extensive improvements which have been made in modern English agriculture, are on lands which were by nature the poorest; the richest lands, and lands moderately good, and naturally dry, were, for this reason, occupied by the first cultivators of the country, and have afforded less remunerating fields for the introduction of modern improvements. The production of forty bushels of wheat per acre from a field which yielded thirty under ancient modes of culture, is a less advantage than the production

of thirty bushels of the same corn, with abundant crops of barley, turnips, and artificial grasses, from land which, till lately, was a sheep-walk or a rabbit-warren. It is on lands of this poorer class that the largest fortunes have been made in farming, by a liberal expenditure of capital in amending their natural sterility, and by new and more scientific modes of management. An abundant influx of capital was added to the agricultural class by the high war prices of corn at the commencement of the present century. Tenants who had taken farms on long leases, when wheat was at 7s. a bushel, became enriched, to a degree that sometimes nettled their landlords, during the continuance of these leases; but the owners of the soil have found their compensation in the power acquired by the enriched tenantry of applying their new capital to the cultivation of districts which, without large expenditure of money, could never have been made productive. Under such circumstances, throughout extensive districts, lands of third and fourth rate quality have been made to yield good rent to the landlord, and abundant profit to the tenant, with augmented labour for the peasantry, and increased supplies of food for the community.

The county of Norfolk was one of the first in which the introduction of turnips and sheep husbandry, and scientific farming, aided by capital and the importation of foreign manures, raised large tracts of a naturally barren sandy soil, from a state of poor rye-land, importing wheat for its own inhabitants, to the condition of exporting large quantities of wheat and of fatted cattle.

Earl Spencer has published in the third volume of 'The Journal' an interesting account, founded on information given him by the late Lord Leicester, not long before his death, of the progressive stages which led to these remarkable results, during the single life of that distinguished benefactor to agriculture. The first cause was the refusal by the tenant of a farm near Holkham to give a rent of 5s. an acre for land that now produces four quarters of wheat per acre. This refusal, in the year 1788, compelled Mr. Coke, then a young man, to take this farm into his own hands, and to direct the energies of his mind to its cultivation. The success of his experiments became rapidly known throughout the country, being annually presented to the eyes of farmers assembled at the sheep-shearing at Holkham, who forthwith appreciated the new road to riches thus set before them. One effective step in the new mode of farming was to purchase rape-cake as a topdressing to make the sandy rye lands produce wheat. Another and more permanent source of fertility was to lay on the surface a top-dressing of rich marl, which occurs at various depths beneath the sand. A third step was the substitution of South Down sheep 10

for the old unprofitable Norfolk breed. The fourth step was the practice of fattening oxen in the farm-yards during winter for the sake of producing manure. Additional manure was obtained from keeping large numbers of pigs, improved in their breed by crossing the Suffolk with the Neapolitan varieties. The augmented supplies of manure arising from this increased number of animals, and the use of rape-cake, has enabled these light and weak sandy soils, after being marled, to produce large crops of wheat; the application of bones, also, as manure for turnips, and frequent use of oil-cake as food for sheep and cattle, tend permanently to maintain the fertility of the district.

The agricultural improvements in Lincolnshire, recently described by Mr. Pusey in the fourth number of his Journal, have resulted from causes similar to those which have worked such wonders in the contiguous county of Norfolk; and a comparison he has made of the state of Lincolnshire, as described in 1799 by Mr. Arthur Young, with its actual condition, discloses a larger amount of rapid advancement, in little more than fifty years, than has taken place in any other county of England. Half a century ago, nearly one-fourth of this great county was a worthless waste, comprising the barren range of chalk hills called 'The Wolds,' extending northwards from Spilsby and Horncastle to Barton on the Humber; and another parallel range of elevated limestone hills, called S. Lincoln and N. Lincoln Heath, extending more than 20 miles southwards and 15 miles northwards from the town of Lincoln. In November, 1842, as Mr. Handley was conducting Mr. Pusev along these limestone hills on the way to Lincoln, he pointed out to him by the roadside a column 70 feet high, of a most extraordinary character.

'It was,' says Mr. Pusey, 'a land lighthouse, built no longer since than the middle of the last century, as a nightly guide for travellers over the dreary waste which still retains the name of Lincoln Heath, but is now converted into a pattern of farming. This Dunston pillar, lighted no longer time back for so singular a purpose, did appear to me a striking witness of the spirit and industry which in our own days has raised the thriving homesteads around it, and spread a mantle of teeming vegetation to its very base; and it was certainly surprising to discover at once the finest farming I had ever seen, and the only land lighthouse that was ever raised. Now that the pillar has ceased to cheer the wayfarer, it may serve not only as a monument of past exertions, but as a beacon to encourage other landowners in converting their dreary moors into similar scenes of thriving industry. Within living memory it was by no means useless; for Lincoln Heath was not only without culture, but without even a road. When the late Lady Robert Manners wished to visit Lincoln from her residence at Blisholm, a groom was sent forward previously, who examined some track, and returned to report one that was found practicable. Another family was lost on this heath twice in one night, in returning from a ball at Lincoln, and was obliged to remain upon the waste till morning.'

The inscription we read upon this extraordinary pillar—

UTILITATI PUBLICÆ
D. D. D.
F. DASHWOOD,
MDCCLI.

records the astounding fact, that in the lifetime of our fathers, within four miles of the capital of Lincolnshire, the public service and the public safety required this unexampled guide to the benighted traveller on a spot from which we now can almost see the

gas-lights of that superbly situated town.

For a length of forty miles, from Sleaford to Glanford Bridge, this elevated plain (being the northward extension of the oolite limestone of the Cotswold Hills) is covered, for the most part, with a surface of naturally unproductive shallow sand; yet it presents to the traveller a continued succession of well constructed houses. barns, and offices, surrounded with crowded corn-ricks, on farms varying from 500 to 1000 acres, all cultivated in the highest style. The now mis-called heath is changed into neat enclosures, covered in the autumn with uniform and heavy crops of turnips and large flocks of sheep, whilst the lofty and crowded corn-ricks around the farm-yards are standing witnesses of the capabilities of the land for producing grain. The district of Blankney and Temple Bruer, on the north of Sleaford, is one that has most recently undergone this remarkable conversion. In 1799, Mr. Arthur Young describes it as containing 3000 or 4000 acres of warrens let at from 3s. 6d. to 2s. an acre. In 1823 it was enclosed by the present Mr. Chaplain, and ever since that year a farm of 700 acres at Temple Bruer has been occupied by one intelligent tenant, Mr. Frankish, who is said to have made a large fortune from pursuing a system of the highest farming upon this light and shallow sandy soil, kept continually under the plough in the four-course rotation of turnips, barley, clover or grass seeds, and wheat. The soil has naturally neither depth nor strength, and the foundation of its fertility is laid in the turnip crop, which is sown with sixteen bushels of bones per acre; these turnips are eaten upon the land by sheep receiving oil-cake, and their manurance sustains the second year's crop of barley. Farm-yard dung, enriched with oil-cake eaten with straw by horned cattle, is laid at Christmas upon the artificial grasses in the barley stubble. In the succeeding year one-third of these grasses is made into hay, and two-thirds are depastured on the ground by sheep occasionally supplied with oil-cake. For the fourth year's wheat crop the land is still further enriched with

4 cwt. of rape-cake per acre; so that besides the remains of all the straw and hay, and green crops arising from the premises, there is a large and costly application of imported bones, oil-cake, and rape. This vast expenditure in the purchase of foreign manures is, however, repaid by a most abundant production of corn and sheep, from lands the rent of which at so late a period as 1823 little exceeded the value of a couple of rabbits per acre.

Another farm at Temple Bruer, consisting of 1000 acres, enclosed at the same time from the same warren, was manured last year with the produce of 110 beasts fed during the winter upon straw, and with 80 tons of oil-cake, costing at the least 640l. The farmers of Lincolnshire use oxen as machines for converting straw and oil-cake into rich manure, and the quantity of this cake imported into and produced last year at the single port of Hull amounted to more than 30,000 tons. For this oil-cake the merchant gives to the farmer six months' credit, so that buying his oxen in autumn, and selling them again in spring, no additional capital is required to lay in his oil-cake.

The same system of high farming which we have described on Lincoln Heath prevails also over the still larger district of the Wolds—comprising 230,000 acres composed of chalk covered for the most part with an admixture of drifted sand and clay, which, since their enclosure, are occasionally enriched by spreading chalk over the surface, as in the south of England. In the northern part of these Wolds, around his park at Brocklesby, Lord Yarborough alone possesses 30,000 acres, on which 150,000? have been expended in fine farm-buildings, which every autumn are built round with gigantic corn-ricks of extraordinary height and length, frequently disposed in rows resembling the streets of a little town. In 1799 this district was thus described by Arthur Young—

'Here are large tracts of excellent land under gorse; and at Caburn and Swallow I passed through the same for miles. It is a beautiful plant to a fox-hunter. Lord Yarborough keeps a pack of hounds: if he has a fall, I hope it will be into a furze-bush; he is too good to be hurt much, but a decent pricking might be beneficial to the country.'

'Here,' says Mr. Pusey, 'when Mr. Handley pointed out to me, in 1842, 30,000 acres of good turnip land, divided by clipped hedges of thorn, where Mr. Young saw miles of gorse, and, of course, thousands of rabbits, I thought I had made the discovery of a domain equal in the spirit, magnitude, and rapidity of its improvement to the well known estate of Holkham. Mr. Young was informed by the late Lord Yarborough that his wold land then let for 5s. an acre. I may state that, tithe free, it is now worth five times that amount; and great as is the change on the Brocklesby estate, it is not greater than the general change of these chalk hills.'

These so lately sterile lands have been reclaimed at a cost to the tenant of about 81. an acre on lands held without a lease, and this expenditure has not been without its due return; in one parish 4000 acres were formerly let to four tenants at 2s. 6d. an acre. and all four became bankrupts; since it has been enclosed and well farmed, the tenants are doing well, and many have realized considerable fortunes. The wolds of Yorkshire, which form the extension northwards of the wolds of Lincoln, have undergone a similar and simultaneous conversion into valuable farms. One important auxiliary in the process of reclaiming these vast tracts of wilderness, has been the facility of obtaining a ready market and remunerating prices for their produce in the west of Yorkshire and in Lancashire. The estuary of the Humber affords a ready access to the navigation of the many rivers that flow into its upper extremities. The Aire communicates with Leeds and the populous regions of coal and iron and woollen manufactories adjacent to it on the west, which produce no corn for their inhabitants; whilst the Calder conducts to Wakefield, the most extensive corn-market in the world, from which a canal for many years past has conveyed the productions of the East Riding of Yorkshire and of the hills of Lincolnshire to the manufacturers of Manchester and the adjacent populous districts of Lancashire. Meanwhile the demand for labour in the manufactures, and mines, and iron works has withdrawn from the rural districts their superfluous population, and enabled the labourers engaged in the cultivation of the land to be maintained in a state of comfort unknown in the over-peopled villages of the south of England.

Besides the wonderful accessions which have been made during the last half century to the productiveness of Lincolnshire, by the inclosure and cultivation of the hills of Lincoln heath, and the high chalk lands of the Wolds, still greater additions have taken place in the lowland districts of the Fens and Marshes, once celebrated only for their productiveness of geese and frogs. From the town of Lincoln to Boston the flat lands on each margin of the Witham expand gradually southwards into one vast level, containing 350,000 acres, formerly a great morass, which extended continuously for seventy miles from Lincoln to Cambridge, and of which the southern districts, known by the name of the Bedford Level, have been reclaimed by processes of the same kind with those which have converted the fens of Lincolnshire into arable and pasture lands of the first order.

This flat is bounded seawards by the great shallow estuary of the Wash, the sediments of which have gone on rapidly accumulating new lands from century to century, both before and since the time when large tracts were recovered from the sea by dykes constructed by the Romans. Many remaining portions of these dykes show the limits of the terra firma at that early day.

The tidal waters of the Wash have been ever depositing fine

sand and mud around this estuary over the space between high and low water, the result of which, continued through centuries, has been to cover the seaward portion of the up-filling estuary with a broad band of silt, a few feet higher than the level space behind it towards the land. These landward levels were consequently inundated by rains and rivers, whose waters, being retarded in their outfall by the more elevated belt of silt, created a vast morass, covered for the most part with peat, over the broad space intermediate between the silty sediments upon its seaward side, and the low hills which bound it on the land side. These districts of peat are designated by the name of Fens, whilst the tracts of silt are distinguished by the term Marshes. The Fens have been reclaimed by collecting the fresh water, which kept them in a state of morass, into canals, from which it was for many years pumped up by windmills into other canals at a higher level, that conveyed it into the sea. These windmills have now been superseded by the more effective operation of steam-engines, by which the morasses of the whole fen district are kept permanently dry.

The process of reclaiming the fens had gone on imperfectly during more than two centuries; but since the year 1800 their drainage has been rendered perfect by the late Mr. Rennie's plan of preventing all access of the waters of land floods, which he

conducted across the fens between high banks.

In the North of Lincolnshire the new Ancholme River has been made to drain 17,000 acres of peat land between Brigg and the Humber, and many of the levels between the Trent and Don, partly in Lincolnshire, partly in Yorkshire, have been raised to

equal fertility by the process of wharping.*

In the East Riding large parts of the flat district of Holderness have undergone changes of the same kind with those in Lincolnshire: the Holderness drainage extending eleven miles, and comprehending 11,000 acres—the Beverly and Barmston drainage extending twenty-four miles, and comprehending 12,000 acres—the Keyingham drainage comprising 5,500 acres—and the Hartford and Derwent drainage, including more than 10,500 acres—have converted 39,000 acres of barren marshes into a state of high fertility.

We may form some estimate of the profit arising from the perfect drainage now accomplished throughout these regions of fens, by the altered value of property in the neighbourhood of Ely. For instance, in the year 1800, in a tract of fen called Padsols,

Wharping, i.e. by admitting the muddy waters of the rising tide over low tracts enclosed by banks furnished with sluices, some of which are constructed to admit this water in its turbid state, and others to discharge it, after it has deposited a thick and rich sediment of mud, or wharp, over the space included by the banks.

800 acres were sold for 800 shillings; in 1816 part of this fen was let for 2s. 6d. an acre; in 1832, when the drainage was nearly completed, it was let for 10s., and is now let for 40s. an acre. The rent of this whole district has increased seven-fold since 1830.

The effects produced by the same drainage on the sanitary condition of all these regions, are well described by Mr. John Marshall, quoted in the Report from the Poor Law Commis-

sioners (pp. 80-1):-

'The Isle of Ely was, at one period, in a desolate state, being frequently inundated by the upland waters and destitute of adequate means of drainage; the lower parts became a wilderness of stagnant pools, the exhalations from which loaded the air with pestiferous vapours and fogs. Now, by the improvements which have been from time to time made, and particularly within the last fifty years, an alteration has taken place which may appear to be the effect of magic. By the labour, industry, and spirit of the inhabitants, a forlorn waste has been converted into pleasant and fertile pastures, and they themselves have been rewarded by bounteous harvests. Drainage, embankments, engines, and enclosures have given stability to the soil as well as salubrity to the air. These very considerable improvements, though carried on at a great expense, have at last turned to a double account, both in reclaiming much ground and improving the rest, and in contributing to the healthiness of the inhabitants. The demand for labour produced by drainage is incalculable; but, when it is stated that where sedge and rushes but a few years since grew, we have now fields of waving oats and even wheat, it must be evident that it is very great.'

It is shown in the same Report that similar results have followed from the drainage of the marshy districts of East Kent, Essex, Lincolnshire, and Somersetshire, almost annihilating the once frequent inflictions of ague upon man and of the rot on sheep.

We have as yet no public establishment of example farms in England, but there is no lack of individuals whose methods of cultivating their lands may serve as models to the inhabitants of districts in which the ancient systems of treatment are still adhered to. The general management of farms in the counties of Lincoln and Norfolk may, with much advantage, be copied in Hampshire, Wilts, and Dorset. It has become a frequent practice for young men desirous to learn the most improved methods, to place themselves as pupils with farmers of acknowledged celebrity; and it would be infinitely beneficial if seniors, who are conscious of their own deficiencies, would seek instruction by visiting in person farms of established reputation in the eastern and northern counties.

We have already spoken of the influence exerted by Mr. Coke's example at Holkham half a century ago, in leading to the subversion of the antiquated bad system in the eastern parts of England; we have also noticed the benefits that arose from the Duke

of Bedford's establishment at Woburn. Mr. Pusey has recently adopted a system that bids fair to tell in the same way on the agriculture of Berkshire, by taking into his own hands, and cultivating according to the best methods introduced by modern science, some of his worst farms, which yielded little or no profit in the occupation of unskilful tenants. In Gloucestershire, again, Lord Ducie has set up a model at Whitfield, which has done much to open the eyes of farmers in the south-west of England to the benefits of enlisting science in the service of agriculture, and the possibility, in certain cases, of increasing three and four fold the produce of their acres. The improvements of this farm have been conducted under the direction of Mr. John Morton, who has published the details of the processes by which they have been effected, in his very instructive little volume 'On the Nature and Property of Soils,' their connexion with the geological formation on which they rest, and the best means of permanently increasing their produc-

This farm of Whitfield is situated on the margin of the Vale of Berkeley, about thirteen miles from Bristol, on the road to Gloucester; a small part of it lies on mountain limestone and magnesian breccia; but the greater part is on a rich reddish loam, derived from strata of sandy slate and clay, belonging to the old red sandstone formation, and naturally wet. In 1839, when Mr. Morton began, it consisted of 232 acres, which had been let for a term of twenty-one years at a rent of 2001. per annum. The tenant had employed a capital of 7261 in its cultivation—68 acres arable, 164 acres in pasture—the total value of the produce was 463l.; the man lived in a poor way, and, after paying his rent and expenses, had a balance of only 281. a-year. The first improvement consisted of clearing away useless timber; 1771 trees were cut down from the fences, which being grubbed up and levelled, added 26 acres, or about 10 per cent. to the extent of the farm. Convenient roads were made; the brook was made straight and deepened, and the greater part of the farm thorough-drained, subsoil-ploughed, and limed; new farm yards were laid out, surrounded with stalls for feeding oxen, and sheds for sheep and hogs, and furnished with tanks to receive the drainage from the cattlesheds and from the yard manure. A thrashing machine, worked by a steam-engine, was placed contiguous to the rick-yard, from which the corn is brought by a small tram-road to the thrashinghouse; and rooms adapted for steaming potatoes, and for slicing roots, which form a large portion of the food given to the stock of every kind, are placed as near as possible to the stalls. The entire outlay in these permanent improvements amounted to the sum

of 78291. In its improved condition the farm has been enlarged to 258 acres; it is now valued for the poor-rate at 5641., and the capital employed in its cultivation is 40691. The value of the produce is increased more than four times. The present turnip crops average 26 tons per acre, and the wheat 45 bushels, with 2000 cubic feet of straw. Not the least important point is the increased demand for labour. Under the old system, the farm employed two men; two women, and a boy, with an addition of four during twelve weeks of harvest: It now gives employment to eleven men, five women, and four boys, being more than three times the number employed before; add to this, the labour applied to draining, making tiles, roads, buildings and machinery, which, if completed in one year, would have fully occupied 301 labourers. We need no further evidence than that Lord Ducie has afforded by this example farm at Whitfield, to prove that a large outlay of capital in thorough draining, and providing the buildings, apparatus, and stock required for the improved systems of high farming, may, in certain cases, add even fourfold to the productive powers of the land, with more than threefold employment for agricultural labourers. We must not, indeed, conclude that the whole of England is capable of such vast improvements: they are to be made only on soils naturally rich; and rendered unproductive through bad management and want of drainage; but of these we have at present a very large amount in those extensive western and central parts of England that are situated on strata of the red sandstone formations, and of which large masses still remain in a neglected state.

One general principle carried out in Lord Ducie's farm is that of self-support by abundant home production and economy of manures. During winter, the animals are fed on roots, turnips, mangold wurzel, carrots, and potatoes, all grown upon the farm, and on straw, and hay made only from clover and artificial grass crops; not a single acre is left for permanent pasture or meadow hay, and whilst one half of the farm is under tillage for white crops, the other half is occupied with green crops, arranged in such alternate order of succession as is most effective to renovate the land by the manurance of sheep folded on the green crops, and by well-administered supplies of solid and liquid manures from

stall-fed cattle.

Lord Ducie has taken a further step to advance agricultural progress, by becoming the proprietor of a large iron-foundry in the neighbouring town of Uley, in which skilful engineers are engaged in the manufacture of implements, on the most improved scientific principles, for facilitating the mechanical operations of ploughing and sowing, and producing those ameliorations in the

texture

texture of the soil which are essential to the growth of such augmented quantities of food for man and beast as may now be seen upon Whitfield.

Among the advantages which have rapidly arisen from the meetings and proceedings of local assemblages of farmers, and of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, we rank first and foremost, the opportunities they afford of impressing upon the assembled owners and occupiers of the land the duty of devising more effective methods than are yet generally adopted to amend the condition of the labouring classes.

One of the weak points arising from the large accumulations of landed property in this country is the reckless condition which the want of any stake, however small, in the stability of our social system, is apt to engender in the minds of the lower orders of the people; and the most effective remedy for this evil seems to be offered by the Allotment System, which, whilst it brings to the owner at the least as much rent as could be obtained under ordinary field-husbandry, confers on the poor man the power of supporting his family during intervals in which he may find no employment for his labour, and raises him above the humiliating necessity of becoming a claimant for parochial relief. A well-stored cave of potatoes, and a flitch of bacon in his cottage, engender in the mind of the industrious cultivator of one or two roods of land feelings of honest independence and self-respect; and contentment, under the security from positive want, which are unknown to those whose only capital consists in the wages of precarious daily labour. Having during a long course of years devoted much space in this Review to the Allotment System, we may be pardoned for expressing no common satisfaction in seeing by what persons it has now been adopted, and with what results.

The frequent and feeling addresses of the Duke of Richmond to the assembled agriculturists of England, in his presentation of prizes to farm-labourers for good conduct, have touched a string that vibrates in accordance with the best and most universal feelings of the human heart, and whose notes are re-echoed in the most distant quarters of our land; at Liverpool and Lichfield they are sustained in the eloquence of our foremost statesmen; in the west they animate the sympathizing heart and voice of an Ebrington and an Acland; nor are they less efficaciously advanced in the frequent addresses of the leaders of our provincial societies, on the gratifying occasions of their presentation of prizes, for various kinds of good and honest services, to the labourers of our rural districts. The mutual good feelings which must arise from such reciprocity of kind offices bind the landlord to the tenant, and the tenant to the labourer, by ties which few can fully estimate

who have not witnessed the joyous expressions of honest pride wherewith the successful competitors receive the rewards thus

publicly conferred upon them.

The Labourers' Friend Society has for a long time been successfully exerting itself in the southern counties to ameliorate the condition of the labourers by disseminating information on the great advantages of allotments of land for cultivation by the spade during their leisure hours; and in the midland counties, they have also succeeded in obtaining the same benefit for some of the distressed manufacturers.

Of all the immediate remedies for pauperism, the allotment system offers the most cheering prospects: already the experience of almost every one who has travelled in Great Britain will have afforded examples of the benefits resulting, wherever land is appropriated to garden culture by the labourer, in such small proportions as interfere not with his ordinary duties as a servant to

the farmer.

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Many instructive and satisfactory details respecting the working of this system may be found in 'The Labourer's Friend Magazine: for disseminating Information on the Advantages of Allotments of Land to the Labouring Classes, on Loan Funds, and on other

Means of improving their Condition.'

Near every town and village where common lands were available to this purpose, or where portions of old enclosures have been set apart for small allotment gardens to the poor, we have seen, extreme fertility produced by spade husbandry, and the application of domestic manures, which would have been wasted without such opportunity of applying them to the garden of each holder of a small allotment; with the further moral and political benefits of affording a healthy and profitable occupation for leisure-hours, which might otherwise have been wasted in idleness and vice, and of producing in the mind of each occupier, of even a small portion of an acre, a feeling that he has a stake in maintaining the stability of property.

The most extensive application of the allotment system within our knowledge has been made by the Duke of Rutland; and he acted on the maturest reflection—for his Grace is known to have, during many years, applied himself with unwearied solicitude to collect statistical information as to the labouring poor, with a view to the amendment of their condition. In furtherance of this object, he has let more than one thousand allotment gardens on his different estates, which work well under a committee consisting of the clergyman and one or two leading farmers in each village, who report to the Duke as to the due cultivation of the gardens and the moral conduct of the occupiers. The extent

of these allotments is generally limited to one-sixth of an acre of potato garden, at a clear rent of 10s. a-year, which being paid in September is scarcely ever found to be in arrear. The garden is alternately cropped one-half with barley and half with potatoes; and this enables each labourer to keep a pig and maintain the fertility of the ground with sufficient manure. In 1839 the Duke of Rutland commenced a series of domiciliary visits to the cottagers on his estates in Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, and Cambridgeshire, for the benevolent purpose of ascertaining their domestic condition; in that first year he went through one hundred; and the tabulated results are recorded in a Report printed by order of the House of Lords, July 1, 1839, from which it appears that labourers in these counties are in much better condition than those in the south of England, all receiving high wages, and nearly all having at the same time a potato garden and a pig.

Lord Ashley last year brought before the House of Commons a bill to establish and regulate societies for the improvement of the industrious classes, by extending the allotment or field-garden system, and the establishment of loan-funds; and the subsequent Report of a committee appointed to inquire into the workings of the Allotment plan, with the Evidence appended, have confirmed and reinforced all our old convictions as to its efficiency and

almost universal practicability :-

poorte:

Your Committee cannot conclude their Report without pressing upon the attention of the House, and of every landowner, this method of fulfilling the duty which they have to perform towards a class less fortunately situated than themselves, who have no landed property fenced round and protected by Acts of Parliament, but whose whole property is in their labour, constantly though unavoidably interfered with by improvements in machinery, changes of fashion, alterations of duties, and various other causes, producing distress and misery, against which the most prudent cannot guard, but which the possession of a garden allotment your Committee have abundant evidence to prove tends most materially to alleviate. They would therefore urge upon such landed proprietors as possess property where allotments could conveniently be provided, to give every facility for the purpose; and upon all those having rights in unenclosed lands in the neighbourhood of towns and villages, where an enclosure is contemplated, to unite in setting aside some portion of them to effect this object, the advantage of which your Committee are of opinion that no one, whatever his previous opinions may have been, will fail to appreciate, after a perusal of the evidence which is appended to this Report. CAPATO A REAL OF THE RESIDENCE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY AND THE PRO

di minimi di mnikesi may sa sami kangana may ndi sahi belijah najad Kuniminingan mikesi maken ART. VI.—The Poetical Works of John Skelton. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce. 2 vols. Svo. London, 1843.

WE opened these volumes with the fear of Pope's well-known couplet before our eyes—

'Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learned by rote,
And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote.'

But on such subjects our much-loved Pope was not always just, and sometimes extremely rash. His own purity is not unexceptionable. The worst passages in Chaucer's bold impersonation of the manners of his time are decent in comparison with a certain shameless imitation of his style; and modest under-graduates might be as much perplexed by some lines of Pope, from the lips of those models of dignified propriety, the Heads of Houses, as by the worst parts of Skelton. Skelton, especially in his gay and frolicsome mood, is no doubt occasionally indelicate, but with none of that deep-seated licentiousness which taints some periods of our literature: and the Laureate of those days may fairly be allowed some indulgence for the manners of his time, when, to judge from the letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, there was no very fine sense of propriety even among the highest of the land. Skelton is frequently coarse, as satirists usually are, who, in assailing the coarse vices of a corrupt court and a corrupt clergy, take the privilege of plain-speaking; his invective, especially against his personal enemies, is utterly unserupulous; he discharges at their unfortunate heads any weapon which may come to hand. he gets among ale-wives and their crew, his language is that of the ale-house bench: and his wit is not very reverent of sacred things, and mingles them up with the strangest buffoonery. Still as to the gross epithet which Pope has associated with his name, he deserves it far less than Pope's dear bosom-friend. There is more 'beastliness' in a page of Swift than in these two volumes of Skelton. The most offensive allusions are in his libel against Wolsey. But even these, disgusting as they are, are of perpetual recurrence in the writer of Queen Anne's court. There is, in truth, a very whimsical analogy between these two clerical personages. Skelton's resemblance to Swift is not, it must be owned, in the best and strongest of the Dean's points. His prose is insufferable; a mass of pedantic affectation; and altogether he is as far below the inimitable humour, the exquisite pleasantry, the grave, and apparently unconscious, satire of Swift, as incapable of his unrivalled idiomatic English. Still-though Skelton throughout is not less immeasurably inferior to Swift in wit than in uncleanliness—in his verse there is the same inexhaustible command of doggrel, the same profusion of quaint and incongruous

gruous imagery; the same utter want of self-respect or of regard for his station or order; the same rude and at times rabid satire; the same delight in abusing the vices of the court, within the precincts of which he was only solicitous to find a comfortable post; the same propensity to flatter great men, and, when disappointed of their favour, to turn upon them with the fiercest hitterness of invective. Finally, Skelton, like Swift, notwithstanding his contempt in many respects not merely for professional dignity, but even for decency, was an acceptable guest in the houses of the great, and, it should seem, even of the virtuous. It is an odd further coincidence that Islip, abbot of Westminster, should have been the protector of Skelton against the wrath of Wolsey, and that Atterbury, the dean of that church, should have been among

Swift's most intimate friends.

Skelton must fill a very considerable place in every history of our literature As a poet, he cannot, in our judgment, be ranked high; yet, with the exception of the love-sonnets of Surrey and Wyatt, he is the only English verse-writer between Chaucer and the days of Elizabeth who is alive. Students of early poetry may find passages worthy of quotation in the long and weary allegories of Gower; and we cannot refuse our admiration to those powerful stanzas which the fine and discriminating eye of Gray discovered in the vast epics of Lydgate; Barclay's 'Ship of Fools' contains much well worthy of preservation: yet Skelton, however deficient in the higher qualifications of a poet, is the link which connects the genuine English vernacular poetry, that of Chaucer's more humorous vein, and Piers Ploughman, with the Elizabethan dramatists. The racy humour, the living description of English manners, the idiomatic language, which is only obscure from its perpetual allusions to obsolete customs and forgotten circumstances, from its frequent cant phrases, its snatches and burthens of popular songs, the very vulgar tongue of the times, abound far more in Skelton than in any of the intermediate race of poets. We are thankful, therefore, to Mr. Dyce for this new and complete edition of his works; which, as the single pieces were extremely rare, even the earlier bad and imperfect edition by no means of common occurrence, was wanting to fill up the cycle of our earlier poets. For though Skelton has been interred in that vast cemetery of English poets, Chalmers's Collection, the disagreeable form of that book, to say nothing of its inaccuracy, was not likely to awaken the notice of ordinary readers. Mr. Dyce, to whom our older literature owes a great debt of gratitude, has brought to his task those best qualifications of an editor, industry, accuracy, and good sense. Nor does he injure his author by that excessive demand on the admiration

ration of the reader, which is so apt to excite disappointment and distaste. We shall hope to preserve the same equable and impartial tone; for in our opinion Skelton has not been very happily defended by his admirers, and admirers he has had of no inconsiderable name; nor do we think him to deserve that contemptuous censure which he has met with from others. In his serious vein he is in general very bad, laboured, pedantic, and dull; and the spirit, we must admit, is often very offensive where—we must not say the poetry—the verse is the best. But, besides this, these volumes are so full of curious matter relating to the popular manners, habits, feelings, and even the historic events of his time, that even his broadest and most railing rhymes are both amusing and instructive.

John Skelton's birth is fixed about 1460 (we should incline to a somewhat later date), the year before the accession of Edward IV. The place of his birth is not certain; but there is some reason for believing him a native of Norwich. Cambridge and Oxford contend for his education. Antony Wood assumes that he was of Oxford because he attained the dignity of laureate-ship there:—

At Oxforthe the universyte

Avaunsid I was to that degree;

By hole consent of theyr senate

I was made Poete laureate.

But elsewhere Skelton himself distinctly owns Cambridge as his 'Gentle Parent;' and Warton cites two entries from the university registers at Cambridge, by which Skelton is admitted to his ad eundem laureateship in his own university. This double dignity was enhanced by the royal permission to wear some decoration, of which Skelton was obviously very proud; he says, "a king to me mine habit gave;" and in another passage he speaks of 'the kynge's colours, white and grene,' which he had the permission to wear. This appears to have been a court-dress, probably not an ordinary one, on which, as is clear from a third poem, the name of the Muse Calliope was embroidered in gold letters. Though not, we presume, by this decoration actually recognised as laureate of the court, it is clear that the crown recognised the privilege of the universities to create laureates, and ratified by royal favour this solemn academical judgment. We know not whether the right to wear the royal livery of white and green, with its embroidered decoration, belongs to the royal laureateship; or whether it was commuted for the more inspiring allowance of the butt of sack; but we recommend our excellent friend Mr. Wordsworth to look to it.

Lest, however, those grave and learned bodies, the universities of

the land, should be suspected of having lavished their honours on a poet, whose later strains were far from strictly academical in tone or taste, it must be observed that Skelton, in the earlier part of his life, seems to have been known only as a laborious and accomplished scholar; as a translator of Greek and Latin authors, and of some French writings of a sober and religious cast; and all of his early poetry which survives is grave, serious, and solemn. He speaks of a translation of Cicero's Familiar Epistles, and of the History of Diodorus Siculus. He is entreated by Caxton, in the preface to his Boke of Encydos (a prose romance founded on Virgil's poem) to revise that work; he is there named as one of the most finished scholars of the time; as having translated not merely the works mentioned above, but diverse other works oute of Latyn into Englysshe, not in rude and olde language, but in polished and ornate termes craftely, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ovyde, Tullye, and all the other noble poetes and oratours to me unknowen.' As a man of learning and as a poet Skelton had more than an English reputation. The university of Louvain added her testimony to those of Oxford and Cambridge; and Skelton might boast a triple laureateship, one of which three crowns he received è transmarinis partibus. Mr. Dyce has printed a pedantic effusion of the day, in which the author, a certain Robert Whittington, addresses Skelton as the poet of Louvain. After a long enumeration of all the Greek and Latin poets, Whittington recommends Apollo and the Muses to visit England, to look especially to Oxford, immortalised by Skelton, whose verses would be held worthy by posterity.*

But Skelton's merits promoted him to still greater honours; honours which might have been expected to lead to high preferment, especially in the church. He was appointed tutor to Prince Henry, afterwards King Henry VIII., designed, as is well known, during the life-time of his brother Arthur, for an ecclesiastic; and,

^{*} We extract six lines to show the estimation in which Skelton was then held as a polished as well as a poetical writer, extremely choice (he had not yet, we presume, written 'Eleanor Rummyn') in his expressions. We select these lines in order to rescue poor Whittington from a piece of arrant nonsense, as well as from what some may consider a far worse offence, a fearful false quantity, inflicted upon him probably by the original printer, but which has escaped the correcting hand of Mr. Dyce:—

Laudiflus excurrit serie sua culta poesie,
Certatim palmam lectaques cerba petunt,
Ora lepore fluunt, sicuti (sicut ?) dives fugus l'auro,
Aut pressa Hyblæis dulcia mella favis :
Rhetoricus sermo riguo fecundior horto,
Pulchrior est multo puniceisque rosia.

A beech-tree flowing with gold! and the a in 'fagus' short!! We beseech Mr. Dyce to substitute 'Tagus.'

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no doubt, intended by his prudent and wealth-loving father to enjoy the dignity and revenues of the see of Canterbury. It is in this character that Skelton is named by no less authority than Erasmus as a distinguished scholar, as an apt interpreter of the sacred poets, and even an instructor in theology—f donec haberes Skeltonum, unum Britannicarum literarum lumen et decus,

Jam puer Henricus, genitoris nomine lætus,
Monstrante fontes vate Skeltono sucros,
Palladias teneris meditatur ab unguibus artes.

All, unquestionably, that is extant of Skelton's early poetry answers to the propriety, if not dignity of character, which might be expected in the Laureate of three Universities, and the instructor of a prince destined for the ecclesiastical order. However of no great merit as poetry, his serious as well as his satirical pieces have an historical value; they chiefly relate to events of the day; and though this interest belongs more to the satires, still in periods of history so eventful, yet so imperfectly known, we cannot read without some curiosity contemporary elegies on such persons as Edward IV. and Margaret, Countess of Richmond. In his earliest poem, on the death of Edward IV. (A.D. 1483, our poet, if born in 1460, was twenty-three years old), Skelton indulges in the habit, in which in his comic pieces he afterwards ran riet, of interspersing Latin among his English verses. No doubt there was some disposition to display his scholarship; but, in fact, as we find in all quarters, even in the popular songs, it was a general custom. It might originate from, or be justified by, the usage of the time, during which, in yernacular religious writings or sermons, the texts were usually in Latin, and the ecclesiastical law, where it condescended to English, quoted its authorities in the original. To us there is something striking in the solemn Latin burthen with which each stanza of his Elegy on Edward IV. closes; and altogether there is, we think, not only more truth and simplicity but more of the deeper feeling of poetry in the language which he makes Edward utter, than is to be found in the later serious verses of Skelton.

Where is now my conquest and victory? Where is my riches and my royal aray? Where be my coursers and my horses hye? Where is my myrth, my solas, and my play? As vanyte, to nought al is wandred away. O Lady Bes,* longe for me may ye call! For I am departid tyl domis day: But love ye that Lord that is soveraynge of all.

[·] Queen Elizabeth Woodville.

Where be my castles and buyldynges royall?
But Windsore* alone, now I have no mo,
And of Eton the prayers perpetuall,
Et ecce nunc in pulvere dormia.*—p. 3.

The second poem has likewise some curious historical matter. It is an Elegy on the Death of Northumberland, Lord Lieutenant of Yorkshire, who was murdered in an insurrection of the Commons, while engaged in levying a subsidy for Henry VII. Bishop Percy, who reprinted this poem, from hereditary interest, observes that the reader 'will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times.' The great Earl is described as having among his household retainers knights, squires, and even barons (see v. 32, 183, &c.); but they all seem to have been on the Commons' side, perhaps being equally impatient of the taxation with the rest of the people. Skelton attributes the death of Northumberland to their treachery.

'For if they had occupied their spere and their shilde,
This noble man doubtles had not been slayne;
But men say they were lynked with a double chayne,
And held with the comones under a cloke,
Which kindeled the wild fyr that made al this smoke.
Barones, knyghtes, squiers, one and all,
Together with servauntes of his famuly
Turned their backis, and let their master fal,
Of whos life they counted not a flye;
Take up whose wold, for ther they let him ly.
Alas, his gold, his fee, his annual rent,
Upon such a sorte was ille bestowed and spent.'—vol. i. p. 9.

So far the Laureate seems to have maintained the sedate tone and bearing which might become his station and his accomplishments as a scholar: a sudden change now comes over his character, his genius, and, it should seem, his fortune. He appears to discover where his real strength lies (for if Skelton had continued a grave and serious poet, we believe Mr. Dyce would scarcely have thought him worth his labour); he breaks out at once in his light, frolicsome, or bitterly satirical vein; he does not entirely abandon his more stately form of verse and his intricate stanza (he reserves that for high and solemn occasions); but runs riot in an easy inimitable doggrel, as it should seem entirely his own, and in which he appears inexhaustible. His jingling rhymes, as far as we know the pronunciation of the day, and admitting an accent on final syllables with us unaccentuated, are in general remarkably correct, and always ready at his command; images the

most fantastic and incongruous crowd upon him so fast that he can scarcely set them in their places; his classical lore furnishes him with allusions, mingled up, in the most grotesque manner, with the slang of the day. Southey charitably suggested that Skelton's 'buffooneries, like those of Rabelais, were thrown out as a tub to the whale; for unless Skelton had written thus for the coarsest palates, he could not have poured forth his bitter and undaunted satire in such perilous time.' We very much doubt whether the free indulgence of broad and grotesque humour was so secondary, even in Rabelais, to more serious objects; in Skelton we cannot but think that it was the genuine love of fun, the reckless enjoyment of rude, farcical, and bitter merriment, which was the inspiration of his careless rhymes. It is true that in Wolsey he flew at high game: but-long before his poetic onslaught on the Cardinal, and even before his more mature and deliberate satire on the clergy-while he could scarcely need concealment for deeper or more dangerous opinions, he had already given loose to this saturnalian lawlessness of language and metre, and to all his joyous scurrility. Though less rancorous, perhaps, his verses against Garnesche and against the Scots are not less full of buffoonery than those against the Bishops or the Cardinal. The truth is, that Skelton's serious language is an acquired, a stiff, and artificial dialect; the vulgar is his mother tongue; he is not at ease till free from all restraint; he is rarely happy except when he is at least light and jovial, if not pouring forth all his unchecked volubility of abuse.

From all that is extant, it would appear that this change came over Skelton when we might least expect it-about the time when he entered into the Church. This took place in 1498; and we find him very soon rector of Diss, in Norfolk. He seems never to have attained any higher preferment. In truth, we cannot much wonder at this. It must have been, we presume, during his residence in his Norfolk parsonage, that he wrote the 'Boke of Phylipp Sparrowe.' This is known to have appeared before 1508, at which time it is scornfully mentioned by a rival poet. Coleridge has called 'Phylipp Sparrowe' an exquisite and original poem; and certainly, for its ease and playfulness, its quaintness, and, in a certain sense, its delicacy, its mirthful and dancing measure, the lightness with which we read it off till we are out of breath, and the amusing variety of strangely-assorted imagery, it is, for its time, a most extraordinary work. Prior is hardly lighter; and, in the fertility of his gaiety, Skelton may almost make up for his want of that grace and elegance, that happy harmony of thought and language which belongs to a more

refined period of letters.

But this poem is not less curious as illustrative of clerical and conventual manners. The damsel, of whom the Sparrowe celebrated by our clerical Catullus was the delight, was, we will presume with Mr. Dyce, only a lay boarder, not a professed votary or noviciate, among the black nuns at Carowe, a small convent near Norwich. We presume that the priestly character of our poet made the courtier and the laureate to be thought a safe guest in this holy community. We only hope that he was not the father confessor of the fair Joanna Scroope, on whose personal charms, as well as on the doleful loss of her favourite, he indulges in rather ardent raptures; and as Skelton constantly asserts the propriety of his own conduct, and the purity as well as the loveliness of his Norfolk Lesbia, we are bound to believe him.

The poets, and indeed the priests and monks of those days, allowed themselves liberties, which to modern eyes seem strangely irreverent, with the services of the Church. The 'Dirige,' or dirge, over the 'Sparrowe' begins, and is constantly interlarded, with Latin lines and musical notes from the chaunts for the dead:

it is, in short, a parody on the whole service:-

'Pla—co—bo,
Who is there, who?
Di—le--xi,
Dame Margery;
Fa—re—my—my,
Wherefore and why, why?

For the soule of Philip Sparowe, That was late slayn at Curowe, Among the Nonnes Blake; For that swete soules sake, And for all sparowes soules, Set in our bede-rolles.

And so the bereaved mistress goes on, for 1260 lines, to express her sorrow:—

I wept and I wayled,
The tearys down hayled;
But nothing it avayled
To call Phylyp agayne,
Whom Gyb our cat hath slayne.

It is difficult, by a few extracts, to give a notion of a poem, the peculiar character of which is the wild profusion of all sorts of thoughts and images, more like the ribands out of a conjuror's mouth at a fair than anything else. But it is curious how like the idiomatic English of Skelton's day was to that of our own. We give the following lines in modern spelling, merely noting the obsolete words:—

'It was so pretty a fool,
It would sit on a stool,
And learned after my school.

It had a velvet cap, And would sit on my lap; And seek after small worms, And sometimes white-bread crumbs; And many times and off, Between my breasts soft, It would lie and rest: It was so propre* and prest,†

^{*} Propre, pretty.

Sometimes would be gasp When he saw a wasp. A fly or a gnat, He would fly at that;

Lord, how he would pry After the butterfly!
Lord, how he would hop A fly or a gnat,

He would fly at that;

And prettily he would pant

When he saw an ant.

After the grasshop!

And when I said Phip, Phip,

Then he would leap and skip,

And take me by the Ilp.

A little further on, our poet becomes much too Priorish, not without a touch of Swift. The privileged bird was even admitted into the young lady's chamber, and there, among his other amusements-

> ' Philyp would seek and take All the fleas blake, That he could there espye With his wanton eye.

We are to suppose, we presume, that in those days these were the usual inhabitants of a lady's couch. We must compensate for this impropriety by the following pretty lines, too characteristic to be passed over :-

I took my sampler once, Of purpose for the nonce, To sew with stitches of silk My sparrow white as milk, That by representation Of his image and fashion, To me it might import Some pleasure and comfort For my solace and my sport; But when I was sewing his beak, Methought my sparrow did speak, And opened his pretty bill, Saying, "Maid, ye are in will Again me for to kill: Ye prick me in the head." With that my needle wax'd red:

Methought of Philip's blood, Mine hairs right upstood, And was in such a fray, My speech was took away. I cast down what there was, And said, "Alas! alas! How cometh this to pass?" My fingers, dead and cold, Could not my sampler hold; My needle and thread I threw away for dread. The best now that I may, Is for his soul to pray : A portâ Inferi, Good Lerd, have mercy Upon my sparrow's soul.'

We are then off to Noah's ark-never was such a sparrow since those days-and by and bye 200 lines of all the birds in the air coming to the funeral, with their various offices :-

Lauda, anima mea, Dominum!
To weep with me look that ye come,
All manner of birds in your kind: See none be left behind. To mourning look that ye fall, With dolorous songs funeral. Some to sing and some to say, Some to weep and some to pray: Every hird in his lay. The goldfinch, the wagtail, The jangling jay to rail, The flecked pie to chatter Of this delorous matter;

And robin red-breast, He shall be the priest; The requiem mass to sing, Softly warbeling.

But for the eagle doth fly Highest in the sky, He shall be the sub-dean, † The choir to deman, \$
As provest principal, To teach them their ordinal,

The kestril, in all this work, Shall be holy-water clerk.'

Sunt time

If Chaucer be the father of English poetry, Skelton is the father of English doggrel; and while we study the wisdom of our ancestors, it is not amiss—at least, not unamusing—to know something of their nonsense. If our readers are not content with this, they will find many hundred more lines, to say nothing of four hundred besides in commendation of the lovely mistress of Philip Sparrow. The poem ends with these Latin lines:—

Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem; Laudibus eximiis merito hæc redimita puella est; Formosam cecini, qua non formosior ulla est; Formosam potius quam commendaret Homerus. Sic juvat intendum rigidos recreare labores, Nec minus hoc titulo tersa Minerva mea est— Rien que playsere.

All this Skelton protests (and it seems that Phylipp Sparrowe had excited envy, and given some offence) was innocent gaiety, a relaxation, as he says above, from his graver toils. But, after all, we fear that the rector of Diss was altogether out of his element as a country parson. 'Antony Wood,' says Mr. Dyce, 'affirms that at Diss and in the diocese Skelton was esteemed more fit for the stage than the pew or pulpit.' It is at least certain that anecdotes of the irregularity of his life, of his buffoonery as a preacher, &c. &c., were current long after his decease, and gave rise to that tissue of extravagant figments which was put together for the amusement of the vulgar, and entitled 'The Merie Tales of Skelton.' As he spared nobody, he got into a quarrel with the neighbouring Dominican friars, whom he had made the objects of some satire. At their instigation he was charged before his diocesan with living with a concubine, but whom he had secretly married. The fact seems to have been notorious; he had several children by this woman, and is said to have reproached himself on his death-bed for his cowardice in not openly avowing his marriage. The Bishop of Norwich was, in the hard words of Mr. Dyce, 'the bloody-minded and impure' Richard Nyke, or Nix. The bishop may have been, according to the strong and, we fear, just language of the Protestant writers, a cruel and not irreproachable man; but, in this case, he could not refuse to take cognizance of such a charge. What excuse Skelton may have found before a higher tribunal, we presume not to say, if, as we will charitably suppose, he was really married; but either way he was guilty of an offence against the discipline of his Church, and suspension from his clerical functions, which appears to have been his punishment, was certainly no harsh

sentence. Yet Bishop Nyke cannot have kept a very watchful eye over his diocese, if such proceedings as Skelton remonstrates against in his extraordinary poem, 'Ware the Hawke,' went on without ecclesiastical censure. It appears that some neighbouring clergyman was accustomed to amuse himself with flying his hawks in Shelton's church. Why Skelton did not summarily eject, instead of lampooning, the irreverend intruder does not appear. If we remember right, it is in a note to Mr. Hallam's 'Middle Ages' that we find a papal exemption to the clergy of Berks from maintaining the archdeacon's hawks when he was on his visitation. But we cannot discover from the poem what superior authority this ungentle falconer had over the parson of Diss, unless it might be during Skelton's suspension. We cannot quote all the circumstances of this disgusting profanation -two stanzas will be quite enough, and these we are obliged to mutilate: Skelton lays it on with more than his usual profusion of Latin, we presume because he was satirizing a clerical adversary.

'Ware the hawke!
Sir Dominus vobiscum,
Per aucupium
Ye made your hawke to come
Desuper candelabrum
To feast upon your tisty;
Dic, inimice crucis Christi,
Ubi didicisti
Facere hoc,
Domine Dawcocke?

Ware the hawke!
Apostata Julianus,
Nor yet Nestorianus,
Thou shalt no where rede
That they did such a dede
To let their hawkes fly,
Ad ostium tabernaculi,
In quo est corpus Domini.
Cave hoc,
Domine Dawcocke!

Among the graver labours to which Skelton alludes during his residence, we are unable to reckon with certainty any of the more serious or even devotional writings which appear in his works, or are recounted in the long and rather ostentatious list of his compositions in the 'Garlande of Laurel.' How and at what period he became acquainted with Elynour Rummin, the ale-wife of Leatherhead, in Surrey, there is hardly a conjecture. This is the coarsest, but not the least clever, of Skelton's poems. It is a low picture of the lowest life-Dutch in its grotesque minuteness: yet, even in the description of the fat hostess herself, and one or two other passages, we know not that we can justly make any stronger animadversion than that they are very Swiftish. But it will further show how little (of course excepting cant words) the genuine vulgar tongue and, we may add perhaps, vulgar life is altered since the time of Henry VIII. Take the general concourse of her female customers to Elynour Rummin, uncontrolled by any temperance societies:-

Instead of cain and money, Some bring her a coney, And some a pot of honey; Some a salt, and some a spoon, Some their hose, and some their shoon. Some run a good trot With a skillet or a pot; Some fill their pot full Of good Lemster wool; An housewife of trust, When she is athrust,* Such a web can spyn, Her thrift is full thin. Some go straight thyder, f Be it slaty or slyder; I Many hold the highway, They care not what men say, Be that as it may; Some, lothe to be espyed, Start in at the backside, Over the hedge and pale; And all for the good ale. Some run till they sweat, Bring with them malt and wheat, And Dame Elinour entreat To birle of the best. Then cometh another guest, She swore by the rood of rest, Her lips are so dry, Without drink she must die; Therefore fill it bye and bye, And have here a peck of rye:

Anon cometh another, As dry as the other And with her doth bring Meal, salt, or other thing, Her harvest girdle, her wedding-ring, To pay for her scot As cometh to her lot. Some bringeth her husband's hood, Because the ale is good; Another brought her his cap, To offer to the ale-tap ; With flax and with tow; And some brought sour dough. With hey and with hoe, Sit we down on a row, And drink till we blow, And pipe "Tyrly tyrlowe." Some laid to pledge Their hatchet and their wedge, Their hekell and their reel, Their rock, their spinning-wheel; Their ribshin and their spindle, Their needle and their thimble : Here was scant thrift When they made such shift. Their thurst was so great, They asked never for meat; But drink, still drink, And let the cat wink; Let us wash our gums From the dry crumbs.'-vol. i. p. 103,

During all this period Skelton's relations to the court are, unfortunately, rather obscure. He is said by Churchyard to have been 'seldom out of princes' grace.' Mr. Dyce has found a suspicious entry, in which one John Skelton was committed to prison by the Court of Requests: but whether this was our poet (who by that time was certainly in orders), or even of what offence the said John Skelton was guilty, there is nothing to show. But there is one of his poems which appears to us to bear internal evidence of having been written at this period, 'The Bowge of Court'-literally, the Bouche, the allowance of meat and drink for the retainers-which Warton has rendered the 'Rewards of a Court.' The scene of this poem is laid in Harwich Harbour, where Skelton, in his allegoric character, goes on board the stately vessel, bound for the court. Now we apprehend that in those days the easiest, and perhaps the most expeditious, way for the parson of Diss to find his way to London would have been to run down to Harwich, and there embark. During one of these journeys, after the poetic fashion of the day, he may have idealised his ship, and impersonated the false friends and open

enemies who may already have crossed his path, and thwarted his hopes of advancement; he may have essayed for once to make his satire take a higher and more serious form. The poet is slumbering at mine host's house called Power's Key, at Harwich Harbour, when he sees his vision:—

> Methought I sawe a shyppe, goodly of sayle, Come saylynge forth into that haven brood, Her takelynge riche, and of hye apparayle; She cast an anker, and there she lay at rode. Merchantes her borded to see what she had lode: Therein they founde royall merchaundyse, Fraghted with plesure of what ye coude devyse.'

The owner of this bark is the Lady Saunce-pere (sans peer): the royal chaffre (merchant), a lady likewise, is Favour; with Daunger, her chief-gentlewoman. Skelton (anticipating M. de Custine) embarks under the modest impersonation of Drede, or Timidity; and is successively accosted by Favel (cajolery), Suspecte (suspicion), Harry Hafter (we cannot interpret this better than by Roguery), Disdayne, Ryotte, Dyssimular, and Subtylte. 'Mr. Gifford describes this poem as a very severe satire, full of strong painting, and excellent poetry. The courtiers of Harry must have winced at it.' Even if Skelton intended those abstract personages to represent his old friends or foes of the court, we cannot think that the courtiers of that day would be quite so sensitive. If Skelton had contented himself with representing the vices of the clergy in these cold impersonations, or dressing up Wolsey as an allegory of pride, he would not have needed to seek asylum in Westminster Abbey. There is, however, much vigour, and, we should suppose, originality in some of his conceptions. The reader may probably remember the striking picture of Riot quoted by Warton: it is, perhaps, the best of the gallery.

This Interlude and the 'Morality of Magnificence' contain no doubt on the whole the best of Skelton's serious poetry; but the best of that only proves more plainly that his strength lies in a lower region: his Pegasus is not equal to the stately amble, or even processional march; it is a wild, rugged colt, full of fire and of vigour, and not a little vicious, as the phrase is; kicking out on all sides, and delighting in splashing up the dirt on every one he passes. His whole value is, as a vulgar vernacular poet,

addressing the people in the language of the people.

Notwithstanding his own poetic warning, Skelton was still a hanger-on upon this treacherous and dissembling court; but it is difficult to make out his position or the estimation in which he was held. Mr. Dyce has first published certain poems against

Garnesche, full of the most rabid abuse; each of which, Skelton declares, was written by the 'commandment of the king.' Garnesche, however, by the appointments which he held on several occasions of important trust as well as of state ceremony, seems to have stood high in royal favour-he was gentleman usher to Henry VIII., and received the honour of knighthood. It may have been one of Bluff King Hal's coarse amusements to encourage this poetical fray, in which Garnesche, it should seem, was the challenger. Yet, if Skelton had not in a great degree lost his self-respect, even Harry would hardly have shown such little respect to his old tutor (Skelton takes care to boast in these verses of the intimate relation in which he had stood to majesty) as graciously to command him to undertake this war of gross personal abuse. It was but a sorry occupation for a laureate, though one in which Skelton evidently delighted, to keep the field against all comers, and combat à l'outrance in good set Billingsgate. Such literary duels were not uncommon even in later and better days of our literature; but we do not know that they were waged, as it were, in the presence and expressly for the amusement of the sovereign. Some kings, it must be acknowledged, have whimsical notions of fun; but when one Martin Luther ventured to Skeltonise even against the sacred person and controversial erudition of the royal polemic, probably he did not think it quite so diverting.

But there was another piece of Skelton's coarsest abuse, which we trust Henry was not so ungenerous as to approve—though perhaps Skelton might think it no inappropriate nor unacceptable flattery if he should turn those weapons of foul words, which he had wielded so successfully against his own adversaries, and in which royalty had condescended to find amusement, upon the enemies of the king. The laureate, after the battle of Flodden, thought it incumbent upon him to take the field against the Scots. And this is the chivalrous and Christian tone in which he speaks

of the gallant king who had died fighting valiantly:-

Kynge Jamy, Jemmy, Jockey, my Jo, Ye summon'd our kynge—why dyd ye

To you nothing it dyd accorde, To summon our kynge, your soveraygne

But, by the power and might of God, For your own tayle ye made a rod.

Ye wanted wit, Syr, at a worde; Ye lost your spurres, ye lost your sworde. Ye might have buskyd you to Huntleybankys,

Your pryde was pevysh to play such prankys,

Your poverte could not attayne,

With our kynge, royal war to mayntayne.
Thus fortune bath turned you, I dare well
saye,
Now from a kynge to a clot of clay:

Out of your robes ye were shaked, And wretchedly ye lay stark naked.

Skelton cordially hated the Scots; and so far, of course, he only spoke the general sentiment of England; but there was one 2 M 2 Scotchman.

Scotchman, Dundas, who seems to have most peculiarly excited his bile. This learned ex-professor of Aberdeen had written certain verses asserting that the English were born with tails—from which, to show that his logic was on a par with his natural history, he inferred that they were dogs—

* Anglicus a tergo caudam gerit, est canis ergo.

This, however, was no new calumny: the author of the 'Nova Legenda Angliæ,' quoted by Mr. Dyce, only ventures thus modestly to suggest a doubt upon the subject—'suspicabar quod

de Anglorum caudis traditur, nugatorium esse.'

During all this time, Skelton, whatever his position at court, was an acceptable guest at the castle-palaces of the great nobles, and even in some of the wealthy religious foundations. His 'Garland of Laurel' was written at Sheriff Hutton Castle; and some of the most gentle and high-born ladies of the land did not disdain his complimentary verses. He mentions in that poem the wealthy college of the Bonhommes of Ashridge, near Berkhamp-

stead, as a place where he was a frequent visitor.

The poems against the Scots belong more properly to that class of Skelton's writings in which lies his main strength, and for which alone he has much claim on the notice of posterity, his political satire. His 'Colin Cloute,' and 'Why come ye not to Court?'the former a general satire against the clergy, the latter a most vehement libel on the all-powerful Wolsey-are the cleverest and most remarkable specimens of this peculiar vein. Skelton, indeed, had no great right to throw stones at the clergy, or to pelt them as he does with such sharp and dangerous missiles: and the indignation which, as all satirists pretend, inspired our laureate's verse, even against Wolsey, was not a high, disinterested, and intrepid aversion to his pride, his avarice, or his licentiousness. Unfortunately, there is a dedication to the full-blown Wolsey, crammed with the most fulsome Latin superlatives, expressing the poet's humblest deference for 'the super-illustrious legate-the most magnificent and worthy prince of priests—the most equitable distributor of justice '-and, moreover, the 'most excellent patron' of his work. Still more unfortunately, another of his poems, the 'Garland of Laurel,' closes with an envoy to the king and to the most honorificate cardinal—from one line of which we are forced to conclude that the source of Skelton's ultimate ire was neither less nor more than a disappointment touching a fat prebend:—

> Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes, Legatum a latere, et fiat memor ipse precare Prebendæ, quam promisit mihi credere quondam."

The parson of Diss, in short, seems to have much resembled Byron's court Poet,

'Who being unpensioned wrote a satire, And boasted that he could not flatter.'

Nor was Skelton (with all respect for Mr. D'Israeli be it said) in any proper sense a Reformer: his opinions upon doctrine, as far as they appear, were those of his Church. The poem set forth with this adulatory dedication to Wolsey is a furious invective against the new teachers, who were springing up in the University of Cambridge; and the 'horryble heresy of these young heretykes, that stynke unbrent,' is the denial of worship to the Virgin Mary:—

'Se where the heretykes go
Wytlesse wandring to and fro;
With the he, ta ha, bo bo, bo ho!
And such wandrings many mo.
Helas, ye wretches, ye may be wo!
Ye may syng wele away,
And curse bothe nyght and day:
Whan ye were bredde and borne,
And whan ye were precesses shorne.
Thus to be laughed to skorne,

Thus tattred and thus torne, Thorowe your own foly, To be blowen with the flye Of horryble heresy. Fayne ye were to reny, And mercy for to crye, Ore be brende by and by, Confessyng how ye did lye In preching shamefully.

This was the difference between Skelton and Roy, the other celebrated satirist of Wolsey; Roy was a Reformer, an assistant, not altogether it should seem an unexceptionable assistant, of Tyndale in his translation of the Bible; and it was the burning of these Bibles which excited Roy's violent indignation against the Cardinal.

Yet for this very reason Skelton's picture of the clergy, and of the great Cardinal, is the more curious, and, in some respects. more trustworthy, for, at least, it is not darkened by theological hatred; this Skelton reserved most piously for heretics. Much allowance must in justice be made for the personal character and feelings of Skelton; for the natural scurrility of the man, his envy in the one case, his disappointment in the other; but the libels of one age, fairly considered, become valuable historical evidence to posterity-often, as to manners and the opinions of the time, the best that can be attained. Skelton, in truth, was but the last echo of that voice, which had long been arraigning to the popular ear the inordinate wealth, the pride, the carelessness, the licence, the secular habits and feelings, and some of the more glaring superstitions of the clergy. Since the time of Wickliffe and the Lollards, no doubt this was mingled with much secret repugnance to some, at least, of the doctrines of the Church. But the dogmatic Reformers would have made their way much more slowly without these allies, who by no means shared their religious opinions.

opinions, but confined themselves to lampooning the vices both of the secular and regular clergy. This politico-religious satire had long been at work, first in Latin, and afterwards in the rude vernacular tongues of Europe. Only occasionally, as we have said, and partially, but by no means generally connected with the Wickliffite or Hussite doctrines, it was a kind of spontaneous remonstrance against frauds and follies too palpable to the common sense of mankind; against the glaring disagreement of the lives of multitudes among both the monks and clergy, not only with the gospel, and the examples of worth and purity which had shone even on the worst ages of the Church, but even with the positive regulations of their own Canon-law. These songs were to the popular mind, what Erasmus was to the more learned world: and in the spirit at least, though neither in the tone nor taste of that scholar's attacks upon the monastic system, and the manners of the clergy, Skelton might shelter himself under his 'great and much injured name,' with whose praise he had been honoured at the commencement of his literary career.

The poetical part of this history of 'the Reformation before the Reformation,' if written with fairness and candour, and with a constant regard to the important distinction between the reformers of doctrine and of manners, might be both amusing and instructive. Not to mention the older collection of Flaccus Illyricus, which would require much critical examination, the two recent volumes, one of Political Songs, and the other of the Latin Poems which pass under the name of Walter de Mapes, edited (perhaps rather hastily) by Mr. Thomas Wright, for the Camden Society, would be valuable contributions. We can here compare what may be called the songs of the people, in Norman French and the earliest English, with what were the Latin ballads of the working clergy (may we venture to call them?), as distinguished from the wealthy and powerful prelates. This series commences from the reign of King John, and goes down to Edward II. Throughout they are unsparing in their attacks on the lives both of the nobles and the higher ecclesiastics; and especially on the avarice and venality of Rome. Take a specimen from a Latin ballad of the time of Henry III. In the curious structure of these stanzas the last line is always, as a kind of burthen, a wellknown verse of one of the older poets:-

> * Roma, turpitudinis jacens in profundis, Virtutes preposterat* opibus immundis; Vacillantis animi fluctuans sub undis, Diruit, adificat, mulat quadrata rotundis.

Calcant archipræsules colla cleri prona, Et extorquent lacrymas ut emungent dona: Nec si ferunt miseri pauca, vel non bona, Æquis accipient animis donentve corona,' &c. &c.

Throughout the reign of Henry III., the bards, French, English, and Latin, are on the side of Simon de Montfort, who is celebrated as a patriot, a saint, and a martyr. One poem, written soon after the battle of Lewes, rises to a higher tone than mere temporary political satire. The writer of this long, and, for the times, remarkable ballad, is a most ardent admirer of Leicester:—

'Venerabilis Symon de Monteforte, Qui se Christo similis dat pro multis morti."

For the high and precocious constitutional doctrines in this piece we must refer the reader to the Camden publication.

In others hardly less noticeable satire on the wealth of the clergy, the tyranny of the consistory courts, &c. &c. is mingled up with national exultation for the victories of Edward I. over the Scots, ferocious and most unchristian triumph in the defeat and execution of Wallace and the other assertors of Scottish freedom, and denunciations of the weakness and favouritism of Edward II. The last poem on the evil times of Edward II. is chiefly on the simony and avarice of churchmen:—

' For Covetyse and Symonie han the world to wille.'

The monks are not spared; the abbots and priors 'riden and hawk, and hount, and contrefeten knihtes:'—

'And yit is another ordre, Menour and Jacobin, And freres of the Carme, and of Seint Austin, That wolde preche more for a busshel of whete Than for to bringe a soule from helle out of the hete.'

We hope Mr. Wright will continue his researches. It would not be difficult to continue this regular descent of popular satire to the days of Skelton. With the truth, or even the degree of truth, in those pictures we have at present no concern, but only with the fact of their currency among the people. We take them merely as indications of what was acceptable to the vulgar ear.

Colyn Cloute is a kind of rustic impersonation of popular discontent. But Skelton himself lurks within the disguise.

^{*} We are surprised that these Camdeniana should have escaped Mr. Blaauw, who deserves generally much credit for the research shown in 'The Barons' War, including the Battles of Lowes and Evesham'—Lewes, 1844, small quarto—a beautiful specimen of provincial typography, with very interesting illustrations.

' For though my ryme be ragged, Tattered and jagged, Rudely rain-beaten, Rusty and moth-eaten: If ye take well therewith, It bath in it some pith.'

The clergy are the chief quarry; yet he flies at all game :-

'For as farre as I can se, It is wronge with each degree; For the temporalte Accuseth the spiritualte: The spirituall agayne Doth grudge and complayne Upon the temporal men: Thus each of other blother. The tone agaying the tother.

Alas! they make me shoder.

The church is put in faute,

The prelates ben so haut,

They say, and look so hy,

As though they wolde fly

Above the sterry sky.

And so he goes rattling on with his quick-recurring rhymes, all in the plain vernacular idiom; here and there only a word betraying, by its false rhyme when thrown into modern spelling, that the pronunciation was somewhat different from our own.

'And whilst the heads do this,
The remnant is amiss
Of the clergy all,
Both great and small.
I wot never how they warke,
But thus the people bark,
And surely thus they say,
Bishops, if they may,
Small houses wold keep,
But slumber faste and deep,
And essay to creep
Within the noble walls
Of the kinges halls,
To fat their bodies full,
Their souls lean and dull,
And have full little care
How evil their sheep fare.

The temporalty say plain,
How bishops disdain
Sermons for to make,
Or such labours to take;
And for to say trouth,
A great part is for shouth;
But the greatest part
Is for they have but small art,
And right slender cunning
Within their heads wonning.

Howbeit some there be,
Almost two or three,
Of that dignity,
Full worshipful clerkes,
As appeareth by their werkes.'
——line 114, &c.

One of the most remarkable things to be traced throughout these popular satirical songs, is the veneration for the memory of Thomas-à-Becket. The invasion on the royal power, the spiritual usurpation of this bold ecclesiastic seem entirely forgotten; he is the severe disciplinarian of the clergy, the martyr and the saint of popular reverence. Even in Skelton this traditionary feeling has not died away. Speaking of some of the gentler bishops, he says:—

'Howbeit they are good men, Moche hearted like a hen, Theyr lessons forgotten they have, Which Becket them gave.

Thomas manum mittit ad fortia, Spernit damna, spernit opprobria: Nulla Thomam frangit injuria.

This sounds like a quotation from some older song—it may be a hymn. Our poet then falls on the bishops' want of care in admitting

admitting unlearned persons to holy orders. He might have remembered that learning was no sure guarantee for priestly propriety, or even decency; but it is a curious picture.

'Some valde negligentes,
Some nullum sensum habentes,
And woteth never what they read,
Paternoster, Ave, nor Crede;
Construe not worth a whistle
Neither Gospel nor Pystle.
—A priest without a letter,
Without his virtue were greater,
Doubtless were much better
Upon him for to take
A mattock or a rake,

Alas! for very shame,
Some cannot decline their name.
—Thus I, Colyn Cloute,
As I go about,
And wandering as I walk,
I hear the people talk.

Cum ipsis vel illis
Qui manent in villis,
Est uxor vel ancilla,
Welcome Jacke and Gylla,
My pretty Petronylla.

Here Skelton again comes under his own lash. It would require a firm and delicate hand to trace out the evidence we have of the extent to which actual marriage prevailed among the English clergy even after the time of Innocent III. We find, in a Latin song assigned to the year 1216, the question put on its plain scriptural issue:—

Paulus cœlos rapitur ad superiores, Ubi multas didicit res secretiores; Ad nos tandem rediens, instruensque mores, Suas, inquit, habeant quilibet uxores.'

Poems of Walter de Mapes, p. 173.

The pomp, the state, and the dress of the bishops next come under the sarcastic notice of Colyn Cloute:—

'Over this the foresayd laye 'Reporte how the Pope may An holy anker † call Out of the stony wall, And hym a bysshopp make— If he on him dare take To kepe so hard a rule,
To ride upon a mule,
With golde all betrapped,
In purple and paule belapped,
Some hatted and some capped,
Rychely and warme bewrapped.

The extortions and oppressions of the poor, by 'summons and citations, and excommunications,' are not forgotten; nor do the regular clergy fare much better in his hands. They are charged with leaving their cloisters, and wandering about the world. The abbesses and prioresses are said to be as little inclined to the total seclusion required by their order; and alas! when abroad they are rather too much disposed 'to cast up their black veils.' The religious houses are accused of great neglect in their services, and with the wanton dilapidation of their buildings:—

No matyns at midnyght, Boke and chalys gone quyte; And plucke awaye the leedes Evyn over theyr heedes, And sell awaye theyr belles, And all that they have elles: Thus the people telles, Rayles like rebelles, Redys shrewdly and spelles, And with foundacyous melles.

How ye brake the dedes wylles,† Turn monasteres into water milles; Of an abbay ye make a graunge; Your workes, they say, are straunge :
So that your founders soules
Have lost their beade rolles;
The mony for theyr masses
Spent among wanton lasses;
The diviges are forgotten;
Your founders lye there rotten—
But where theyr soules dwell,
Therewyth I will not mell.
What coulde the Turke do more,
With all his false love:
Turke, Sarayyn, or Jew:
I reporte me to you,
O meroyfull Jesu.'

And these lines can scarcely refer to the monasteries which were forcibly suppressed by Wolsey before the Reformation. It

is a distinct accusation of culpable negligence.

There is a curious passage on the pride with which the clergy, many of them of the lowest birth, treated the nobility of the land. No doubt the ruin of the old feudal baronage of England during the civil wars, and the depression of the few who held their estates comparatively undiminished under the iron policy of Henry VII., showed the wealth of the higher Churchmen in more disproportionate and invidious grandeur. The Church property, also, no doubt, suffered in these devastating wars, but it must have been more secure against confiscation. If, in the confusion of the times, it was exposed to forcible or fraudulent alienation; it would, on the other hand, from its greater security, the facility of acquisition where so much property was, as it were, cast loose, and from the greater solicitude of men involved in the crimes and miseries of civil war to purchase peace with heaven by lavish donations or bequests to the Church, notwithstanding the statute of Mortmain, accumulate very largely. If we are to believe Skelton, the temporal peers were not disposed to contest this contemptuous superiority asserted by the ecclesiastics.

'For the lords temporal
Their rule is very small,
Almost nothing at all.
Men say how yet appal
The noble blood royal.
In earnest and in game
Ye are the less to blame,
For lords of noble blood
If they well understood

How cunning \$\phi\$ might them advance, They would pipe you another dance. But noble men born,
To learn they have scorn,
But hunt and blow a horn,
Leap over lakes and dykee,
Set nothing by politykes;
Therefore ye keep them base,
And mock them to their face.
This is a pitcous case.'

After the clergy and nobility we have the four orders of fryers—

* Though some of them are lyers *—

[&]quot; Meddles.
† The wills of the dead.

[†] The clergy. § Knowledge.

and the coarse sequel fits well with this flattering prelude. We must rather, however, make room for the style and furniture of the episcopal palaces. We recommend this passage to Mr. Pugin, for the next edition of his 'Contrasts between the Episcopal Residences of the Olden Time with those of the Present Day.' Drawing-rooms with pianofortes, and even work-tables, perhaps even nurseries themselves, may find some excuse.

'Buylding royally Their mancyons curyously, With turrettes and with toures, With balles and with boures, Stretching to the starres, With glasse windowes and barres: Hanging about the walles Clothes of gold and palles, Arras of rich array, Freshe as flowers in May; With dame Dyana naked, How lusty Venus quaked, And howe Cupyde shaked His darte and bent his bowe For to shote a crowe At her tyrly tyrlowe. And how Parys of Troy Daunced a lege de Moy, Made lusty sport and joy With dame Helyn the quene; With such storyes bidene Their chambres well besene; With triumphes of Casar,

And of Pompeyius war, Of renoune and of fame, By them to get a name; Now all the worlde stares, How they ride in goodly chares, Conveyed by olyphantes, With lauryat garlantes; And by unycornes, With their semely hornes; Upon these beastes riding Naked boys striding, With wanton wenches winkyng. Now truly to my thinkynge, That is a speculacyon, And a mete meditacyon, For Prelates of estate Their courage to abate From worldly wantonnesse, Their chambres thus to dresse With such perfectnesse, And such holynesse : How be it they let downe full Their churches cathedrall,

-line 936.

Even in Colin Cloute, Skelton ventured to assail, though rather more covertly, the despotic Wolsey. No one, however high his rank, could obtain a hearing of the king without the leave, or without the presence, of the President:—

'Neyther erle nor duke Permytted—by Saint Luke And by swete Saint Marke, This is a wonderous warke!

Throughout, however, Skelton protests his attachment to the good clergy and to Holy Church: his design was the amendment of the prevailing vices and irregularities.

Of no good bysshop speke I, Nor good priest I escye, Good frere, nor good chanon, Good nome, nor good canon, Good monke, nor good clerke, Nor yette of no good werke: But my recounting is Of them that do amys, In speking and rebellyug, In hindering and disavayling Holy Church our motherThen if any there be
Of hygh or lowe degree,
That doth thynke or wene,
That his conscyence be not clene,
And feleth hymself sycke,
Or touched on the quycke,
Such grace God them sende,
Themselfe to amend,
For I wyll not pretende
Any man to offende.'

We cannot leave Colyn Cloute, without the following amusing description of the summary proceedings to which he exposed him-

self by his rash rhymes, which were only circulated in manuscript he says himself that he could not get them printed:—

'How darest thou, losell,
Allygate the gospell
Agaynst us of the counsell?
Avaunt to the devyll of hell.
Take him, wardeyne of the Flete,
Set him fast by the fete!
I say, lycutenant of the Toure,
Make this lurdeyne for to lowre;
Lodge him in Lytell Ease,
Fede him with beanes and pease!

The villayne precheth openly, And declareth our vyllany, At Poule's Cross or elswhere. Openly at Westminstere, And Saynt Mary Spytell, They set not by us a whystell; At the Austen fryers, They count us for lyers; And at St. Thomas of Akers, They carpe at us like crakers.

These were, no doubt, the most popular churches in the City; St. Mary was in Bishopsgate ward; the Austin friars in Bread Street ward; St. Thomas of Acre near the great conduit in Cheape.

But in audacity, in bitterness, in coarseness, and in scurrility, the Colyn Cloute is far surpassed by the 'Why come ye not to Court?' -while in rude cleverness, in volubility of abuse, in the homely but vigorous abundance of images and allusions, the latter poem is in no degree inferior. The whole is a fierce invective against Wolsey; and though the Prime Ministers of England have usually come in for their full share of virulent personal invective, both in prose and verse, yet we question whether in his utmost height of unpopularity any minister was ever more recklessly assailed, or in language more galling, than by this satire against the allpowerful Cardinal. To have written, and, though no doubt unpublished, to have allowed such a poem to transpire even among friends, shows such extraordinary courage as almost to require a higher motive in our laureate than the mere disappointment about his coveted prebend. It is still more extraordinary that Wolsey, armed with such enormous ecclesiastical power, should have allowed a sanctuary to protect so pestilent a libeller; or that an abbot of Westminster, of so high a character as Islip, should either, in the assertion of the privileges of his church, or, as is intimated, from some secret favour towards Skelton, have dared or desired to protect him from prosecution. It might seem as if Wolsey, if he had really seen the poem, knew that it was but the expression of a dangerous but wide-spread popular sentiment; the Cardinal might be struck with some of its terrible truthshis supercilious treatment of the nobility, his usurpation of the royal power, his presumption upon the blind, but perhaps precarious, favour of the King; and he might think it prudent, as he had failed in arresting and crushing him by a sudden act of authority, not to attribute too much importance to the insolent poet, or to give unnecessary publicity to that which was yet lurking in secret. .

We may add here that Skelton died in sanctuary, at West-minster, and was buried in the adjoining church of St. Margaret.

As few readers, perhaps, will encounter 1250 lines of antiquated libel against a minister who lived some centuries ago, they may yet be obliged to us for selecting some passages, which may show how such things were written in the time of Henry VIII. Skelton first takes a sort of view of the Cardinal's foreign politics as regards Spain, France, and Scotland; he is charged with receiving bribes from France, with whom England, in alliance with the Emperor, was at war. Our laureate vaunts the prowess of the 'good Erle of Surrey,' who had abated the courage of the French, and made them take to their fortified cities, like 'foxes in their dens, and urchins (hedgehogs) in a stone wall,' and even a more unseemly illustration.

But yet they overshote us With crownes and with scutos; With scutos and crownes of gold, I drede we are bought and solde; It is a wonders warke, They shote all at one marke, At the Cardynal's hat, They shote all at that; Out of theyr stronge townes, They shote at him with crownes; With crownes of gold emblased They made him so amased, That his eyen are dased, That he no se can To know God or man. -He is set so hye In his ierarchy

Of frantycke frenesy And folysshe fantasy, That in the Chambre of Starres All maters there he marres; Clappyng his rod on the borde, No man dare speke a worde; For he hath all the sayenge, Without any renayenge. He rolleth in his recordes, He sayeth, How saye ye, my Lordes, Is not my reason good? Good evyn, good Robin Hood! Some say yes, and some Sit styll as they were dom. Thus thwarting over thom, He ruleth all the roste With braggynge and with bost,"

A great deal more follows (we shall give presently a graphic passage) on his insolent overbearing of the nobility, and likewise of the judges in the courts of law. There is a sort of slyness in the few lines about Hampton Court.

'Why come ye not to court?—
To whyche court?
To the kynge's court,
Or to Hampton Court?—
Nay, to the kynge's court:
The kynge's court
Should have the excellence.
But Hampton Court

Hath the preemynence; And Yorke's Place, With my lorde's grace, To whose magnifycence, Is all the conflewence, Sutys and supplycacyons, Embassades of all nacyons.'—I. 397.

He soon, however, gets more personal; there is not a vice, bad passion, or iniquity, which he does not charge upon the Cardinal—ambition, avarice, pride, sloth, incontinence (and on this point we must acknowledge that here and there he deserves Pope's epithet). Of course he does not forget his humble origin,

And his base progeny,
And his gresy genealogy,

He came of the sang royall That was cast out of a bocher's stall. He is contemptuous on the Cardinal's want of learning. A thought may have crossed the mind of Skelton that the gentleman's son of Norwich, whose scholarship had been rewarded by three universities and admired by Erasmus, might have aspired to as high distinction as the butcher's boy of Ipswich. Wolsey, he says, was neither Doctor of Divinity nor of Law, but a poor Master of Arts. He was ignorant of everything—letters, policy, astronomy;

Nor acquainted, worth a fly, With honorable Haly, Nor with royall Ptholomy, Nor with Albumasar, To treate of any star, Fixt, or els mobyll; His Latyne torge doth hobbyll, He doth but cloute and cobbyl In Tulle's faculte, Called humanite. —417.

If Wolsey was indeed less learned than became his station, he deserves the greater honour for his magnificent encouragement of learning. Whatever other heads of houses may do, the dean of Christ Church should abstain from quoting Skelton, for better reasons than that assigned by Pope.

'Set up a wretch on high, On a throne triumphantly; Make him a great estate, And he will play check-mate With royal majesty, Count himself as good as he. A prelate potential To rule under Belial As fierce and as cruel As the fiend of hell. His servants menial He doth revile, and brawl Like Mahound in a play: No man dare him withsay; He hath despite and scorn At them that be well-born; He rebukes them and rails-"Ye whoresons, ye vassayles," &c. -No man dare come to the speech Of this gentle Jack breech, Of what estate he be

Of spiritual dignity. Nor duke of high degree; Nor marquis, earl, nor lord, Which shrewdly doth accord, Thus he born so base All noblemen should outface. His countenance like a Kayser, "My lord is not at layser. Sir, ye must tarry a stounde, Till better leisure be found; And, Sir, ye must dance attendance, And take patient sufferance, For my lord's grace Hath now no time or space To speak with you as yet "-And thus they shall sit, Choose them sit or flit, Stand, walk or ride, And his leisure abide, Perchance half a year, And yet never the nere.'

There is great boldness yet some tact in the verses on the influence of the Cardinal over the king; while he exposes the weakness, he respects the royal dignity:—

It is a wondrous case
That the king's grace
Is toward him so minded,
And so far blinded,
That he counct perceive
He doth him deceive.
For what is a man the better
For the king's letter;
For he will tear it asunder,
Whereat much I wonder

How such a hoddypoule So boldly dare controul, And so malapertly withstand The king's own hand; And sets not by it a mite: He saith the king doth write And write he wotteth not what, And yet for all that, The king his elemency.* He attributes this influence to sorcery, and tells the famous old story of the bewitchment of Charlemagne, on which Southey wrote a ballad. He adds very significantly the case of Cardinal Balue (see 'Quentin Durward'), who, though advanced to the dignity of a cardinal by the influence of Louis XI., according to our poet:—

Commytted open treason, Wherefore he suffered pain, Was headed, drawn, and quartered, And died stinkingly martyred— And yet for all that He wore a cardinal's hat.'

Skelton is wrong in his history, as the French cardinal only suffered a long imprisonment; but he points his moral in these words:—

'Not for that I mean Such a casualty shuld be sene Or such chance should fall Unto our cardinal.'

Afterwards, however, he is not quite so merciful in his wishes for the fate of his enemy. After a long passage on the impoverishment of the people by his rapacious extortions:—

God save his noble grace,
And grant him a place
Endless to dwell
With the devil of hell.
For, an he were there
We need never fear
Of the flendes blake,
For I undertake
He would so brag and crack
That he would then make
The devils to quake,
To shudder and to shake,
Like a fire drake,

And with a cole rake
Brose them on a brake,
And bind them to a stake,
And set hell on fire
At his own desire.
He is such a grim sire,
That he would break the brains
Of Lucifer in his chains,
And rule them each one,
In Lucifer's throne.
I would be were gone,
For among us is none
That ruleth but he alone.

If our readers' historic ideal of Wolsey be disturbed by these rude rhymes, which we have thus copiously extracted both for their intrinsic singularity, and for the extraordinary fact that such things were ventured in such days, we would send them to refresh their memory with the Wolsey of Shakspeare; let them take the honest chronicle of Griffith, which extorts the admission of its justice even from the injured Catherine, and they will have, we are persuaded, not merely the noblest poetic impersonation, but the most fair and impartial historic estimate of this great man.

As to Skelton's more general satire on the church and clergy, we have heard so much lately of the iniquities of the Reformation, the crimes and weaknesses of those who were concerned in it, that it may not be unseasonable to show something of the other side of the picture. Let us know what it was which was reformed by the Reformation. It must, of course, be remembered that Skelton's is a satire, the satire of a rude, bitter, and disappointed man; still his verse was the popular expression of a strong popular feeling, much darkened and exaggerated, no doubt, as the popular feeling,

feeling, especially of an ignorant people, usually is-but with much truth—with more truth, we fear, than that poetic view of the past with which young minds are of late years so enamoured. This imaginative retrospect hardly deigns so see anything but stately cathedrals rising, abbeys and cloisters in their holy seclusion; will hear only the fine anthems and choral services; and will take cognizance of only such saintly and apostolic men, as have never been wanting to the Christian Church in its most unenlightened and unchristian days. Nothing can be more delightful than thus to trace out and to hold up for the admiration which is their due these hidden treasures of divine grace, of holiness, humanity, and love; far more so than to rake up obscure and forgotten libels; but even the latter is a service to which the severe lover of truth (of truth at every cost and at every sacrifice, even of personal inclination and poetic enjoyment) must occasionally submit; for it is only by the due balance, the impartial comparison of these conflicting materials—by the calm and dispassionate hearing of every testimony that judicial history can sum up its solemn sentence; so only can we obtain, we will not merely say the philosophy, but even the religion, of history.

ART. VII.—Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands. Par Augustin Thierry, de l'Institut Royal de France. Quatrième édition. Bruxelles. 1842.

THIERRY, largely and approvingly quoted by Sir James Mackintosh, and praised by many English reviewers, has, without absolutely superseding any of our 'standard' authorities, become, through the medium of translations and cheap editions, a popular book. So much attention has been excited by the novelty of his very doubtful views, which we trust to have ere long an opportunity of discussing, that it has tended to revive the scheme, often suggested but never yet adopted, of publishing an annotated Hume.

'Hume, after all'—it was urged by an able advocate of the plan, whom, according to the fashion of the days of Berkeley and Hervey, we will designate as Alciphron—'Hume, after all, retains his literary ascendancy. People will turn to him naturally as the educational book, the unchallenged source of authority. New histories, such as Thierry, may enjoy a flash of reputation, but they will not be considered as the sober, regular book, the outfit of the new book-case in the newly-furnished breakfast-room, newly occupied by the newly-married expectants of a numerous family.

As Professor Smyth says, in his Lectures, It is Hume who is read by every one. Hume is the historian whose views and opinions insensibly become our own. He is respected and admired by the most enlightened reader: he is the guide and philosopher of the ordinary reader, to whose mind, on all the topics connected with our history, he entirely gives the tone and law. Were, however, the merit of Hume's history less than it is, the stamp given by the name of a standard work will always sustain its value as a literary or commercial speculation. Hume may be truly characterized as History for the Million. In our active age, the prevailing desire is to acquire the largest show of information with the smallest expense of thought. Just as you buy a tool-chest or a medicinechest, because it contains all the hammers and chisels, or tinctures and powders which you want, all ready chosen for you without any trouble of your own-even so do people purchase the standard work for their handsome, select libraries, because they expect, and rightly, that it will fill up the gap on their shelves and the void in their heads, without any further pains.'

Your comparison, however apposite—was the reply of Euphranor-cannot be carried entirely through. He who purchases the tool-chest endeavours to ascertain the temper of the tools: he assures himself that the shear-steel is Holtzapfel's and not Sheffield ware. It is not the mere 'town made' which will satisfy him. In the medicine-chest, you take pains enough to ensure that the contents of phials and boxes shall be the right thing: no willow-bark instead of Battley's cinchona: genuine unadulterated senna. Still more anxiously would you keep away from the shop, however gay and attractive, if you knew that the pharmacopolist had been tried and convicted for selling oxalic acid in the place of Epsom salts, or arsenic for magnesia. But with respect to the 'standard work,' or the whole legion of educational works, equally 'standards' in their degree, is the same salutary caution employed? Rarely does the teacher, who places the book before the pupil, take the trouble to consider the character of the mind whence the work emanates, or the tendency of the doctrines which it may boldly display or coyly conceal. How often does the careful mother, who anxiously guards her children against opening any but 'Sunday books' on the Lord's-day, resume on the Monday her regular course of readings—lessons on history, lessons on botany, lessons on geology, taken from productions in which, either in express terms or by inference, Holy Scripture is either so excluded as to destroy all trust in its reality, or represented as a fable!

"Surely not so '-said Alciphron :- ' name them.'

Nay—quoth Euphranor—it is mamma's business, not mine;

let her set her wits to work, and examine the first dozen of the

rubbish which she shoots upon the school-room table.

'We are wandering from our question'-resumed Alciphron;-'do not suppose that I contend for the absolute perfection of Hume's history. In many respects, it may not satisfy the awakened curiosity of the public mind. Copious sources of information, unexplored in Hume's day, have been made known since his time by the diligence of our modern antiquaries. Sounder criticism is employed in judging the mediæval period: more truly do we appreciate the poetical character of the middle ages, the splendours of chivalry, the charm of romance, the beauty of the structures, the merit of the artists who, sixty years since, were equally contemned by the man of letters and the virtuoso. Above all, we begin to understand how extensive is the inquiry involved in the annals of mankind; for the enlarged researches of our own times, make us now far more sensible of the exact extent of our ignorance. There is as much graphic archeology and curious quaintness, in any one number of Charles Knight's London or Old England, or my friend Felix Summerly's Guide-books, as, under Pitt's administration, would have set up an Antiquarian Society-president, council, director, and all the members to boot. But our abundance will facilitate the editorial task. Hume's short-comings may be completely remedied by the note, the excursus, the appendix, and the essay. All those who possess the information and talent needed for correcting Hume's errors or making good his deficiencies, will have a far better chance of profit or fame by annexing their information to his pages, than through any independent production of their own. Embark in the vessel which has so long braved the storms of criticism: the good ship Hume will always make a prosperous voyage, and find a market for her wares in ports which to every other flag will be closed. It is in vain—as observed by a shrewd critic of our own day—that we shall look elsewhere for those general and comprehensive views, that sagacity and judgment, those masterly lessons of political wisdom, that profound knowledge of human nature, that calm philosophy and dispassionate balancing of opinion, which delight and instruct us in the pages of Hume. Hume is justly placed, by common consent, at the head of our philosophic historians: he is not more distinguished for his philosophy than for his sagacity and judgment, his feeling and pathos.—Hume may be deficient in diligence and research, but, as I have before said, how easily can any defects arising from imperfect information, be supplied by those, who, with less genius and philosophy, have more opportunity of collecting materials, more assiduity, more knowledge! And if there be any tendencies at variance with received opinions, surely a

calm and temperate correction of his errors, will sufficiently enable the reader to maintain a due impartiality.'

You are quoting, O Alciphron-was the reply of Euphranorthe words of the late John Allen, who, as an acute, diligent, and critical investigator of history, is entitled to great respect; but the task of correction would not be so easy as you suppose. Fully do I acknowledge the cleverness displayed in Hume's history, though I should not characterize his qualities exactly in the same terms. Allen's language is even more tinged by affection than that of the lover; for in the very same article he says,- We are thoroughly sensible of the deficiencies in what constitute the chief merit of an historian, fidelity and regard to truth.'-Professor Smyth goes a deal farther. He warns us to be 'ever suspicious' of the author's 'particular prejudices.' He virtually accuses his favourite writer of a perpetual falsification of his subject, by ascribing to the personages of history, as they pass before him, the views and opinions of later ages: those sentiments and reasonings which his own enlightened and powerful mind was able to form, not those which either really were or could be formed by men thinking or acting many centuries before.' And he sums up the literary character of the 'beautiful narrative' by telling us that 'in Hume's history truth is continually mixed up with misrepresentation, and the whole mass of the reasoning, which in its final

impression is materially wrong, is so interspersed with observations which are in themselves perfectly right, that the reader is at no time sufficiently on his guard, and is at last betrayed into conclusions totally unwarrantable, and at variance with his best feelings and

How can an editor deal with such a writer—an historian who neither knows the truth, nor cares to know it, and whose wilful perversions must provoke a continual, though ineffectual, refutation?—The perpetual commentary must become a perpetual running fire against the text. Let it be further recollected that the 'particular prejudices' of Hume may chance to run counter to an editor's best interests and feelings. If you, Alciphron, held a good estate in the county of Berks, by your father's will, would you like to attempt the correction of a topographer who had such a 'particular prejudice' against testamentary devises as to represent them to be grounded, in every case, upon fraud? How could any Englishman bear to edit a general history of England, composed by Monsieur De Nigrement the Frenchman, who, entertaining the most 'particular prejudices' against the British

^{*} The passages quoted by Alciphron and Euphranor will be found in the Edinburgh Review, No. 83, p. 5, &c.; and in Smyth's Lectures, vol. i., Lecture V., which we request our readers to peruse attentively, comparing it with this article.

sea-service, always advocates his own opinion by so artfully mixing up truth with misrepresentation, as to make all our naval men appear odious or ridiculous; and to induce us to believe that our naval service is equally mischievous and contemptible; our wooden walls, not the defences of the realm, but useless sources of extravagant expense; our sailors, ruffians, serving merely for plunder; the 'whole scope' of all our Admiralty orders directed to the same wicked object; our commanders, knaves or fools, traitors or cowards; who represents Howe as a ninny, and Collingwood as a brute; and who, in narrating the last days of Nelson, fraudulently omits his 'England expects every man to do his duty;' lest, by quoting these emphatic words, he should preserve a memorial of the ardent and sincere patriotism of the dying hero?

An editor appears to me to be nearly in your position when you introduce a stranger to your friend. In this case, you wishif consistent with truth—to become the entire voucher for the character of the party: if you cannot go to that full extent, then, in connexion with the introduction, you feel yourself obliged to put your friend sufficiently upon the qui vive to protect himself in his intercourse. As the world goes, you may often be compelled, even for your friend's benefit, to place him in close quarters with an individual whose connexion or acquaintance cannot be pursued or cultivated without caution,—' Chipchase is an honest workman, but very cross-John Bean takes good care of his horses, though he is not a teetotaller—Sir Richard enjoys capital credit upon 'Change, but he is apt to be tricky.'-In all such cases the merit or talent, such as it may be, is accepted as a compensation for the defect. So far as concerns the particular purposes required, the balance is on the right side. But you would find it rather awkward, had you to state 'Lorenzo is a delightful companion, full of wit, talent, and information; he has only one fault, his whole heart and soul is given up to gallantry: he never loses sight of his purpose. He has written a most clever essay upon "the natural history of chastity"-to prove, not only the bad influence exercised by the "popular notions of chastity" upon morality, but that, in point of fact, chastity never exists; and that she who is apparently the most virtuous differs only from the most profligate by "cant and grimace." Lorenzo is most actively consistent—he tries to seduce every woman he can get at. When you have him in your house he will endeavour on all occasions to put his doctrines into practice, whether he meets your smart lady's maid in the park or your staid governess on the stairs, plays an accompaniment to your spinster cousin, assists your wife at the dinner-table, reads a sermon to your budding daughter, or escorts your well matured sister to the opera.'-Would it not probably

occur

occur to you that your friend would consider it rather inexpedient to begin by shaking hands with a scoundrel, whom he would soon be compelled to get rid of by kicking him out of doors?

Hume's merits must be examined with reference to the era in which he flourished. Previously to Hume, it can hardly be said that England possessed historical literature in the æsthetic sense of the term. Adopting the Gibbonian phrase, it was our reproach that no British altars had been raised to the muse of History. All who, since Hume, have earned any commanding reputation, are more or less his disciples; and all our juvenile and educational histories, and conversations, and outlines, are, in the main, composed out of Hume's material—occasionally minced up with a few pious reflections, or even with texts, in order to correct the taint of the food thus dished up for the rising generation. Even Turner strongly partakes of his flavour.

Before Hume, we had many valuable and laborious early writers, such as Hall and Grafton, Speed and honest Stow, who chronicled events with diligence, giving that instruction which facts, faithfully though unskilfully narrated, afforded to the multitude, when the comparative sterility of the press rendered reading scarcer and reflection more abundant. 'Baker's Chronicle,' in the hall window, the one book conned over by the fine old English gentleman, taught him to think for himself. May be his chaplain helped him a little. The modern English gentleman thinks as he is taught by his newspaper. Besides such Gothic chroniclers, for we name Baker only as the exemplar, there were other writers who had made a nearer approach to the science of history, by treating the subject with reference to the principles of government, or the doctrines of party. They aspired to the more ambitious rank of instructors; yet we had not any works which, viewed as literary compositions, were distinguished either by style or sentiment. Many might be consulted for information, none had striven for literary eminence.

Omitting the writers confined to particular eras or reigns, there were six who, as precursors of Hume, had, with more extended views than mere annalists, planned or executed the task of compiling a general history of England.

First appears Brady. The functions of this learned man exhibited an odd combination of pluralities: a doctor of medicine by profession, an antiquary by fancy, he united in his person the offices of Regius Professor in his faculty at Cambridge, Master of Caius College at Cambridge, and Keeper of the Records in the Tower; being, moreover, one of the household physicians of James II., and as such one of the attesting witnesses

witnesses of the birth of his unfortunate son. Brady was also much connected with Sydenham. Strange to say, he pursued his literary studies, and preserved his reputation for professional skill. In our days, the 'three black graces' respectively impose three degrees of literary exclusiveness upon their respective professors. Mother Church is most indulgent towards her children; provided they 'perform' one service on Sunday, she nods and allows them to expatiate as they may. Themis shows more jealousy: when she is courted by the student, she smiles and says, 'Young man, re-· collect I must have you all to myself. It is not for the like of you to suppose that you are to be indulged like the suitors of whom I have been sure-a Brougham or a Jeffrey, a Talfourd or a Merivale. No,-when you have wedded me, you must give up all flirtations with the Muses. If you forget yourself, you shall not * touch a shilling of my property, and I dare say I shall end by " ' suing for a divorce from such an unfaithful partner.' Esculapius is the harshest of all: if his son prints his footsteps upon ground forbidden to medical intellect, he at once cuts off the

extravagant heir with an empty pill-box,

In Brady's time, far more toleration was allowed. He grew rich, received fees, and flourished, albeit he was a distinguished antiquary and historian. The first, or introductory volume of Brady's History, containing a summary of the origin and progress of the constitution, with a valuable Glossary, was published in 1684; the second in 1685; the third, which ends with the reign of Richard II., in 1700. Brady was sincere in his belief that the people had no political rights, excepting what they had begged, bought, or stolen from the king. Considered as an historical investigator of constitutional law, rather than as a narrator of facts, Brady has much merit, though he draws erroneous conclusions from authentic evidence. He assumes that, whenever any grant in favour of the people proceeded from the Crown, their right originated out of the grant; whereas, in fact, it more frequently happens that such a grant is only a confirmation of a previously existing right, or the recognition of a prevailing principle in the constitution, subsisting by custom and usage, but which now required to be defined, because government sought to violate the understanding, or refuse the concessions which might render the struggle unnecessary: popular rights previously held in solution, but precipitated by excess of royal prerogative or party pertinacity.

Our late great parliamentary revolution' said Alciphron, hearing this observation, 'is a case in point: it was the refusal of the franchise to Manchester which solidified parliamentary reform—a few drops more of Eldonine, and we should have had

'the People's Charter.' But this is a vexed question, which Euphranor advises us for the present to decline, and we must therefore return again to our historians.

Partial, however, as Brady may have been, he was an honest writer; rigidly accurate in his quotations, and, having appended numerous original documents to his text, he affords us the means of refuting his own mistakes, and is still in many points a useful guide.

Brady was the champion of Toryism and hereditary right; Tyrrell took up the gauntlet on the side of the Whigs and the Revolution, by producing, in 1698, 'The General History of England, both Ecclesiastical and Civil, from the earliest accounts of time to the Reign of his present Majesty William III., taken from most ancient Records, MSS., and printed Historians, with Memorials of the most eminent Persons in Church and State, as also the foundation of the most noted Monasteries and both Universities.' Four successive volumes followed; the last appeared in 1704, when, like Brady, he was silenced in his controversy by death; and the same era, the conclusion of the reign of Richard II., ends his 'Complete History.'

As a necessary consequence of Tyrrell's antagonism to Brady, he runs fast and far away from the truth in the opposite direction. If not absolutely the founder, yet he gave a great help to the respectable, but somewhat prosy school, who systematise Anglo-Saxon liberty; believe that King Alfred instituted trial by jury; pourtray King John as signing Magna Charta with a long goosequill; and, always confounding the means with the end, consider political freedom as identical with national happiness. His History' is a Whig pamphlet in five volumes folio. Puzzle-pated, and yet sincere. Tyrrell waded diligently through the best authorities; he neglected no source of information. We believe that he has hardly omitted any one fact of importance: and yet you read through his history without being able to recollect one of the events which he has narrated with drowsy fidelity. Like all writers of his class, he is a telescope with dulled glasses; he brings the object nearer to you, but so dim and confused that you have no distinct image at all.

With better fortune than his predecessors, Lawrence Eachard was enabled to fulfil his plan of 'giving to the Englishman his own country's story.' He undertook his useful and important work, for such it certainly is, under the clear conviction that he was called to the task by a sense of duty as a divine. England wanted a church and state history, a history which might teach Englishmen to respect their national constitution as well as their national religion, without egging one on against the other: he therefore

wrote as a professed teacher, influenced by doctrines which it was his calling openly to propagate and confirm. Eachard's principle, however he may have carried it through, was the right one. A soldier would deem it an insult if you supposed he forgot his commission when he appears in plain clothes. Equally should a clergyman make all around him constantly know and remember his order, although his surplice may be put off. The first volume, which extends to the end of James I., is the least important. He did not neglect original authorities, but, according to the prevailing fashion, he considered the 'monastic writers' as 'being highly disagreeable to the taste and genius of our refined age.' In the second and third volumes, which carry on the history to the 'late happy Revolution,' Eachard becomes a writer of intrinsic worth. He exercised a satisfactory diligence in collecting all the printed authorities, not merely such as are historical in the strict sense of the term, but of that miscellaneous illustrative class, pamphlets, lampoons, trials, and the like, neglected by his contemporaries, but of which he fully knew the value. Eachard was also assisted by manuscript and oral information, so that in the latter portion of the work he becomes an original authority. It is a grave, magisterial, sober, sensible book, in Oxford binding. His narration is deficient in talent or liveliness: but want of elegance and spirit is compensated by the businesslike clearness of his style, and the excellent arrangement of his matter. His work, in spite of the attacks of scurrilous Oldmixon, and the criticism of the miserable free-thinker, Convers Middleton, acquired considerable credit, and may be read with advantage by those who value plain historical information, full and solid: but they must not look for any solution of difficult problems, or any nice elucidations of character.

In the capacity of the patriarch of book-makers, the earliest professional author known to have been paid by the sheet, Guthrie, whose ponderous Geographical Grammar still lingers in its fourteenth edition, deserves a memorial. Let subscriptions be raised at every trade-dinner for the erection of the statue in papier maché, in the dark court opposite Stationers' Hall, in the centre of the little grubby, scrubby, shabby green. As an historian, few words will suffice for poor Guthrie. He was a Tory by principle and an author by necessity. Steadily did he fill page after page, under the stimulus of political feeling and the pressure of domestic penury. Such was the patient complacency of his customers, that Guthrie's history, being intended to be popular, fills two enormous folios, a stone-weight of literature. Guthrie's work is decently and comprehensively executed; but he has omitted references to proofs and authorities, so that his compila-

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tion, far too unwieldy for any ordinary reader in our degenerate

days, is nearly useless to historical inquirers.

The history of reputations ill deserved, would form a large and interesting chapter in the annals of literature. When it shall be investigated by some future D'Israeli, a prominent station must be found therein for Rapin. Laborious and yet superficial, pompous and shallow, his foreign birth, education, and habitat, all unfitted him for the task. We must recollect, however, in judging him, that he wrote for foreigners; that is to say, for the continental public, and not for ourselves. Rapin tells us so with a candour which excuses the author, though it does not neutralize the errors which he has propagated. Rapin had some appreciation of the higher qualities of an historian—but his model of composition was Mezeray; his sentiments those of Bayle. He judged all matters, religious or political, in the spirit of a French refugee: feelings fully natural and excusable in one who had escaped the persecutions sanctioned by the name of Louis le Grand. Yet our toleration for his opinions must not induce us to conceal that Rapin, in his worthless farrago, is consistently an enemy to monarchy. Whenever the subject gives him an opportunity, he never fails to speak out: his sober republicanism is wholly different from the radicalism of the present day, and yet it is not without its influence in the same cause. Rapin's history ends with Charles I. The remaining portions of the French text (of his avowed English continuators we do not speak) are all written by different hands. Salmon says that the history was worked up by a club or society of Dutch Calvinists, French Huguenots (Durand, the minister of the Savoy, being one), English Presbyterians, and Scotch Came-There may have been something of design, but there was more of book-making. Amsterdam was then the Manchester of this manufacture; and Rapin dying before he had completed his work, Abraham Rogissart, the bookseller, had it 'got up' from his papers, in order not to lose the benefit of a publication from which much profit was derived.

To counteract Rapin, Thomas Salmon, whom we have just quoted, produced his History of England, comprehending, as we are informed by his elaborate title-page, printed with a wonderful variety of type—upper-case, lower-case, roman, italic, red letter, and black letter,—'Remarks on Rapin, Burnet, and other Republican writers, vindicating the just Right of the Established Church, and the Prerogatives of the Crown against the wild schemes of Enthusiasts and Levellers, no less active and diligent in promoting the subversion of this beautiful frame of government, than their artful predecessors in hypocrisy, who converted the Monarchy into a Commonwealth and the Church into a Chaos of impious

Sects.'

Sects.' Salmon did not come from a bad stock: he was brother of the well-known historian of Essex. His fortunes, however, had been oddly chequered: he had served in the wars in Flanders (we suspect as a private), had been much at sea, twice to the Indies, and had kept two coffee-houses in a small way, first at Oxford and then in London. Whilst following the last-mentioned avocation, he compiled the 'Modern Universal History,' in which the English history is included, and several other useful works. His English history is fairly executed, and has occasionally those touches of liveliness which knowledge of the world imparts even to inferior talent. As a critic, Salmon has given many useful corrections of the 'republican writers,' not only in his history, but in

his 'Examination' of Burnet's Life and Times.

Brady and Tyrrell, but more particularly the former, well understood research. An historical antiquary now arose, in the person of Thomas Carte, who far surpassed any of his predecessors. Carte was an indefatigable investigator of unpublished documents, particularly of state-papers, but he was somewhat deficient in the gift of knowing when to undervalue the result of his own researches. Alas! it is the common error of antiquaries to reckon the worth of the prey by the difficulty of the chace, and to consider that the mere accident of the information existing in manuscript—and above all in a manuscript penes me-must of necessity ensure the value of the article. He has overlooked important authorities, amongst others, strange to say, some of the publications of Tom Hearne; a great wonder, because Tom Carte ought to have turned to him by pure instinct as an unsicorn brother. Adhering to the unfortunate house of Stuart, and having become cognizant of some plot for their restoration, Carte attained the uncomfortable honour of having his name placarded on the walls, in a proclamation which offered one thousand pounds for his apprehension; but he was able to escape to France, where he continued many years. The Benedictine school was flourishing there, and he had good opportunity of profiting by their labours. These excellent men were busily employed in editing the various sources of medieval history; and their example, as well as the general tone of their erudition, so different from the Parisian coteries in which Hume afterwards flourished, gave Carte a deeper insight into the mode of conducting historical inquiry, than he could have obtained in England. Patronised by Dr. Mead, Carte had previously published his noble edition of Thuanus, which, after his recall to England, was followed by the 'History of the Duke of Ormond.' In the latter work he necessarily examined the character of Charles I. This production opened the way for a task of greater magnitude. Feeling, in common with others, the need

of opposing a more effectual antidote to the erroneous views of Rapin, than the well-meant, though not profound, attempts of Salmon, he planned his 'Society for encouraging the writing of a History of England,' with the avowed view of being supported by such encouragement. Carte fully knew his ground, and the difficulties he should have to encounter, and he went to work as a man determined to overcome them.

A great number of 'noblemen and gentlemen signed an instrument, obliging themselves to contribute, the former their twenty, the latter their ten guineas a year, towards the charges of the work and materials.' The documents which our author circulated amongst his subscribers, before he began to publish the History, entitled 'A Collection of the several Papers published by Mr. Carte in relation to his History of England,' show how thoroughly he had considered the subject in all its bearings. A full knowledge of the contents of our own archives, many of which were then of difficult access, a thorough acquaintance with the continental collections, a due and critical appreciation of the value of the ancient sources of information, all testify to his qualifications for the task. He received munificent support. Oxford University and five of the principal colleges appeared as subscribers. Prudent Cambridge wholly kept aloof; but the reserve of Alma Mater was more than compensated by the solid patronage of the Corporation of London and of the opulent city companies. The first volume of the 'General History of England, by Thomas Carte, an Engtishman,' was worthy of the ample assistance the author had obtained. His quaint denomination must be explained. Carte, though in holy orders, dared not write himself clerh, and would not write himself gentleman; he was a member of a secret and proscribed hierarchy; therefore he probably thought, that, since he could not add any designation of station, he would claim no other description save that which he derived from his country. Carte exercised great control over his principles: his Jacobitism can only be detected in his fairness towards monarchy, nor is the allegiance due to the House of Hanover ever endangered by the historian's affection to the Stuart cause. Without doubt, he was rather desirous not to put the Treasury again to the trouble of offering a thousand pounds for lodging him in any of his Majesty's gaols. Throughout the whole of the work, which Carte continued till the year 1642, there is only one passage in which his Jacobitism crops out, betraying the sentiments of the party to which he belonged. Never was the love of the White Rose more innocently, some folks would say more absurdly, displayed.

Speaking of the right of anointing, practised, according to ancient usage, at the coronation, he refutes the injudicious argu-

ments of those who rest the jurisdiction of the Crown in ecclesiastical matters upon this ceremony, contending that such power is incident to royalty, and inherently vested in all sovereigns. Had he stopped there, and then taken the oaths, all would have been excellent. Even a Whig minister might have 'thought of him,' as the phrase is; or his friends might have told him so. But, unluckily, he was tempted on a little bit further; and he proceeds to confute another opinion, that the gift of healing the scrofulous humour, called the king's evil, by the royal touch, a belief which has furnished an entertaining chapter in Mr. Pettigrew's very curious history of 'Medical Superstitions,' was to be attributed to the virtue imparted by the same ceremony; 'for,' says he,' I myself have seen a very remarkable instance of such a cure, which could not possibly be ascribed to royal unction.' The individual supposed to have received this miraculous healing, was a certain Christopher Lovel, a native of Wells, who, having resided at Bristol as a labourer, was sorely afflicted with the disease. During many years, as Carte tells us, had he tried all the remedies which the art of medicine could administer, without receiving benefit. An old sailor, his uncle, about to sail to Cork, received Lovel on board his vessel: another voyage brought him to St. Malo in the Isle of Rhé. Hence Lovel crossed the country to Paris; ultimately he reached Avignon. 'At this last place,' says Carte, 'he was touched by the eldest lineal descendant of a race of kings; and, upon returning to his birthplace, he appeared, as people thought, entirely cured. Upon hearing this story, the first impression is, that Christopher Lovel was benefited by change of air and scene, diet and exercise, in the course of his long peregrinations by land and by sea; and any wise man, even though not a doctor, would assuredly, before he committed himself, have said, 'Let us wait awhile, and see whether the disease be entirely removed.' Accordingly, at no long period afterwards, the disease did in fact reappear. Whilst the unfortunate Jacobite thus lost his cause by failing in the ordeal which he had waged, he suffered all the odium of gaining a victory. Carte's enemies, and they were many in his own craft, took up the matter no less fiercely than as if the patient had been really and thoroughly healed, thereby giving the most undisputable proof of the legitimacy of the Pretender. Had Christopher Lovel been produced, as fresh as a rose and as sound as an apple, at the bar of the House of Lords-for the purpose of giving evidence to set aside the Act of Settlement, a louder hurly-burly could not have been raised. Pamphlets abounded. Silvanus Urban, usually open to all parties and influenced by none, lost all fellowfeeling. Mysterious paragraphs appeared, in which significant

letters interchanged with more significant dashes—' N-j-r, P-t-r,' excited all the horror of loyalty against the luckless T-s C-e. London citizens took fright. Pursuant to a vote of Common Council, Mr. Chamberlain, by order of Mr. Town, withdrew their subscription. Many other of Carte's supporters followed their example from a real horror of Jacobitism; more, lest they should incur suspicion of favouring the Stuart cause—thus saving at once their reputation and their money. Still Carte's spirit was unsubdued: he continued to labour at his work. The remaining volumes appeared in due succession; and, had not death arrested his pen, he would, without doubt, have completed the book to the Revolution. As before mentioned, it ends with Carte's transcripts form a very valuable and extensive 1642. collection, and are now deposited in the Bodleian, where they constitute a memorial of conscientious honesty; for though Carte did not live to complete his plans, still he fully performed his duty towards those who supported him. He brought together all the materials for the edifice, which he was bound to raise.

Such were the precursors, who, with unequal qualities and success, had prepared the way for Hume. Being in 1752 appointed librarian of the Faculty of Advocates, an office from which he received little or no emolument, but which gave him the command of the largest library in Scotland, he then, as he tells us, formed the plan of writing the 'History of England;' 'but, frightened with the notion of continuing a narrative through a period of 1700 years, I commenced with the accession of the House of Stuart, an epoch when I thought the misrepresentations of faction began chiefly to take place.' Two years elapsed before the appearance of the first volume of the 'History,' containing the period from the accession of James I. to the Revolution. The second followed in 1756. The history of the House of Tudor was next published in 1759; and the more early part, beginning, according to custom, with the Druids and Julius Cæsar, was given to the public in 1761. This retrograde process is not ill adapted for the purpose of giving an effective and persuasive unity: it better enables the writer to single out such results as may agree with the causes which he chooses to assign. Keen novel-readers often begin with the catastrophe, in order to judge of the conduct of the tale. A writer of history may follow an analogous plan in order to ensure a striking development. Hume's 'History' thus falls into three sections, and there are diversities of execution in each. Unquestionably, the portion in which Hume shows most grasp of mind is the Stuart history, yet one spirit pervades the whole.

Previously to the appearance of the history, the Librarian,

petted and favoured as he may have been by private friendship, had not manifested any ability reasonably leading to the supposition, that he would ever be numbered among the great men of the age. Had it not been for the notoriety attached to his 'philosophical' principles, no impartial observer would have anticipated that David was likely to attract the notice of posterity, amidst the crowd of gentlemen who write with ease. He had tried a profusion of little essays, little treatises, little didactio dialogues upon metaphysics, philosophy, political economy, arts and sciences, trade, commerce, and polygamy, politics and constitutional policy, and historical antiquities. none very brilliant. Until he became a narrator, he never discovered the means of exerting his influential powers. Hume was destined to become a magnificent performer; but he began professing upon the wrong instruments: they had not sufficient compass—they wanted power and depth of tone; he kept hitting and hammering arias and fantasias upon the harpsichord, instead of expatiating in all the mazes of a grand concerto upon the violoncello. When he did change for the right instrument, he made it speak: and he took his proper

place in the orchestra; but of that hereafter.

Hume's first offering to the literary world, as we are told in 'My own Life,' was 'a Treatise of Human Nature, being an Attempt to introduce the Experimental Method of Reasoning, into moral subjects; not a very intelligible title, even when, by substituting on for of, we render it somewhat more conformable to the vulgar idiom of our language. 'Never,' adds he, 'was any literary attempt more unfortunate than my Treatise; it fell dead-born from the press, without reaching such distinction as even to 'excite a murmur among the zealots.' And he proceeds to represent how cheerfully he sustained the disappointment, and then recovered from the blow. In this auto-biographical confession, which contains two facts, the failure of the work and Hume's own conduct, there are two misrepresentations: the baby was not still-born-it was quite alive, and cried lustily, so as to excite the ogres, that is to say, the reviewers, to strangle it: an operation effectually performed, in the Journal entitled 'The Works of the In the next place, Hume, instead of submitting with stoical indifference to the loss of said baby, raged like a lioness deprived of her cubs. Rushing into the shop of Jacob Robinson, the publisher of the Review, he out with his sword and demanded satisfaction. Jacob took refuge within his proper stronghold, and entrenched himself behind the counter, and thus escaped being pinked after the most approved fashion. Both parties acted very naturally—the stoical philosopher in being furious at the criticism, and the bookseller in declining to become a martyr for his editor;

but 'My own Life' is wholly silent about the matter. 'My own Life,' indeed, belongs to a class of compositions rarely commanding much confidence: say, one in a hundred. Autos usually takes good care not to tell any tales, which, in his own conceit, would lower his repute with Heteros—not one in a thousand. In all such compositions there is a great root of self-deception. We are far more proud of confessing our secret sins, than of recalling the recollection of our open follies. But the Philosophical Historian is superlatively egotistical and self-adulatory; he rolls

and swelters in vanity.

All his miscellaneous productions, excepting only his 'Natural History of Religion,' and some slight Essays upon 'the passions,' 'tragedy,' and 'taste,' appeared before the publication of the first Stuart volume. Hume's general information, his apparent mildness and good temper, his gentlemanlike flow of language when he was not provoked, his conversational powers, and the general tendency of his moral and philosophical essays, gained him much notoriety and favour in the literary circles and coteries at Edinburgh. Deism was spreading, with exceeding rapidity, amongst the more intellectual classes of the northern capital. Philosophy became almost indispensable for preserving literary caste. Free-thinking, however, was then a quasi-aristocratical luxury. It had not yet descended to the Lord Provost and the Town-Council; and when Hume became a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy, the 'zealots' having been bold enough to assert that he was an

apostle of infidelity, he lost his election.

Such contests are usually poor tests of sound principle: however, on this occasion, the opposition was honest and sincere. It was instigated by the more orthodox and uncompromising members of the Kirk, who really adhered in heart and life to Christianity as taught by Calvin and John Knox; and Hume hated them henceforward with his whole soul. But the 'enthusiasts' constituted a minority-both a moral and a numerical minority; all the ministry who professed liberal opinions, valued and sought Hume's friendship. Stigmatized as the propagandist of unbelief, he was consoled, supported, protected by the cordial friendship of the most distinguished members of the Scottish establishment-Blair, Wallace, Drysdale, Wishart, Jardine, Home, Robertson, and Carlyle. This reverend patronage, not any ability or cleverness of the writer, gave activity to Hume's venom. It removed the reproach previously attached to infidelity. It at once took off the interdict. Those who are the warmest adherents to Hume's irreligion have never dared to risk their own literary reputation by praising the talent of Hume, as evinced in the most offensive of his publications,

such as the 'Natural History of Religion,' which includes the 'Bad Influence of Popular Religions on Morality,' the 'Essay on Miracles,' and the 'Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding; and when Magee ('On Atonement and Sacrifice,' vol. ii. p. 276) spoke of them as 'standing memorials of a heart as wicked, and a head as weak, as ever pretended to the character of philosopher and moralist,' it is the harshness of the language, not the injustice of the sentiment, which can in any degree dispose us against the criticism. Deficient in any sustained argument, prolix and inconclusive, his hold upon your attention principally arises from the effort which you are constantly compelled to make, in order to follow the reasoning, which vanishes as soon as it begins to assume a definite form. If you are an antagonist, he wearies you, not by his blows, but by continually slipping out of your grasp. Such works would absolutely have destroyed Hume's reputation as a philosophical reasoner, had he not been an unbeliever—had not opposition to faith been usually, in those days, considered as a prima facie proof of a strong and vigorous mind.

The 'Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals' may stand high in the scale of mediocrity. What have we in this pragmatic dissertation? A favourable approbation of qualities commonly favoured; a dislike of vices commonly odious; commonplace observations brought forth with placid solemnity; obvious truths, intermixed with as obvious fallacies. Cold approbation is the utmost Hume bestows. He has no objection to the more amiable of the natural good qualities of mankind, if they trouble him not in his easy way. Without seeking to encourage any vice which might diminish the safety of society, he is apathetic even in the

cause of pagan virtue.

The best of Hume's miscellaneous productions are his political and constitutional essays: they are clear and sensible, and they have all the force resulting from a shrewd and tranquil intellect. He recommends himself by his disinvoltura and worldly good sense, and a due appreciation of the popular fallacies by which the multitude are deluded. These pieces have the value of slight sketches by a good artist, free and expressive, but they need finish and carrying out into compositions. The most elaborate of them is the 'Essay upon the Populousness of Ancient Nations.' Its reasonings received an elaborate reply from Wallace; and Gibbon, in his valuable 'Adversaria,' has pointed out some striking inaccuracies. It is now chiefly remarkable, as having elicited from Hume an important and instructive description of his peculiar tactics. In a second edition, he added the following curious note:-'An ingenious author has honoured this discourse with an answer full of politeness, erudition, and good sense. So learned 'a refutation would have made the author suspect that his reasonings were entirely overthrown, had he not used the precaution from the beginning to keep himself on the sceptical side; and, having taken this advantage of the ground, he was enabled, though with much inferior force, to preserve himself from a total defeat. That reverend gentleman will always find, where his antagonist is so entrenched, that it will be very difficult to force him. Varro, in such a situation, could defend himself against Hannibal, Pharnaces against Cæsar.'

But becoming afterwards aware, that this was an unguarded disclosure of the trick which gave most success to his sophistry, he omitted it, when, for a third time, he republished the essay in

an octavo form.

In the large

In the large library, which, as he tells us, suggested his work, Hume wanted, like his predecessors, important materials then concealed in manuscript, but now familiar to every historical inquirer. Domesday, the groundwork of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman territorial organization, was enshrined in the Chapter House at Westminster, protected strictly under lock and key rarely could the edifice be entered; if the antiquary sought to consult the treasure, thirteen shillings and fourpence of lawful money must be paid for each inspection of the volume; guarded so jealously that the finger was never allowed to wander beyond the margin, lest the characters should sustain injury from the contact with unexchequered hands. He had to labour under many other similar disadvantages, removed by more recent editorial

diligence.

Such deficiencies, though they may diminish the completeness of history, are not detrimental to the literary character of the historian. Ordinary and vulgated sources will usually give all that is needed for a broad outline, which may be rendered sufficiently effective, as a test of the author's talent, with few minor details. 'Here are some new and unpublished materials for the History of the Siege of Rhodes, M. l'Abbé.' The reply of M. l'Abbé Vertot-as we have it in the facetious, anecdotic chapter of the French school-grammars of the last age-was, 'Mon siège est fait.' In the case of Vertot, the answer has become a standing joke against his memory, but the point of the sarcasm is given by his general untrustworthiness. Had M. l'Abbé been faithful to the extent of his knowledge, no candid fellow-labourer would be inclined to blame him, for being content to work well upon a limited stock. In discussing Hume's claims to be adopted as 'the guide and philosopher,' who, 'on all topics connected with our history entirely gives the law,' it is therefore important to ascertain whether he employed due dili-20 VOL. LXXIII. NO. CXVLI. gence,

gence, in studying the materials which were accessible to him, and in availing himself of the ample library, which, as he informs us, stimulated him to his enterprise. Gibbon thought not: he describes Hume's History as 'elegant, but superficial:' apparently a slight epithet of blame, but which, employed by Gibbon, obtains great intensity. Congenial, unhappily, as their opinions might be in some respects, no two literary characters could be more distinct. Hume's historical Muse is dressed à la Pompadour: she is so painted that you never see her true complexion, you never get deeper than the rouge and the fard. Hume, in his best moods, only fluttered about the truth; never sought to know it. Gibbon sought to know the truth; but for the purpose of wickedly and perfidiously perverting it. Yet how admirable was the talent exerted by Gibbon, in hostility to the Power by whom the gift was bestowed-his nice sense of the due subordination of the different branches, into which he divided his studies; the good sense which taught him to intersperse them amidst each other, so varied as to relieve the mind, and yet so continuous as not to distract attention-to slacken the bow, but never leave it unstrung! His constant vigilance to improve every opportunity recovering his Greek, to the sound of the fife and the tattoo, when on duty at Devizes; placing Homer in parallel with the verse of Pope and the geography of Strabo; comparing the returned numbers of the establishment of the Berkshire militia, with its actual rank and file, 560 nominal and 273 effective, and hence drawing his inferences respecting the real magnitude of the armies commemorated in history.

Hume, at least in the papers which have been published, abstains from affording us any similar information. 'My own Life' is silent concerning my own studies during the progress of the history; nor have we any means 'of visiting the fattest of epicurean hogs in his stye,'—this is Gibbon's kind phrase, explained by the ingenious index-maker as a 'jocose allusion to Mr. Hume's indolence.' The only glimpse we gain is through a story told by a late venerable Scottish crony. Some one having hinted that David had neglected an authority he ought to have consulted, the old gentleman replied,—'Why, mon, David read a vast deal before he 'set about a piece of his book; but his usual seat was the sofa, 'and he often wrote with his legs up; and it would have been unco 'fashious to have moved across the room when any little doubt

' occurred.'

In the absence of more precise information, we must endeavour to ascertain, by internal evidence, the books which Hume had by his side, when, compiling the earlier portions of his history, he worked in this somewhat American guise. It has been ably

shown

shown by the most competent judge amongst our contemporaries (Ed. Rev. vol. liii, p. 15), that, from Carte, Hume borrowed not only the arrangement of events but the structure of his expressions, giving, however, the colour of his own thought and style to the narration, and occasionally verifying Carte's statement by referring to his quotations. Hume made nearly as much use of Tyrrell, balancing the narratives of the two historians, wisely availing himself of the hints given by Whig and Tory. Brady was his principal help for constitutional information. Original sources were occasionally consulted by him, though very uncritically and sparingly; some of considerable importance are wholly passed by: for example, the anonymous life of Richard II. published by Hearne. The reason is obvious; Carte unaccountably neglected it, therefore Hume was ignorant of the book's existence. Hume may have turned over the leaves of the chroniclers, but he never rendered them the object of study, and never distinguished between primary and secondary authorities. Of Church history, he knew absolutely nothing. Slight references to the imperfect English Concilia by Spelman, testify his ignorance or neglect of the more complete edition which we owe to Wilkins; a book which, a quarter of a century ago, was estimated as waste paper, but which now is worth more pounds than it was then worth shillings. Hume was entirely unacquainted with any of the ample collections, in which the transactions of the Church are recorded. passages, relating to Ecclesiastical law and history, are borrowed from the pungent Satires of Fra Paolo Sarpi: his facts for the Crusades, from Maimbourg or Vertot; his notices of continental history, generally, from the Essai sur les Mœurs by Voltaire, and some other of the then fashionable works of French infidel literature. In the Stuart portions, Hume worked more freely and independently, from original writers; though Eachard, and also Bishop Kennet's compilation, useful for the documents and textual extracts it contains, were serviceable in saving the walk across the room.

Possibly many elucidations of Hume's literary character might be derived from the large collection of his correspondence, now deposited in the Library of the Edinburgh Royal Society. An editor would, however, find difficulty in dealing with the papers, so as to afford sufficient instruction, and, at the same time, avoid public offence. Selections from correspondence are worth little, unless they are sufficiently ample to exhibit a continuous view of the mind and pursuits of the man, and the mutual interchange of thought. Those who have examined the Hume papers—which we know only by report—speak highly of their interest, but add, that they furnish painful disclosures con-

cerning the opinions then prevailing amongst the clergy of the northern metropolis; distinguished ministers of the Gospel encouraging the scoffs of their familiar friend, the author of the Essay upon Miracles, and echoing the blasphemies of their associate, the author of the 'Essay upon Suicide.' Can we doubt but that Hume, who possessed within him the natural germ of many virtues, was exceedingly strengthened in his infidelity, by the inconsistency of those whom he terms 'religionists' leading him to the conclusion that 'their conviction is in all ages more affected than real, and scarcely ever approaches in any degree to that solid belief and persuasion, which governs us in the common affairs of life? The usual course of men's conduct belies their words, and shows that their assent in these matters is some unaccountable operation of the mind between disbelief and conviction, but approaching nearer to the former than the latter.'-Thus generalizing from his knowledge of the private sentiments of these betrayers of their Lord, these preachers of the Gospel, honouring the reviler of their Saviour, whose talents and worldly respectability added to their evil influence, he became firmly convinced that 'priests of all religion are the same,' seeking merely the gratification of their own sordid and selfish passions and propensities.

The 'careless inimitable beauties of Hume,' as they are styled by Gibbon, that is to say, his solecisms, his Scotticisms, his Gallicisms, his violation of the rules of English grammar, and still more of English idiom, were criticised with some severity by Dr. Priestley, in his 'English Grammar,' the rarest of his productions. 'The mere language of an historian,' as Dr. Arnold observes, 'will furnish us with something of a key to his mind—will tell us, or at least give us cause to presume, in what his main

strength lies, and in what he is deficient.'

Hume's language shows us that his main strength lies in his art of rhetorical persuasion—in his striving always to lead the hearer to form inferences beyond his words—in his being able to throw out his written discourse with the ease of conversation, avoiding its triviality—and in a thorough appreciation of the respect which an author gains, who can neither be depreciated for vulgarity nor ridiculed for bombast. On the other hand, Hume's language equally discloses his deficiency in historical knowledge, evinced by his inability to relate his history in appropriate diction: he wants the happy medium between that paraphrase which obliterates the character of the original, and the untrue fidelity, which even still more would disguise its real features. Whoever writes the history of remote times, is virtually a translator; and a strict and literal translation fully meets the meaning of the German term. It is an übersetzung,

an oversetting. Translation, it has been well observed, is a problem, how, two languages being given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second, to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first.' Perhaps the worst solution is the conceit of rendering sound for sound, in which the sound usually ceases to be an echo of the sense. Speak, in translating from Norsk or Anglo-Saxon, of the stink of a rose, that is to say, the rose's smell—the dream of a fiddle instead of its tone the green beam for the growing tree—the smear-monger for the butter-merchant ;- represent a mother as lamenting that her knave's lungs are addled, instead of her boy being ill of consumption; describe the preacher holding forth from his pulpit as the beadle spelling from the steeple; -or, recurring to the original sense, when sound fails you, praise the excellent taste of his majesty of Bavaria in erecting the marble slaughter-house to the honour of Germania's worthies-such Teutonisms would not add to the clearness of our ideas. Very insidious, in all cases, are the deceptions suggested by titles of dignity, designations connected with state or office, of which the signification changes so rapidly from age to age, whilst the symbol remains the same. Dominus, or lord, conveys in the originals no peculiar notion of pre-eminence. It is sufficiently humble in the familiar compound of landlord; but speak of the lord of the land, and what a vision it raises of feudal dignity! In words which, according to the laws of language, you must employ, the great difficulty consists in guarding against ambiguities, arising from the change of meaning. Parliament is not a senate occupied in making speeches and passing laws, but the King, enthroned at the head of his great court of remedial justice; a bishop's palace, nothing regal, but a place, a mansion; throne, unconnected with royalty, and only the official seat of the prelate. The historian should consider himself as an interpreter, standing between two nations, and he cannot well execute his task, unless he has lived with both. He must be familiarised, not merely with their language, but with their habits, and customs, and thoughts. He must be able to reduce all the conventional phrases of society into truth, to know when the speech which makes the roof resound means nothing—and be equally able to find the expressive meaning of silence. A very useful introduction to the study of patristical latinity—a main source, together with the Vulgate, of the mediæval idioms - will be found in Mr. Woodham's Tertullian. It is unnecessary to remark that the baser latinity of the mediæval writers differs widely from that of classical authors; but the discrepancy lies far deeper than the adoption of barbarous words, whose signification can be disclosed by a glossary. or the solecisms which can be corrected by grammatical rules. Their

Their rough refectory—and kitchen—Latin, came natural to them; they thought in it; hence, though employing uncouth and ungraceful language, they expressed themselves, when needed, with terseness and power. It also exhibits strong idiomatical peculiarities, not merely of individuals, but of seras. Anglo-Norman latinity differs much from the later Plantagenet latinity. Compare, for example, a few sentences of Ordericus Vitalis, or William of Malmesbury, with the pseudo-Ingulphus, forged, as we have shown, subsequently to the reign of Edward II.,* or Knighton. Hume, compiling chiefly from dull and vapid translations and compilations, and quite unable to catch a distinct perception of the originals, never approaches to the truth of historical diction, though he fully attains its rhetorical beauty.

Helped onwards by such guides as Carte and Tyrrell, it was impossible that so acute a writer as Hume could commit any palpable blunder in the main facts of his history; but he absolutely teems with all the errors which can be committed by talent, when endeavouring to disguise ignorance by putting on the airs of knowledge. Hume's history is made out of the cast of a cast, in which all the sharpness of the original has been lost. He gives great effect to the dull and rounded forms, by touching up the figures with his chisel, and recutting them so as to suit his conception; but this process, cleverly as it may be executed, only dena-

turalizes them the more.

We are amused at the absurdity of the Romancers of the middle ages, who pourtray Alexander in full armour, and Nectanebus hearing mass in the Temple of Termagaunt. These anachronisms, the proofs of a total misconception of the Grecian age, are not a whit greater than when Hume speaks of 'Anglo-Saxon gentlemen.' The notion of a gentleman is a complex idea, entirely belonging to our own times—it implies courtesy of manners, education, a qualification of property not defined by pounds, shillings, and pence, but which places him above poverty, though not necessarily in opulence; and belongs to a state of society which never could have existed in the Anglo-Saxon age—nor could the term ever have been employed by any writer who had the Saxon Chronicle before him.

The Gallicism Tiberiade reveals Hume travelling to Tiberias in the Holy Land, under the guidance of the Abbé, and not of

William of Tyre.

Edwin, in Hume's History, retires 'to his estates in the North, with the view of commencing an insurrection'—just as a Cumberland squire might have done in the '45. Possibly Hume may have found in Rapin, that Edwin fled to his états. Unless

Sources of English History, 'Quart. Rev.,' vol. xxxiv. p. 296; in which article we have spoken fully of Hume's uncritical use of the ancient sources.

Hume's readers obtain information elsewhere, it will be difficult for them to understand that Edwin retreated to his great earldom, his great feudal earldom, as it would be called, which he possessed

with quasi-regal power.

Another example is somewhat more complicated. What confidence would be placed in a writer, who, expatiating upon the policy of our own times, were to say that landed property may be recovered, by filing a bill in the Court of Common Pleas, or bringing an ejectment in the Court of Chancery? True, this is a misapplication of mere technical terms, but the technicality involves essentials: a writer thus blundering, would at once exhibit himself as woefully incompetent to discuss the merits or demerits of our jurisprudence. Hume, in stating that Henry II. 'admitted either of the parties to challenge a trial by an assize or jury of twelve freeholders,' as if the terms were synonymous, displays exactly the same species of ignorance. The assize was an array of recognitors of twelve knights, elected by four other knights, under a special ordinance of Henry II.; the jury was summoned by the sheriff, by assent of the parties. The difference between the assize and the jurata constitutes one of the most instructive portions of the learning of our ancient law.

Hume is fierce against the middle ages for their ignorance of geography.—'The imperfect communication amongst the kingdoms, and their ignorance of each other's situations, made it impracticable for them to combine in one project or effort.—Hume was no less ignorant of the political geography of those times, without which it is quite as impracticable for an historian to combine his facts for the instruction of his readers. He creates a kingdom of Naples in the twelfth century, when the continental dominions of the King of Sicily consisted of the duchy of Apulia and the principality of Capua. He speaks of Italy and Germany in relation to the disputes between Pope and Emperor. Now his Italy is merely Lombardy. Germany, as we now see it coloured on the map, did not then exist. The countries which he means are the territories of the empire, bounded by the Rhone on the one side, and the wilds of the Lithuanians, and Prussians

and Sclavonians, on the east.

Whilst Hume discusses, describes, condemns the manners and customs and ignorance of the middle ages, he, with dogmatic confidence, betrays in every allusion, that he never can remove himself out of the eighteenth century. Unreal ideas of the past are constantly united to a more real sense of the present; his descriptions remind one of a showman's booth in a fair—a scene with daubed temples and dingy groves, and, around and behind, the shops and lamp-posts of the market-place. Thus, speaking

of the Anglo-Saxon free pledge, 'No man,' he says, 'could change his habitation without a warrant or certificate from the borsholder of the tithing to which he formerly belonged.' Farmer Ethelwolf puts on his great coat, and, going to the shop of Mr. Grimbald, a tithing-man and tobacconist, walks up to the counter, and tells him that he is about to move next Michaelmas, and requests his certificate, which Grimbald duly delivers, and receives a shilling for his pains. This is the train of ideas which Hume's descrip-

tion of the proceeding suggests.

Suppose that an historian, describing the reign of George I., were to observe, 'There were not many bills of exchange in 'circulation in those days, and losses for want of such securities—a sure mark of a rude state of commerce—were very frequent; for the art of copperplate engraving was so little known 'that you could hardly ever buy blank bills of exchange in the 'stationers' shops.'—Even such, is the reasoning of Hume in the following passage:—'And it appears from Glanville, the famous justiciary of Henry II., that, in his time, when any man died intestate, an accident which must have been very frequent when the 'art of writing was so little known, the king, or the lord of the fief, pretended to seize all the moveables, and to exclude every heir, 'even the children of the deceased—a sure mark of a tyrannical 'and arbitrary government,'

Hume evidently supposed that writing was essential for declaring testamentary intentions. But, according to the jurisprudence of the middle ages, it was not essential; nuncupative testaments, or bequests made by word of mouth, might be equally effectual. Writing was no more needed, in the first instance, for the purpose of preventing a man in the reign of Henry II. from dying intestate, than copperplate engraving was in the reign of George I. for the purpose of giving a legal bill of exchange. Practically, the greater proportion of wills in the middle ages were unwritten deathbed declarations, made in the presence of witnesses—who subsequently appeared before a competent authority; and to this circumstance we may trace some of the most marked characteristics of mediæval testamentary dispositions, as dis-

tinguished from our own.

When Hume personifies the papal authority in the twelfth century by 'the triple crown,' and represents the Pontiff, at the same era, as launching his thunders from the 'Vatican,' he shows that he deserves the same confidence in his knowledge of the papal history, as if, writing the history of France, he were to embody the valour of France during the crusades under the symbol of the tricolor, or describe St. Louis as issuing his ordinances from the Tuileries. The second crown did not appear on the

tiara till after Boniface VIII. (1294-1303), whilst the third was only added in the thirteenth century by Boniface IX. (1389-1404); and the Vatican never became the official residence of the popes, until the widowhood of Rome ceased, by the return of

the pontiffs from Avignon.

In every touch we detect the inaccuracy of the picture. Hume tells us, that, in the twelfth century, parish registers were not regularly kept. Not regularly kept! Parish registers were never kept in any part of the world until the sixteenth century. The only mode by which the Piovano of San' Giovanni, the baptistery of Florence, took an account of the infants whom he baptized (and all the infants of the city were brought thither), was by putting beans into a bag—a white bean for a girl, and a black bean for a

boy-and then casting them up at the end of the year.

During the Anglo-Saxon period, Hume informs us that 'deeds relating to civil transactions, bargains and sales, manumissions of slaves, and the like, were inserted in the blank leaves of the parish Bible,' kept, it is to be presumed, in the vestry, printed by his Majesty's printer, and bound in rough calf. We shall soon have to speak of the Bible during the Anglo-Saxon period. If Hume had consulted history with any attention, he would have said that such instruments were occasionally recorded in the blank leaves of a Missal, or the Gospel, or the Psalter, or some other portion of the Scripture, treasured in a great monastery; but the examples are rare, and do not require the prominence which he has bestowed upon them.

Hume's inaccuracies go at once to the competency of the historian—the flaws in the metal, which show that the piece will not stand fire—specks on the rind, which betray the unsoundness

of the fruit, rotten to the core.

Our philosopher was free from one sin—the pride which apes humility. His autobiography lies like an epitaph. He discounted his own legacy of posthumous praise, and exonerated his executors from the liability of payment. He extols his own sobriety and his own industry in the strongest terms.—Had he these qualifications? If exerted, they would have enabled him, like Carte, to emulate the exactness of the French Benedictines; and his negligence discredits him the more.

Hume the librarian, labouring, like Guthrie, to earn an honest penny by writing for the booksellers at so much a sheet, might

have been useful, or at least innocuous.

Hume the metaphysician possessed the rare gift of being able to compare probabilities, and, at the same time, to suspend his judgment. Hence the ability with which he has treated the character of Mary, a question upon which either side may be taken with

equal scepticism or equal credulity. If he had been gifted with a truth-seeking mind, this talent would have conducted him to the best principles of historical investigation. He would have disciplined us in the least cultivated branch of historical science,

the logic of history.

Hume the politician, as we can fully judge from his slight but able constitutional essays, might have conveyed wise practical lessons through the medium of our national history. Calm and unimaginative, great names had no influence over him: there was no object to which he bowed: he entered the Temple of Fame, refusing to worship any popular idol. Head or stamp would not induce him to receive base metal as precious coin. He who had the courage to designate the works of Locke, and Sidney, and Hoadley, as 'compositions the most despicable both for style and matter,' was truly able to count the cost of exposing himself to the hostility of literary prejudice and party feeling. No one had shown more clearly than Hume the utter fallacy of the originalcompact doctrines: he could admit the lovely vision of a government framed upon philosophical theory, and yet refute the Utopian absurdity of reducing it into practice. Hume was not one of those who repudiate Oxford, and graduate at Laputa. Do we seek a demonstration of the inoperativeness of popular election, as the means of collecting popular opinion-where can more able arguments be found than in Hume?

Hume the travelled scholar, inspired by the ambition of literary fame, the ruling passion, as he tells us, of his life, had it fully in his power to have composed a history, in which an even flow of style, polished though not forcible, a courteous and gentlemanlike dignity, a happy disposition of incidents, and the delicate taste which, preventing his attaining the sublime, always guarded him against the ridiculous, would have furnished a narrative in which instruction pleasantly conveyed might have compensated for the absence of original inquiry. Hume is a great master in historical discourse. He is a consummate Rhetor. As a composition, considered without reference to truth or principle, his Stuart apology

is unrivalled.

Enh5

But all his powers—they were great, and might have been noble—are rendered useless by the consummate Rhetor's continued perversion of history into a panegyric of infidelity. His metaphysical writings have always been more known than read—so dull, that even the zest of doing a wrong thing can hardly now persuade a reader to grapple with their drowsy inanity. Even the warmth and talents of his opponents could never criticise them into popularity. At last he discovered his peculiar talent. It was this acquisition of self-knowledge, and not the opportunities

of his office, which induced him, like Voltaire, to adopt history as the more effective vehicle of his opinions; and he fully succeeded. INFIDELITY FOR THE MILLION' is the heading for Hume's history, than which only one other—and is it needful to name Gibbon?—has exerted a more baneful influence upon English literature, and through English literature upon the civilized world. Antipathy to faith had become engrafted upon his moral constitution. Like Gibbon, he was possessed with malignant hatred against all goodness and holiness. 'Never lose an opportunity,' was the advice given by a kindred spirit, ' of placing gunpowder, grain by grain, under the gigantic edifice of superstition, until the mine shall be charged with a sufficient quantity to blow up the whole.' Hume did not dare to fire the train. He would have dreaded the smoke and noise of an explosion. Adopting the coarse but forcible expression, suggested by a crime unknown in the 'dark ages,' and generated in the full blaze of civilization, he always tried to burke religion. Temper, as well as prudence, had from the first beginning rendered him sober. Personal considerations had due influence: he courted not the honours of martyrdom. Opinion imposed some check; law more. In England there was a boundary which could not be quite safely passed. Some examples had occurred sufficient to warn him. Like Asgill, or Toland, or Woolston, or Peter Annet, he might be seduced beyond the bounds of conventional impunity granted to freethinking, and find himself in the presentment of the grand jury, with a prospect of Newgate and the pillory in the background: far enough off, yet disagreeable objects, looming in the horizon. At Edinburgh, an ecclesiastical prosecution brushed by him. 'An overture' was made in the General Assembly, for appointing a committee to call the philosopher before the synod, as the author of books 'containing the most rude and open attacks upon the Gospel; and principles evidently subversive even of natural religion and the foundations of morality, if not establishing direct atheism.

A further examination of this very remarkable transaction would exceed our limits: the endeavour thus made by the orthodox members of the Kirk, to testify against the progress of infidelity, was frustrated not by dint of reasoning; but by the indefatigable exertions of his clerical friends. We have seen what high and influential names were numbered amongst them. The strongest argument which these ministers of the Gospel employed on behalf of their client, was, 'that Mr. Hume was really no Christian, had not so much as the profession of it, and therefore was to be considered as one who is without, and not a subject of, Christian discipline.' Thus did the most eminent, in the

world's opinion, of the teachers of Christianity in Scotland plead Hume's declared infidelity, as the reason for espousing his cause, and protecting him from ecclesiastical censure. Pending the proceedings, the more faithful of the clergy did their duty, by endeavouring to warn their people against him. His chief opponent was Anderson, 'the literary champion of the fanatics,' who dealt with Hume by 'constantly appealing to the Bible, the usual resource of the priest in every difficulty.' We take the words of his biographer, as the best exponent of the antagonist feelings by

which Hume was supported or opposed.

Yet Hume did not escape entirely without damage. Infidelity stood between him and the much-coveted professorial chair. By the rebound of the attack made in the General Assembly, he was compelled to resign his librarianship. Though little hurt, he was somewhat scared; and whilst it increased his grim antipathy to the faithful Calvinistic clergy, the 'fanatics' and 'enthusiasts,' he was the more wary in avoiding any very tangible opportunity of falling into their power-a power fast diminishing, but yet sufficiently formidable to disturb the Sybarite on his rose-leaves. Caution, therefore, was always needed: a restraint to which he submitted the more willingly, since he conceived that his own quiet plan of operation would be quite as sure, in the long run, as the more brilliant and sounding measures adopted by the other active members of the philosophical circle, the 'sensible, knowing, and polite company-with which Paris abounds more than any other city in the world.' He comforted himself in his dying hours with the hope of the ultimate advent of unbelief triumphant. 'Have a little patience, good Charon: I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public; if I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition."

To this one object, the destruction of 'religious fictions and chimeras,' all Hume's endeavours were directed. It was the one end and intent of the History, which gives to the whole the epic unity, whence its seductive merit is in great measure derived. Hume's mode of dealing with religion shows the cowardice of his heart: he dreaded lest conviction should come upon him against his will. He was constantly trying to stupify his own conscience, lest the pain of perceiving any reality in things unseen should come on. The first object of Hume is to nullify religion. All the workings of Providence in worldly affairs are denied: or blurred, when he cannot deny them. All active operation of holiness, all sincerity, is excluded. He constantly labours to suppress any belief in belief, as an efficient cause of action: he will rather infer any other influential motive. Silence,

argumentation, equivocation, absolute falsity, are all employed with equal dexterity, and in sovereign contempt of all the laws by which the conscience of an historian should be ruled. But if he cannot blot out religion entirely, he lowers, degrades, deforms it; yet he prefers to affect contempt, rather than express absolute aversion; he treats faith rather as a meanness, which the enlightened philosopher is ashamed to notice, than as an enemy who needs to be actively expelled. Ever and anon, however, his hatred becomes apparent; and he forgets even the conventional decencies of language in the bitterness of his heart. When his so-called history is not an inferential argument against religion, it is an invective. Could the powers of Belial be described more forcibly, than in the following remarkable passage?*-'Hume, without positively asserting much more than he can prove, gives prominence to all the circumstances which support his case. He glides lightly over those which are unfavourable to it. His own witnesses are applauded and encouraged; the statements which seem to throw discredit on them are controverted; the contradictions into which they fall are explained away; a clear and connected abstract of their evidence is given. Everything that is offered on the other side is scrutinized with the utmost severity; every suspicious circumstance is a ground for comment and invective; what cannot be denied is extenuated or passed by without notice. Concessions even are sometimes made; but this insidious candour only increases the effect of this vast mass of sophistry.'-And in every shape, Hume is the Belial advocate of infidelity.

When reading Hume's History, we must carefully keep in view the meaning of the terms which he employs; his technical language must be translated by turning to his own dictionary—Religion is with Hume either Superstition or Fanaticism. He so applies and counterchanges these opprobrious terms as to include every possible form of Christianity. In the Churches of Rome and England, superstition predominates; in the Calvinistic Churches, which he detested most, fanaticism; though all are equally assailed. When he bombards St. Peter's, his shells glance off upon St. Paul's. His spear pierces through Archbishop Anselm, and pins Archbishop Howley to the wall. The filth with which he bespatters the Lateran Council, defiles the General Assembly. But, alas! each religious body, viewing only the damage done to its opponents, has been insensible of the hurt which its own cause receives

Milestin.

^{*} From Mr. Macaulay's article upon 'History,' Edinburgh Review, No. xciv., p. 359. We have no hesitation in affixing Mr. Macaulay's name to this admirable and in most respects incontrovertible essay. Since he has not reprinted it in his collection, we trust he will reproduce it in an enlarged form, perhaps reconsidering his judgment of the Greek historians.

from the bitter enemy of their common Head. Too successful has been the policy adopted by him, of 'opposing one species of superstition to another,' and thus profiting by the dissensions which

he helps to raise.

All who oppose Hume's political principles—Towers, Stuart, Brodie, Fox, Laing, Allen, Smyth, Macaulay—reproach him with unfairness and insincerity—correct his misrepresentations, brand his crafty perversion of truth. The most lenient, and yet in some respects the most severe, of his critics, Professor Smyth, warms us to be 'ever suspicious' of the historian's particular prejudices. Every accusation they prefer against him, by reason of his fraudulent partisanship of prerogative, applies with far greater force against him as a fraudulent opponent of revelation.

Hume's estimate of the merit or demerit belonging to any institution—or any individual—is exactly in proportion to the absence of so deleterious an influence as Christianity. Hume is always on his guard; no holiness, no beauty, no purity, no utility, can by any chance betray or seduce him to find an excuse for the sin of

religion.

Professor Smyth, warning his readers against the continued fraud and falsity of the 'guide and philosopher,' and expatiating upon the sagacity and skill displayed by Hume in perverting the authorities whom he employs, proceeds,—

But what reader turns to consult his references, or examine his original authorities? What effect does this distrust after all produce? Practically, none. In defiance of it, is not the general influence of his work on the general reader just such as the author would have wished; as strong and permanent as if every statement and opinion in his His-

tory had deserved our perfect assent and approbation?

I must confess that this appears to me so entirely the fact, judging from all that I have experienced in myself and observed in others, that I do not conceive a lecturer in history could render (could offer, at least) a more important service to an English auditory than by following Mr. Hume, step by step, through the whole of his account; and showing what were his fair, and what his unfair inferences; what his just representations, and what his improper colourings; what his mistakes, and, above all, what his omissions: in short, what were the dangers, and what the advantages, that must attend the perusal of so popular and able a performance. Lectures on Modern History, vol. i. pp. 127, 128.

Some few observations and examples will exemplify how truly the Professor's censures are deserved: but we must be content to await an explanation of the principles which justify the public teacher of youth in bestowing the most affectionate and warmest praise upon such a propagator of falsity. Would it not have been desirable that an instructor of the rising generation should pass some censure upon these violations of natural morality, some

regret for talents thus misapplied?

Hume's sagacity taught him in most cases to avoid absolute falsehoods. You can rarely apprehend him in flagrant delict. Hume's misrepresentations are usually couched in those vague broad general charges which he propounds as certain, without bringing forward any proof. Now, it is very difficult to refute charges so propounded, because their contradiction must always be a negative pregnant, involving counter assertions, which throw the whole burthen of proof upon those who wish to dispel the error. To revert to Euphranor's illustration, if a French writer were to state that the whole scope of our Admiralty orders since the reign of Queen Elizabeth 'is directed to the purpose of plunder,' there would be no incontrovertible refutation, excepting by producing the whole series of documents. So it is in Hume: his calumnies are couched in those stereotyped phrases, which, through him, and, we may also add, through Robertson, are now adopted as first principles of historical information and knowledge-' ignorance and absurdity;' 'days of ignorance;' 'disputes of the most ridiculous kind, and entirely worthy of those ignorant and barbarous ages; assertions that the clergy 'subsisted only by absurdities and nonsense; '-that 'nonsense passed for demonstration; '-that 'bounty to the Church atoned for every violence against society;' that 'the people, abandoned to the worst crimes and superstitions, knew of no other expiation than the observances imposed upon them by their spiritual pastors.' To demonstrate the prejudice, the unfairness, the wicked untruths of such accusations, the first step in the process must necessarily be to know what they mean. 'Ignorance' may be ignorance of evil-absurdities may be the highest truths. According to Hume, belief in a special Providence is a gross absur-It is painful to us to be compelled to notice impiety in a conversational tone, but the nature of our subject compels us to do so. In the next place, the general influence of Hume's general propositions can only be counteracted by a faithful development of the practice and doctrine, life and conversation, of the ages and persons so recklessly defamed. The task, we rejoice to say, has been nobly begun by Mr. Maitland, in his Essays upon the Dark Ages, which have appeared in their present form, since this article was first sent to the printer. Terse, witty, powerful in reasoning, pious in spirit, and profoundly learned, Mr. Maitland has, by a well chosen selection of topics, enabled every reader to judge of the gross misrepresentations which have been promulgated by those popular writers, who, in Professor Smyth's words, have hitherto given the tone and the law to the public mind. We trust that such a work as Mr. Maitland's will not be confined to the instruction

struction of readers. Let us hope that it will produce students: encouraging those who, deriving knowledge from original sources by patient assiduity, thence acquire self-reliance and independence of judgment, so much needed in this over-active age, when so many endeavour to be up and doing, and so few sit down and think. For this purpose there must be a diligent study of mediæval divinity.

Considered merely as affording the means of historical information, this pursuit will become indispensable, when, with more philosophy than has hitherto been exerted, we endeavour to penetrate into the moral organization of mediæval society. Are we interested by the structure of the abbey or the cathedral?—Is it not at least as important to become acquainted with the doctrines which were taught by those who ministered at the altar? Our present love of antiquity may lead to unsound conclusions. Many are tempted to a blind and indiscriminate worship of past times, not only shutting their eyes against unfavourable facts, however clearly proved-but ascribing to the middle ages gifts of impeccability and perfect holiness, which revelation teaches us to be incompatible with human nature; others, constituting a more numerous class, are caught by the vulgar bait of antiquarianism. Our attention is in danger of being engrossed by the archæology of the curiosity shops. Unless this tendency be corrected, we shall be overwhelmed with literary dealers in the rococo of history-Archæology, if pursued merely with reference to art or decoration, to manners and customs, to incident and romance, is little more. Without doubt, in a subordinate relation, all such inquiries are useful, but they are only secondary and subordinate: it is the bane of sound instruction to consider them in themselves as objects of knowledge. History so treated, substitutes the illuminated miniature of a manuscript, with its bright colours and false perspective, for a real view of the state of society. How has the study of classical antiquity been rendered beneficial to the intellect? It is because the history and philosophy and literature of Greece and Rome have been rendered ethical; because they have been pursued for the purpose of distinguishing between the transitory forms which they assume, and the principles of permanent application and utility which they include. To the Christian teachers of the middle ages, we deny the honour and worship which we lavish upon the wise amongst the heathen. In place of seeking the highest utility, we play with the eccentricities and peculiarities which amuse us from their novelty or singularity, which minister to intellectual frivolity, which gratify the ear or the eye—the baubles supplying the subject of a melodrame or the drawing for an album, the arrangement of a tableau, the poetry of an annual, or the frippery of a fancy-ball. Very

Very important are these doctrinal works in explaining how the comparative paucity of copies of the Holy Scriptures influenced, and, paradoxical as it may appear, promoted, their study during the middle ages. Until about the twelfth century, the productions of the inspired writers were not commonly found otherwise than in separate manuscripts, as is the case in the East at the present day. 'So scarce are the copies,' is the remark of a recent traveller, 'that I have not found but a single Nestorian, and that was the patriarch, who possessed an entire Bible; even that was in half-a-dozen volumes. One man has the Gospels, another the Epistles, and so on.'* It was, therefore, only with much trouble and expense that a complete set of the detached pieces of Holy Writ could be formed. The donor of the Book of Kings or the Book of Chronicles is recorded as a benefactor in the annals of the monastery. Few libraries before the Hildebrandian era—the great era of revival—possessed Law and Prophets, and historical and poetical books, and Gospels, and Acts, and Epistles, and Apocalypse, transcribed uniformly in the one volume which we call the Bible-a term unknown till about the thirteenth century, such a volume being previously designated as the Bibliotheca, or the Pandects. The scarcity of a complete textual copy of the entire Scriptures—the deep feeling of their inestimable value—the exertions bestowed by monks and clergy for their diffusion—all appear from a remarkable anecdote in the life of St. Ceolfrid (ob. 716). This holy man, the abbot of Wearmouth and Jarrow, caused three Pandects to be copied. Two were placed in his monastery, in order that the whole body of Scriptures might be conveniently ready and at hand for consultation or perusal in any particular chapter; the third he himself conveyed to Rome, and presented to St. Peter's: thus proving equally the value of the volume and the diligence of the Anglo-Saxon Church -Northumbria, so lately a pagan realm, aiding by her industry and learning the capital of the Christian world.

New generations arose; time advanced; the patient industry of the inmates of the Scriptorium multiplied the copies of Holy Writ, until the wider diffusion of Scripture was permitted by a process—art, it cannot be called—so easy, so familiar, so long known, that the concealment of the printing-press from mankind until these our latter ages, is one of the most remarkable instances, revealing to us the constant control exercised over human intellect by the Power from Whom it flows. In the meanwhile, and until printing was thus called into operation, the whole course of religious instruction consisted in a constant endeavour to imbue the learned clergy, and the unlettered laity, with the knowledge of the

^{*} Grant on the Nestorians, p. 67.

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Word of God. Hence, for the clergy, the formation of the Concordance, binding, as it were, the Holy Scriptures into one whole, and rendering the inspired writers their own commentators; and it was in the 'darkness' of the thirteenth century, that, by Hugo de Sancto Caro, this great and laborious work was performed. Hence, for the laity, the common use of pictures. Objectionable as such a mode of instruction may become, it was then beneficially employed, as the means of realising an historical knowledge of Holy Writ. How few amongst us identify, in our own minds, the personality of the individuals, and the actual occurrence of the events, mentioned or recorded in sacred history! How rarely do we strengthen ourselves in the conviction that the Deluge is as real an event as the fire of London! Historical belief and doctrinal belief are inseparably combined: take either away, the other fails. Reject the historical event, and you destroy the sacrament which it typifies. Even the mystery or stage-play, in which the events of Scripture were dramatised, was beneficial. In certain states of society, there is scarcely any sense of the ridiculous. The rude dramas which amuse the half-scoffing antiquary, conveyed sound instruction to the wondering multitude. The more the volumes of the Holy Scriptures were scarce, the more was Scripture knowledge valued. Scriptural knowledge acquired activity from its concentration. The narrowness of the stream added to the force of the current; what was lost in breadth was gained in intensity. Scripture was forced upon the reader, upon the hearer, upon the monk in his cell, upon the crowd assembled round the cross. Consult the mediæval sermons and homilies: what are they but continuous lectures upon the Holy Scriptures? The Song of Songs alone furnishes eighty-six sermons to St. Bernard, of singular excellence. Their treatises of divinity, properly so called (for the scholastic dialectics belong to a different class), overflow with Scriptural knowledge; and generally may be designated as Scripture extracts connected by ample glosses and expositions. Above all, was the Bible brought home to the people by the constant appeal to Holy Writ-in discourse or in argument, in theory or in practice, for support or example—connecting it with all the affairs of human life. The Scriptures entered as an element of all learning, of all literature, of jurisprudence, and of all knowledge. Theology was honoured as the queen of science. The opening speeches to Parliament were scriptural discourses; and this circumstance has been alluded to with ridicule, by the very writers who most strongly condemn the middle ages for their neglect and concealment of Holy Writ. Every theory, every investigation, was based and founded upon Scripture; for, in the

memorable words of the venerable Primate of our Church, mankind truly and practically acknowledged the all-important duty of 'approaching the oracles of Divine truth with that humble docility, and that prostration of the understanding and the will, which are indispensable to Christian instruction.'* Can we say that the far greater diffusion of Scriptural knowledge in our times produces that vital result? Do we, like them, obey the whole tenor of the volume, which teaches us the duty of bringing intellect into continual subjection to revelation? Considered merely as a book, none was perused with greater delight—no poem had so great a hold upon the imagination. The Bible, in all its variety, was presented to them, not as a huge bundle of texts, but as one wonderful epic, beginning before time—ending in eternity.

It would require years—years well employed—to investigate the literature of mediæval divinity. Even the most moderate tincture is sufficient to correct the amazing misrepresentations which have been propagated respecting the religious morality of the middle ages; and, with respect to Hume's wholesale falsities,

take the following passage:-

'However little versed in the Scriptures, they [the ecclesiastics] had been able to discover that, under the Jewish law, a tenth of all the produce of land was conferred on the priesthood; and forgetting, what they themselves taught, that the moral part only of that law was obligatory on Christians, they insisted that this donation conveyed a perpetual preperty, inherent, by divine right, in those who officiated at the altar. During some centuries, the whole scope of sermons and homilies was directed to this purpose; and one would have imagined, from the general tenor of these discourses, that all the practical parts of Christianity were comprised in the exact and faithful payments of tithes to the clergy.'—

Such are the accusations preferred by the philosopher, who, denying the miracles of the Gospel, confessed that he had never read through the New Testament. Of the knowledge possessed by the clergy, whom the sneering enemy of revelation represents as 'little versed in Scripture,' we have already spoken. With respect to the accusation which charges the entire body of Christian teachers with the foul and deliberate perversion of the whole scope of their teaching, for the purpose of ministering to their own sordid avarice, it is not merely an untruth, but an untruth destitute even of a pretence by which it could be suggested. In no one of the sermons or homilies of Bede, Ælfric, Gregory, Anselm, Bernard, Gerson, or Thomas à Kempis (names amongst the most important of the ministers of the Gospel during the middle ages), or in the treatise of Alan de Lisle, destined for

^{*} Charge delivered to the Clergy of London, at the Primary Visitation, 1814, by William, Lord Bishop of London.

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the instruction of the extempore preacher, is there a single passage by which the payment of ecclesiastical alms or tithes is recommended, enforced, or enjoined. Nor do we believe that, if the whole body of mediæval divinity, printed or manuscript, were ransacked, any evidence could be found by which the calumny could be in the slightest degree sustained. The Historian would not have dared to broach the falsity, had he not been able to rely upon an ignorance amongst his readers, to which his own impu-

dence could be the only parallel.

As history unfolds, and each successive personage is put upon his trial before Hume, he very carefully examines into character. Can it be shown that king or statesman has reviled the Word of God, oppressed the priesthood, robbed the churchthen the Judge charges the jury to take the evidence of good character into consideration. If, on the contrary, witnesses come forward, showing that the culprit has been guilty of Christianity then, in passing sentence, this previous conviction calls for aggravation of punishment. We have thus, in all Hume's delineations of character-delineations far more frequently displaying the common-place contrasts of a theme, than the skill of a philosophical inquirer—a constant source of falsification, 'Rufus,' says Hume, 'was a violent and tyrannical prince, a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour, an unkind and ungenerous relation, and was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of his treasury. If he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration.' Yet Hume lets him off with many a good word. His open profaneness is excused, as the result of 'sharp wit:' and, with great kindness and consideration, he warns us, that we must be 'cautious of admitting every thing related by the monkish historians to the disadvantage of this prince;' he, Hume, having already admitted and enlarged upon every fact related by the monkish historians, which shows his profligate and reckless tyranny.

Because Henry I. persecuted Archbishop Anselm, he receives Hume's high praise for his 'prudence and moderation of temper;' the proofs of these good qualities being, e.g., his cutting off the noses of his grandchildren, the offspring of his illegitimate daughter Juliana, and plucking out the eyes of Lucas de la Barre.

Whenever it is possible, by misrepresentation, or by concealment, or by sophistry, to calumniate any individual exercising religious functions, or to depreciate any one in whose character religion forms an element, or to carp at any action grounded upon religion, Hume never fails to improve the opportunity. We have thus a perpetual source of falsification in the biographies of the

leading personages. Ecclesiastics were compelled, from their situation, to take a prominent part in the business of the world; they were statesmen, politicians; now the leaders of opposition, now the prime ministers of the sovereign. Whether it was expedient that the members of the hierarchy should be called upon thus to mix in secular affairs, whether it were a privilege or a burthen, or a temptation, are questions which we shall not discuss. But this constant unfairness ruins the mere historical narrative.

Take, for example, Lanfranc. 'Lanfranc was a Milanese monk.' Lanfranc was not a Milanese monk; he was born in an independent and hostile state, the city of Pavia. Hume, turning to Guthrie's Grammar, and finding that Pavia was included in the Duchy of Milan, supposed that it was equally so in the eleventh century. Moreover, though Lanfranc was a monk, he did not become so till long after he had crossed the Alps, when he professed in the rising monastery of Bec Hellouin: afterwards he became abbot of Caen, whence he was translated to Canterbury. 'This prelate was rigid in defending the prerogatives of his station; ' and, after a long process before the Pope, he obliged Thomas, a ' Norman monk, who had been appointed to the see of York, to acknowledge the primacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury. 'Where ambition can be so happy as to cover his enterprises, even to the person himself, under the appearance of principle, it is ' the most incurable and inflexible of human passions,' &c .- True enough, but the maxim, ingeniously hitched in between the account of Lanfranc's contest and a falsified statement of his zeal for the papacy, does not apply to either. Whether Canterbury or York should possess the primacy was a mixed question of legal right and constitutional privilege. The primacy had been long disputed, upon grounds as strictly technical as those which give an individual a right to an estate. York acted with considerable pertinacity. Some of the earlier evidences were ambiguous. Adverse possession might, in some cases, be surmised; the suit was to be decided, therefore, by the construction of legal instruments and by evidence. Archbishop Lanfranc brought his suit against Archbishop Thomas, in the same manner as two peers might have contested the possession of a barony in Parliament. Moreover, the claim was one which Lanfranc could not surrender. Had he yielded, he would have sacrificed the rights of his successors, the liberties of the English people. As primate, he was the first member of the Great Council of the realm. Through the Archbishop, upon each coronation, the compact was concluded between the sovereign and the subject. Furthermore, Lanfranc's success established the principle, that whatever rights had legally subsisted before the Conquest, were to be preserved and maintained,

unaffected by the accession of the new dynasty. Lanfranc, maintaining the rights of his see, protected all his successors—all his order. It is they who, at the present time, are still reaping the benefit: it was their battles which Lanfranc fought. The decision given in Lanfranc's case governed all similar cases; and, followed by the resistance of his successor Anselm to the spoliations and oppressions of Rufus and Beauclerk, protected the rights of every diocese and diocesan, every dean and deanery, every parish priest and parish throughout the kingdom. Every churchman in England holds his preferment as the heir of Lanfranc and of Anselm.

Hume accuses Lanfranc of 'zeal in promoting the interests of the papacy, by which he himself augmented his own authority.' But the fact is, that Lanfranc in no manner augmented his authority through the Papacy; and his conduct contributed greatly to keep the Church of England in that state of isolation from the other portions of the Western Church, which so remarkably characterizes the Conqueror's reign. William, who had been willing enough to support his claims by the sanction of Alexander II., presented a firm front to Hildebrand. 'No Pope shall be acknowledged in England without my assent, was the declaration of the Conqueror. Lanfranc, the 'Milanese monk,' acted so completely in conformity to this declaration, as to lead to the supposition that he obeyed a course which he himself had advised. The 'process' before the Pope went off without effect. The contest between him and the Archbishop of York was decided as if it were entirely a civil question, by the King and the Great Council or Parliament-and not by papal authority, as Hume leads his readers to suppose. When Guibert of Ravenna was appointed to the papacy by the Emperor, Lanfranc maintained an armed neutrality. He refused to acknowledge Clement III., and did not send his adhesion to Gregory VII. Had Lanfranc's successors adopted the same course, England would have been lost to Rome. Yet all these important facts are concealed by Hume, in order to establish a charge of 'zeal for the papacy.' Hume's notice of Lanfranc's learning is confined to a silly sneer: 'he wrote a defence of the real presence against Berengarius; and in those ages of stupidity and ignorance he was greatly applauded for that performance.' Lanfranc's treatise possesses singular dialectic acuteness and dexterity. Without being in the least convinced by his arguments, we may fully admire his skill, Lanfranc contended for doctrines which he conceived he was bound to support: he appealed to public opinion, and by argument gained the victory.

But Lanfranc's fame had been long since established; it did not depend upon his polemic discussions. Lanfranc led the intellectual movement

movement of his age: Lanfranc was acknowledged to be the great teacher of Latin Christendom. Hume remarks, that 'knowledge and liberal education were somewhat more common in the southern countries.' But the seat of liberal education was more truly in the North. From the remotest parts, not only of Latin or Western Europe, but even of Greece, students of all classes and ages resorted to Bec Hellouin, as to another Athens. Removed from his university, for such his humble monastery had become, to Caen, and thence exalted to the primacy of England, his pastoral duties compelled a new application of his literary labours. He entered a less ambitious, but not less useful career. Lanfranc now employed himself upon his edition of the Holy Scriptures. The texts of the biblical books had been miserably corrupted, by the ignorance of the later Anglo-Saxon transcribers, one of the many results of the calamitous invasion of the Danes, which no exertion had been able wholly to remove. Much of this correction was effected by Lanfranc's own application and learning: manuscripts, with his autograph corrections, existed in France previous to the Revolution; others may perhaps lurk in our libraries. But he also provided, as far as he could, for futurity-by training up many disciples for the same important task. Of Lanfranc's character and influence as prime minister, Hume says absolutely nothing. Lanfranc's letters or despatches, to which the historian never makes a single reference, display his vigilance and his charity. Whilst defending the power of his sovereign, he became a father to the English. He rejoiced to adopt the name of Englishman. Rufus was educated by Lanfranc. One of the most remarkable proofs of the archbishop's intellectual power, and of the good use to which he turned that power, was that, so long as he lived, the wickedness and tyranny of his pupil were entirely restrained. Hence Lanfranc's death was lamented as the greatest calamity which England could sustain. Of all these characteristics, not a word is to be found in Hume. Concerning all these practical effects of good sense, and learning, and talent, and piety, exhibited in the most distinguished character of the early Anglo-Norman era, the historian of England is entirely silent.

Bentham amused himself, and his readers also, by proposing that criminals should be exhibited to public contempt, with masks emblematical of the bad passions which seduced them to crime. Hume, as a writer, has anticipated the utilitarian jurist. He has two sets of such masks, in which he usually exposes his churchmen to scorn and contempt: the wolf-mask, and the fox-mask. Gregory the Great is shown up as wolf: the unwearied and successful labours of this pontiff for the conversion of the English, arise simply from raving, craving ambition. Augustine, the apostle of the English, wears the fox-mask: his mission is a con-

sistent and successful course of hypocrisy. Whenever religion can be laid to the charge of any individual, conclude him, says Hume, to be either knave or fool: consider it as an incontrovertible principle, 'that a general presumption lies against either the understanding or the morals, of any one who is dignified with

the title of Saint in those ignorant ages.'

When victimizing Pope Gregory, or Augustine, or Lanfranc, Hume knew he was on the safe side, and that his readers would go with him; but what, if, by a strange contingency, some individual thoroughly besotted and perverted by faith, should happen to be a popular favourite? Now it does so happen that Hume, by the pressure from without, feels himself under the awkward and imperative obligation of joining in the homage universally rendered to an individual, holding a proud and eminent station in English history, but of whom it must be most truly said that 'superstition' was the ruling passion. The materials for the biography of this bigot are peculiarly ample. Not merely do the contemporary historians abound with minute details of his life and actions, but we possess also his own declarations of his sentiments, for he happens to have been an author, as well as a patron of literature. Moreover, as a royal author, he speaks in the public documents dictated by his own heart and mind. From these materials, so unusually trustworthy and abundant, and which form the sources of this Sovereign's history, we can collect that he 'received every word uttered by the clergy as the most sacred oracles,' and 'admitted all their pretensions to superior sanctity.' 'Stupidly debased,' he was 'wholly given up to an abject and illiberal devotion.' In every trial, every emergency, this 'weak and superstitious prince trusted to supernatural assistance:' 'his whole mind was sunk into the lowest submission and abasement, and devoted to the monkish virtues of mortification, penance, and humility.' If there was any individual in whom, more than another, all the miserable absurdity of superstition is thus exemplified, it is in this prince. Yet, in spite of all this ignorance and folly, it was needful that Hume, if he wished to preserve the favour of his readers, should represent him-and it is Alfred of whom we are speaking-as 'the model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination than in hopes of ever seeing it really existing;' and as 'the wisest and best prince that had ever adorned the annals of any nation.'

What, therefore, was to be done in this dilemma? how was Alfred to be rendered such a sage, such a wise man, as the philosopher could applaud? The process was quite easy. In Hume's very elaborate life of Alfred, which occupies one-fourth of the

History

'History of England' up to that period, he has concealed every passage, every fact, every incident, every transaction, displaying that active belief in Christianity, which governed the whole tenor and course of Alfred's life. The sedulous care which Hume has bestowed, in obscuring and deleting the memorials of Alfred's Christianity, may be judged of by the three following specimens:—

'He usually divided his time into three portions: one was employed in sleep and the refection of his body by diet and exercise; another, in the dispatch of business; a third, in study and devotion...and by such a regular distribution of his time, though he often laboured under great bodily infirmities, this martial hero, who fought in person fifty-six battles by sea and land, was able, during a life of no extraordinary length, to acquire more knowledge, and even to compose more books, than most studious men, though blessed with the greatest labour and application, have, in more fortunate ages, made the object of their uninterrupted industry.'

Without containing anything which is absolutely false, the above passages contain nothing which is true. Alfred's mind and exertions, according to the impression produced by Hume, were all but wholly engrossed by his temporal concerns: the regular distribution of his time was solely intended to enable him to combine the character of an active warrior and a vigilant sovereign with that of a literary student. Whereas the whole end and intent of Alfred's course of life, of which one half was given to God, was to combine the active duties of a sovereign with the strict devotion of the recluse; to keep his heart out of the world, in which he was compelled, by God's appointment, to converse—to bear the crown as his cross; so that the performance of his duties towards God might not be rendered a temptation for shrinking from those labours and responsibilities which God had imposed.

'Alfred set apart a seventh portion of his own revenue for maintaining a number of workmen, whom he constantly employed in rebuilding the ruined cities, castles, palaces, and monasteries. Even the elegancies of life were brought to him from the Mediterranean and the Indies; and his subjects, by seeing those productions of the peaceful arts, were taught to respect the virtues of justice and industry, from which alone they could arise.'

Who, in this narrative, could discover that Alfred set apart one-half of his entire revenue for pious purposes, in order that, so far as his station admitted, he might fulfil the obligation of poverty?*

' Sensible

^{*} Stinted as we are for space, we cannot, as we should wish, bring before the reader the passages from the original writers, which would show how entirely all trust-worthiness

Sensible that the people at all times, especially when their understandings are obstructed by ignorance and bad education, are not much susceptible of speculative instruction, Alfred endeavoured to convey his morality by apologues, parables, stories, apophthegms, couched in poetry : and besides propagating amongst his subjects former compositions of that kind which he found in the Saxon tongue, he exercised his genius in inventing works of like nature, as well as in translating from the Greek the elegant fables of Æsop. He also gave Saxon translations of

worthiness must be denied to Hume. In the following extracts, relating to the employment of Alfred's revenues, besides suppressing the application of one-half to religious purposes, he has falsified the portion relating to the expenditure upon the workmen. Asser says nothing whatever of monasteries in his account of the appropriation of the building-third of the secular portion of Alfred's revenue (being one-sixth of the whole revenue, and not one-secular). This sixth was employed upon secular buildings, probably fortresses or bridges, or other public works; but as Hume might apprehend that some of his readers would recollect Alfred did found two monasteries of great celebrity, and repair many others, he has artfully introduced them as an incidental item in the general estimates of the expenditure.

' His ita definitis, solito suo more, intra semetipsum cogitabat, quid adhuc addere potuisset, quod plus placeret ad piam meditationem; non inaniter incepta, utiliter inventa, utilius servata est: nam jamdudum in lege scriptum audierat, Dominum decimam sibi multipliciter redditurum promisisse; atque fideliter servasse, decimamque sibi multipliciter redditurum fuisse. Hoc exemplo instigatus, et antecessorum morem volens transcendere, dimidiam servitii sui partem, diurni scilicet, et nocturni temporis; nec non etiam dimidiam partem omnium divitiarum, que annualiter ad eum cum justitia moderanter acquisite pervenire consueverant, Deo devote et fideliter toto cordis affectu, pius meditator se daturum spopondit; quod et quantum potest humana discretio discernere et servare, subtiliter ac sapienter adimplere studuit. Sed ut solito suo more cautus evitaret, quod in alio divinæ Scripturæ loco cautum est; si recte offeras, recte autem non dividas, peccas: quod Deo libenter devoverat, quo modo recte dividere posset, cogitavit: et, ut dixit Salomon, Cor regis in manu Domini, id est, consilium; consilio divinitus invento omnium unius cujusque anni censuum successum bifarie, primitus ministros suos dividere æqua lance imperavit.'

A very interesting account of the application of the first third of the half amongst

A very interesting account of the approximation to the interest of the instance of the instanc modum innumerabiles habebat in omni terreno adificio edoctos; tertiam autem ejusdem partem advenis ex omni gente ad eum advenientibus, longe propeque positis, et pecuniam ab illo exigentibus, etiam et non exigentibus, unicuique secundum propriam dignitatem mirabili dispensatione laudabiliter, et (sicut scriptum est, Hilarem datorem diligit Deus) hilariter impendebat.

"Secundam vero partem omnium divitiarum suarum, qua annualiter ad sum ex omni censu perveniebant, et in fisco reputabantur (sicut jam paulo ante commemoravimus) plena voluntate Deo devovit, et in quatuor partibus etiam curiose suos ministro illam dividere imperavit; ea conditione, ut prima pars illius divisionis pauperibus uniuscujusque gentis, qui ad eum veniebant, discretissime erogaretur: memorabat etiam in hoc, quantum humana discretio custodire poterat, illius sancti Papæ Gregorii observandam esse sententiam, qua discretam mentionem dividendæ eleemosynæ ita dicens agebat; Nec parvum cui multum: nec multum cui parvum: nec nihil cui aliquid, nec aliquid cui nihil. Secundam autem duobus monasteriis, ques ipse fieri imperaverat, et servientibus in his Deo (de quibus paulo ante latius disseruimus); tertiam scholæ (Oxford University?) quam ex multis sues proprise gentis nobilibus studiossissime congregaverat; quartam circum finitimis in omni Saxonia et Mercia monasteriis, et etiam quibusdam annis per vices in Britannia et Cornubia, Gallia, Armorica, Northymbria, et aliquando etiam in Hybernia, ecclesiis et servis Dei inhabitantibus, secundum possibilitatem suam aut ante distribuit, aut sequenti tempore erogare proposuit, vita sibi et prosperitate salva.'- Asser, 64-67.

Orosius and Bede's histories; and of Boethius concerning the Con-

solations of Philosophy.'

In this enumeration of the works produced by Alfred, or under his direction, Hume, extracting from Spelman's Life, in which the catalogue is complete, quietly leaves out all such as are contaminated by Christianity. All Alfred's translations of the Pastoral of St. Gregory—the Dialogues of the same Pope—the Soliloquies of St. Augustine—the Psalms—several other portions of the Bible-and his ' Hand-Book'-(selections from the Scriptures, with commentaries and reflections), constantly borne about him—and to which he added at every interval of leisure, even in the midst of his secular employments. The whole object of Alfred's instruction was intended for the diffusion, not of literature in its modern sense, but of such portions of human knowledge as might be rendered subservient to Faith. Hume, by repainting Alfred's portrait in coarse and gaudy colours, has thus daubed out all the characteristics of Alfred's individuality—his religious foundations, his devotional charity—his labours for the diffusion of the Scriptures—his constant seeking comfort and support from divine truth—his bodily penances and mortifications—and, above all, that, as king and legislator, Alfred entirely based his laws upon the Bible, declaring to his people that immutable truth which no other king or legislator has been sufficiently enlightened to proclaim, that if they obeyed the precepts of Almighty God, no other law would be required. Read Alfred's character as it is presented by Hume to the reader, particularly to the youthful reader, and the 'sovereign, the warrior, the politician, and the patron of literature' becomes the counterpart of Frederick of Prussia, whose epithet of 'the Great' is the very curse of the kingdom over which he ruled.

Yet one proof more must be given of Hume's falsification of history, resulting from his inveterate hostility against religion. Relating not to the 'dark ages,' but to a period near and familiar, it will best enable the readers of Hume to comprehend and abhor the deceptions practised upon them by their philosopher and guide. As the moral fraud—for to call it a literary fraud would be far too lenient a designation—which he has perpetrated in his narrative of the death of Charles I., possesses singular interest, and has been wholly unnoticed and undetected, we shall lay the evidence before our readers as fully as the limits of this publication will admit, in order that they may judge for them-

selves

Hume quotes, as his groundwork, Herbert's 'Memoirs,' which he consulted carefully; the copy he used being in the Advocates' library, and containing his pencil-marks; and Walker's 'History,' of Independency.'—But he does not quote Lloyd's 'History,' Whitelocke's

Whitelocke's 'Memorials,' and Warwick's 'Memoirs,' from whence he derived the most important passages relating to the king's interview with his children and his conduct upon the scaffold, including his dying speech; and we cannot think that this suppression of references is the result of accident. We give the whole of Hume's narrative in continuity; and request our readers will take the trouble to read it attentively, and then to read the authorities, to which we have made references in Hume's text, with equal attention. From the latter we have extracted all the most important passages.

HUME'S NARRATIVE.

(I.)—'Three days were allowed the king between his sentence and his execution. This interval he passed with great tranquillity, chiefly

in reading and devotion.

(II.)—'All his family that remained in England were allowed access to him. It consisted only of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester; for the Duke of York had made his escape. Gloucester was little more than an infant: the princess, notwithstanding her tender years, showed an advanced judgment; and the calamities of her family had made a deep impression upon her. After many pious consolations and advices, the king gave her in charge to tell the queen, that, during the whole course of his life, he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration.

(III. IV.)—'To the young duke, too, he could not forbear giving some advice, in order to season his mind with early principles of loyalty and obedience towards his brother, who was so soon to be his sovereign. Holding him on his knee, he said, "Now they will cut off thy father's head." At these words the child looked very stedfastly upon him. "Mark, child! what I say: they will cut off my head! and perhaps make thee a king: but mark what I say, thou must not be a king, as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive. They will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them! and thy head too they will cut off at last! therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them!" The duke, sighing, replied, "I will be torn in pieces first!" So determined an answer from one of such tender years, filled the king's eyes with tears of joy and admiration.

(V. VI.)—' Every night, during this interval, the king slept sound as usual; though the noise of workmen, employed in framing the scaffold, and other preparations for his execution, continually resounded in his ears. The morning of the fatal day (30th Jan.) he rose early; and calling Herbert, one of his attendants, he bade him employ more than usual care in dressing him, and preparing him for so great and joyful a solem-

nity. Bishop Juxon, a man endowed with the same mild and steady virtues by which the king himself was so much distinguished, assisted him in his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to his friend and sovereign.

(VII. VIII.)- 'The street before Whitehall was the place destined for the execution: for it was intended, by choosing that very place, in sight of his own palace, to display more evidently the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. When the king came upon the scaffold, he found it so surrounded with soldiers that he could not expect to be heard by any of the people: he addressed, therefore, his discourse to the few persons who were about him; particularly Colonel Tomlinson, to whose care he had lately been committed, and upon whom, as upon many others, his amiable deportment had wrought an entire conversion. He justified his own innocence in the late fatal wars, and observed that he had not taken arms till after the Parliament had enlisted forces; nor had he any other object in his warlike operations than to preserve that authority entire, which his predecessors had transmitted to him. He threw not, however, the blame upon the Parliament; but was more inclined to think that ill instruments had interposed, and raised in them fears and jealousies with regard to his intentions. Though innocent towards his people, he acknowledged the equity of his execution in the eyes of his Maker; and observed, that an unjust sentence, which he had suffered to take effect, was now punished by an unjust sentence upon himself. He forgave all his enemies, even the chief instruments of his death; but exhorted them and the whole nation to return to the ways of peace, by paying obedience to their lawful sovereign, his son and successor. When he was preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon called to him, "There is, Sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven: and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize to which you hasten, a crown of glory."-" I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place." At one blow was his head severed from his body. A man in a vizor performed the office of executioner: another, in a like disguise, held up to the spectators the head streaming with blood, and cried aloud, This is the head of a traitor!'

Hume's Authorities.

^{(1.) &#}x27;The king, at the rising of the Court, was with a guard of halberdiers returned to White-hall in a close chair, through King-street, both sides whereof had a guard of foot-soldiers, who were silent as his Majesty pass'd. But shop-stalls and windows were full of people, many of which shed tears, and some of them with audible voices pray'd for the king, who through the privy-garden was carried to his bed-chamber; whence, after two hours space, he was removed to St. James's. 'The

'The king now bidding farewell to the world, his whole business was a serious preparation for death, which opens the door unto eternity; in order thereunto, he laid aside all other thoughts, and spent the remainder of his time in prayer and other pious exercises of devotion, and in conference with that meek and learned Bishop Dr. Juxon, who, under God, was a great support to him in that his afflicted condition; and resolving to sequester himself so, as he might have no disturbance to his mind, nor interruption to his meditations, he order'd Mr. Herbert to excuse it to any that might have the desire to visit him.

'At this time also came to S. James's Mr. Calamy, Mr. Vines, Mr. Carryl, Mr. Dell, and some other London-Ministers, who presented their duty to the king, with their humble desires to pray with him, and perform other offices of service, if his Majesty pleas'd to accept of 'em. The king return'd them thanks for their love to his soul, hoping that they, and all other his good subjects, would, in their addresses to God, be mindful of him. But in regard he had made choice of Dr. Juson (whom for many years he had known to be a a pious and learned divine, and able to administer ghostly comfort to his soul, suitable to his present condition) he would have none other. These Ministers were no sooner gone, but Mr. John Goodwyn (Minister in Coleman-street) came likewise upon the same account, to tender his service, which the king also thank'd him for, and dismiss'd him with the like friendly answer.

'That evening, Mr. Seamour (a gentleman then attending the Prince of Wales in his bed-chamber) by Colonel Hacker's permission, came to his Majesty's bed-chamber door, desiring to speak with the King from the Prince of Wales; being admitted, he presented his Majesty with a letter from his Highness the Prince of Wales, bearing date from the Hague the 23d day of January -48. (Old Stile). Mr. Seamour, at his entrance, fell into a passion, having formerly seen his Majesty in a glorious state, and now in a dolorous; and having kiss'd the king's hand, clasp'd about his legs, lamentably mourning. Hacker came in with the gentleman and was abash'd. But so soon as his Majesty had read his son's sorrowing letter, and beard what his servant had to say, and imparted to him what his Majesty thought fit in return, the Prince's servant took his leave, and was no sooner gone but the king went to his devotion, Dr. Jaxon praging with him, and reading some select chapters out of sacred Scripture.'—Herbert, p. 117.

(II.) 'Morning being come, the Bishop was early with the king, and after prayers his Majesty broke the seals open, and shew'd them what was contain'd in it; there were diamonds and jewels, most part broken Georges and Garters. You see (said he) all the wealth now in my power to give my two children. Next day Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Gloucester, her brother, came to take their sad farewel of the king their father, and to ask his blessing. This was the 29th of Jan. The princess being the elder, was the most sensible of her royal father's condition, as appear'd by her sorrowful look and excessive weeping; and her little brother seeing his sister weep, he took the like impression, though, by reason of his tender age, he could not have the like apprehension. The king rais'd them both from off their knees; he kiss'd them, gave them his blessing, and setting them on his knees, admonish'd them concerning their duty and loyal observance to the queen their mother, the prince that was his successor, love to the Duke of York, and his other relations. The king then gave them all his jewels, save the George he wore, which was cut in an onyx with great curiosity, and set about with 21 fair diamonds, and the reverse set with the like number; and again kissing his children, had such pretty and pertinent answers from them both, as drew tears of joy and love from his eyes; and then praying God Almighty to bless 'em, he turned about, expressing a tender and fatherly affection. Most sorrowful was this parting, the young princess shedding tears and crying lamentably, so as mov'd others to pity, that formerly were hard-hearted; and at opening the bed-chamber door, the king return'd hastily from the window, and kiss'd 'em and blessed 'em; so parted.

'This demonstration of a pious affection exceedingly comforted the king in this his affliction; so that in a grateful return he went immediately to prayer, the good bishop and Mr. Herbert being only present.'—Herbert, p. 125.

(III.) 'His (the king's) last words being taken in writing, and communicated to the world by the Lady Elizabeth his daughter, a lady of most eminent endowments, who though born to the supreamest fortune, yet lived in continual tears, and died con-

fined at Carisbrook (whither her father was cheated) in the Isle of Wight-are to this effect :-

'A True Relation of the King's Speech to the Lady Elizabeth and the Duke of Glocester, the Day before his Death.

'His children being come to meet him, he first gave his blessing to the Lady Elizabeth, and bad her remember to tell her brother James, whenever she should see him, that it was his father's last desire that he should no more look upon Charles as his eldest brother only, but be obedient unto him as his sovereign, and that they should love one another and forgive their father's enemies. Then said the king to her, "Sweet-heart, you'l forget this," "No," said she, "I shall never forget it, whilst I live;" and pouring forth abundance of tears, promised him to write down the particulars. Then the king, taking the Duke of Glocester upon his knee, said, "Sweet-heart, now they will cut off thy father's head;" upon which words the child looking very stedfastly at him, "Mark, child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say, you must not be a king, so long as your brothers do live, for they will cut off your brothers' heads, when they can catch them, and cut off thy head too at last, and therefore I charge you do not be made a king by them." At which the child sighing, said, "I will be torn in pieces first;" which falling so unexpectedly from one so young, it made the king rejoyce exceedingly.'

'Another Relation from the Lady Elizabeth's own Hand.

What the king said to me, Jan. 29th, 1648, being the last time I had the happiness to see him: He told me, he was glad I was come; and although he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he had to say to me, which he had not to another, or leave in writing, because he feared their cruelty was such as that they would not have permitted writing, because he feared their cruelty was such as that they would not have permitted him to write to me. He wished me not to grieve and torment myself for him, for that it would be a glorious death that he should dye, it being for the laws and liberties of this land and for maintaining the true Protestant Religion. He bid me read "Bishop Andrews Sermons," "Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity," and "Bishop Laud's Book against Fisher," which would ground me against Popery. He told me he had forgiven all his enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also, and commanded us and all the rest of my brothers and sisters to forgive them. He bid me tell my mother that his thoughts never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. Withal he commanded me and my heather to be abedient to her and hid me sand his decemberated me and my heather to be abedient to her and hid me sand his Withal he commanded me and my brother to be obedient to her, and bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendation to all his friends. So after he had given me his blessing I took my leave.

Further, he commanded us all to forgive those people, but never to trust them, for they had been most false to him and to those that gave them power, and he feared also to their own souls; and desired me not to grieve for him, for he should dye a Martyr, and that he doubted not but the Lord would settle his throne upon his son, and that we should be all happier than we could have expected to have been, if he had lived; with

many other things, which at present I cannot remember.

(Signed) ELIZABETH.

-Lloyd's Life of Charles I., 215.

(IV.) 'That day the Bishop of London, after prayers, preached before the king: his text was the second chapter of the Romans, and sixteenth verse; the words are, "At that day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ," &c., inferring from thence, that although God's judgments be for some deferred, he will nevertheless proceed to a strict examination of what is both said and done by every man; yea, the most hidden thoughts and imaginations of men will most certainly be made to appear at the day of judgment, when the Lord Jesus Christ shall be upon his high tribunal; all designs, the conceal'd in this life, shall then be plainly discover'd; he then proceeded to the present sad occasion, and after that, administred the Sacrament. That day the king eat and drank very sparingly, most part of the day being spent in prayer and meditation; it was some hours after night, e'er Dr. Juxon took leave of the king, who willed him

to be early with him the next morning.

'After the Bishop was gone to his lodging, the king continu'd reading and praying more than two hours after. The king commanded Mr. Herbert to lie by his bed-side upon a pallat, where he took small rest, that being the last night his gracious sovereign and master enjoy'd; but nevertheless the king for four hours, or thereabouts, slept soundly, and awaking about two hours afore day, he opened his curtain to call Mr. Herbert; there being a great cake of wax set in a silver bason, that then, as at all other times, burned all night; so that he perceiv'd him somewhat disturb'd in sleep; but calling him, bad him rise; "For," said his Majesty, "I will get up having a great work to do this day;" however, he would know why he was so troubled in his great work to do this day; nowever, he would know why he was so doubted in select the reply'd, "May it please your Majesty, I was dreaming," "I would know your dream," said the king; which being told, his Majesty said, "It was remarkable. Herbert, this is my second marriage-day; I would be as trim to-day as may be; for before night I hope to be esponsed to my blessed Jesus." He then appointed what cloaths he would wear; "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary," said the king, "by reason the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not Death! Death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepar'd."

'These, or words to this effect, his Majesty spoke to Mr. Herbert, as he was making ready. Soon after came Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, precisely at the time his Majesty the night before had appointed him. Mr. Herbert then falling upon his knees, humbly beg'd his Majesty's pardon, if he had at any time been negligent in his duty, whilst he had the honour to serve him. The king thereupon gave him his hand to kiss, having the day before been graciously pleased, under his royal hand, to give him a certificate expressing that the said Mr. Herbert was not imposed upon him, but he wise Majesty, made schiege of to attend him in his hed charakter and hand. but by his Majesty made choice of to attend him in his bed-chamber, and had serv'd him with faithfulness and loyal affection. At the same time his Majesty also deliver'd him his bible, in the margin whereof he had with his own hand writ many annotations and quotations, and charged him to give it the Prince so soon as he returned; repeating what he had enjoyned the Princess Elizabeth, his daughter, that he would be dutiful and indulgent to the queen his mother (to whom his Majesty writ two days before by Mr. Seymour), affectionate to his brothers and sisters, who also were to be observant and dutiful to him their sovereign; and for as much as from his heart he had forgiven his enemies, and in perfect charity with all men would leave the world, he had advised the prince his son to exceed in mercy, not in rigour; and, as to episcopacy, it was still his opinion, that it is of Apostolique institution, and in this kingdom exercised from the primitive times, and therein, as in all other his affairs, pray'd God to vouchsafe him, both in reference to Church and State, a pious and a discerning spirit; and that it was his last and earnest request, that he would frequently read the Bible, which in all the time of his affliction had been his best instructor and delight; and to meditate upon what he read; as also such other books as might improve his

'He likewise commanded Mr. Herbert to give to the Princess Elizabeth "Doctor Andrews' Sermons," "Archbishop Laud against Fisher the Jesuit," which book (the king said) would ground her against Popery, and "Mr. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity." To the Duke of Gloucester, "King James's Works," and "Dr. Hammond's Practical

Catechism."'-Herbert, p. 126.

(V.) 'His Majesty then bade him withdraw; for he was about an hour in private with the Bishop; and being call'd in, the Bishop went to prayer; and reading also the 27th Chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, which relateth the Passion of our Blessed Saviour. The king, after the service was done, ask'd the Bishop "If he had made choics of that Chapter, being so applicable to his present condition?" The Bishop reply'd, "May it please your Gracious Majesty, it is the proper Lesson for the Day, as appears by the Kalendar;" which the king was much affected with, so aptly serving as a seasonable preparation for his death that day.

'So as his Majesty, abandoning all thoughts of earthly concerns, continu'd in prayer and meditation, and concluded with a chearful submission to the will and pleasure of the Almighty, saying, "He was ready to resign himself into the hands of Christ Jesus, being, with the Kingly Prophet, shut up in the hands of his enemies; as is expressed in the 31st Psalm, and the 8th verse." —Herbert, p. 132.

(VI.) 'The Chapter of the day fell out to be that of the Passion of our Saviour, wherein it was mentioned that they led him away for envy and crucified their king,

which he thought had been the Bishop's choosing; but when he found it was the Canon of the Rubric, he put off his hat, and said to the Bishop, "God'swill be done." '-Warwick's Memoirs, p. 385.

(VII.) 'Upon the king's right hand went the Bishop, and Colonel Tomlinson on his left, with whom his Majesty had some discourse by the way; Mr. Herbert was next the king; after him the Guards. In this manner went the king through the Park; and coming to the stair, the king passed along the galleries unto his bed-chamber, where, after a little repose, the Bishop went to prayer; which being done, his Majesty bid Mr. Herbert bring him some bread and wine, which being brought, the king broke the manchet, and eat a mouthful of it, and drank a small glassful of claret-wine, and the manchet, and eat a mouthful of it, and drank a small glassful of claret-wine, ame then was some time in private with the Bishop, expecting when Hacker would the third and last time give warning. Mean time his Majesty told Mr. Herbert which sattin night-cap he would use, which being provided, and the king at private prayer, Mr. Herbert address'd himself to the Bishop, and told him, "The king had ordered him to have a white satin nightcap ready, but he was not able to endure the sight of that violence they upon the scaffold would offer the king." The good Bishop bid him then give him the cap, and wait at the end of the Banqueting-House, near the scaffold, to take care of the king's body; "for," said he, "that, and his interment, will be our last office." "—Herbert, p. 134.

(VIII.) "I think it my duty, to God first and to my country, for to clear myself both as an honest man and a good king, and a good Christian. I call God to witness, to whom I must shortly render an account, that I never did intend to encroach upon their privileges. As to the guilt of those enormous crimes which are laid against me, I hope is God that God will clear me of it. God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgments are upon me. For to show you that I am a good Christian, I hope there is a good man," pointing to Dr. Juxon, "that will bear me witness that I have forgiven all the world, and even those who have been the chief causes of my death: who they are God knows, I do not desire to know; I pray God forgive them. I pray God with Saint Stephen, that this be not laid to their charge. Sirs, to put you in the right way, believe it you will never do right, nor God will never prosper you, until you give him his due. You must give God his due by regulating rightly his Church according to his Scripture. A national synod, freely called, freely debating amongst themselves, must do this. I declare before you all that I die a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England as I found it left me by my fathers." —Whitelock's Memorials, p. 375.

Has the reader performed our injunction? Has he compared Hume with the original authorities; and will not the comparison convince him, that Hume's narrative, tranquil, clear, and patheticunquestionably possessing a very high degree of rhetorical meritpersuasive without the show of argument, solemn without affectation, dignified without grandiloquence, the more impressive from its apparent simplicity—combines every species of untruth: the suppressio veri, the suggestio falsi, and the fallacy, more efficient, because less susceptible of detection, than either—the artificial light thrown on peculiar incidents, for the purpose of disguising others by comparative shade?

But now we must venture to impose a second injunction. In order to test the effect which this wonderful piece of sophistry is intended to produce, read Hume again, compare Hume with Hume, and throw yourself into the mind of a student required by the examination-paper, to 'Give the religious and moral character of Charles I. as exemplified in his death; and state the reasons of

your opinion as deduced from the work of Hume.' Then pause, and decide whether the following answer does not contain the opinions which Hume has taught you to deduce and to form.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL CHARACTER OF CHARLES I. AS

'That the virtue of Charles I. was in some degree tinctured by superstition, cannot be denied; but whilst the elegant historian, whom we deservedly consider as the soundest champion of monarchy, most candidly admits this tendency as the chief defect of the king's character, it is equally evident that the blemish existed only in the smallest degree, so as to be an evanescent quantity, scarcely to be discerned. Possibly nothing more than the doubt, the uncertainty, the suspense of judgment, naturally resulting from our most accurate scrutiny into religion.

'Consider the manner in which Charles passed the three awful days allowed to him between his sentence and his execution. Lay your hand upon your heart, and, after giving the most serious consideration to the natural history of religion, as exemplified in the whole history of the human race, declare whether you can think that the king's conviction approached in any degree to that solid belief and persuasion, which governed him in the common affairs of life. He now avowed by his acts the doubts he entertained; and fully showed, that, whatever assent his outward demeanour may at any previous time have given to the doctrines of superstition, it was an unaccountable operation of the mind between disbelief and conviction, but approaching much nearer to the former than to the latter. Charles, in the awful hour of death, never betrayed any weakness which a philosopher would despise.

. When dissolution is brought on by the ordinary course of malady or the decay of nature, the last symptoms which the intellect discovers are disorder, weakness, insensibility, and stupidity, the forerunners of the annihilation of the soul; and it is then always most susceptible of religious fictions and chimeras. The griefs and afflictions which Charles had sustained, the horror of a public execution, might have troubled his mind even more than pain or sickness; yet-instead of making any of the preparations suggested by popular credulity, whether nursed by superstition or inflamed by fanaticism, as the means of appearing an unknown and vindictive being-the main, and, as it should seem, almost the only object which occupied his thoughts, was securing the succession of the throne to his son, by the prerogative right of primogeniture. On the morning of his execution, during his most pathetic interview with his infant children, his mind was wholly engrossed by that object, Young as these infants were, he would, had religious conviction predominated dominated over doubt, have endeavoured, at such a solemn moment, to impress on their tender hearts some notions of the faith which has been ascribed to him. No such effort was made by him. Equally removed from superstition and fanaticism, he may have endeavoured to comfort them by the usual commonplaces; but he received them without a blessing, and dismissed them for ever without a prayer.

Indeed, there are no incidents in the life of the King that more strongly mark the noble independence of his mind, than the minuter circumstances attending this, the most affecting passage in his history. One of his own chaplains, Hammond, had been remarkable for his diligence in catechising youth, that is to say, instructing them in the nonsense which passed for religion.—Did Charles deem it right to enable his infant boy, the Duke of Gloucester, to obtain any perplexing knowledge of such absurdities? No! Charles wholly discarded it.—The Princess Elizabeth was a child endowed with judgment beyond her years, and capable of appreciating any advice which he might have bestowed, and of understanding the doctrinal works advocating the theological extravagances then so much in vogue. But when any man of sense takes up a volume of divinity, what are the questions which he asks?-Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames, for it contains nothing but sophistry and illusion. So thought Charles, now that intellect asserted her full empire. Of these writers, many were familiarly known to Charles, both through their works and his personal connexion with the men; and he had quoted them with sufficient point, when he could employ their arguments against his political enemies. But what was his conduct now?-Did he attempt to strengthen the religious obedience of his child by recommending to her the sophistries of Hooker? No.-Did he teach her to seek consolation in the superstitions of Andrews? No .- With philosophical contempt he rejected them all.

'Indeed many men of sense might think that Charles carried his indifference almost too far, considering the need of conciliating the predominant opinions of the vulgar. The mere suspicion of being inclined to the Popish superstition had been most calamitous to him; and he was now consigning his children to the care of a mother zealously affected to that superstition, and yet without bestowing the slightest caution against the errors which she might instil into their minds. But it will be answered, Was it to be expected that Charles, with his dying breath, would adopt any course which might diminish the affection of his children towards the wife whom he so tenderly loved, or encourage them to depreciate the parent whom he taught them to respect and honour? Certainly not; but, had

he been sincere in his religious convictions—and let it be recollected, that the great lesson to be derived from the contemplation of the death of Charles I. is the absence of any practical influence possessed by religious tenets—he might have afforded the most efficient caution to his children, without expressing the slightest want of confidence in their mother, or even mentioning her name. Amongst the works of Laud is his celebrated reply to Fisher, which all zealots must consider as the most cogent refutation of Popery ever produced; for whilst the craftic archbishop annihilates his antagonist, he never uses any argument which could be employed against the superstition of the Church of England by the fanatics; yet Charles, anxious, no doubt, that his children should be preserved, as far as possible, from the contagion of all religious opinions, never even alluded to a book which might have influenced their conscience in favour of any positive belief.

*On the scaffold, his dying words contained a most earnest exhortation to his subjects to pay obedience to his son as their lawful king. Whilst he thus employed the last moments of his existence in labouring to support the royal prerogative, by the sympathy which his fate excited amongst his bitterest enemies, he purposely, deliberately, and advisedly abstained from any expression or exhortation displaying any attachment or feeling of duty towards the Church, for which he had contended so earnestly, when its interests were connected with the rights of the crown.

*The total want of any allusion to the late established religion is most remarkable. The more we investigate the character of Charles as delineated by Hume, the more shall we be confirmed in the opinion that his superstition had now entirely passed away; at least not a trace of it can be found in Hume's accurate narrative. The only incident which might tend to show that Charles had the slightest recollection of the Church of England, any veneration for its priestcraft, is the circumstance that Bishop Juxon assisted him in some species of devotion when on the scaffold. Yet, as far as we can discover from the conduct of Charles, he justly regarded priests as the invention of a timorous and abject superstition. Rejecting the foundation of a priesthood, the absurd superstructure of an apostolic succession would of course fall to the ground, We have no reason to suppose that Bishop Juxon was chosen by the king, or that Charles would not equally have accepted of what were then termed spiritual consolations from the fanatical ministers, or indeed that he required any religious consolation at all. It was only in the capacity of a friend that the bishop paid the last melancholy duties to his sovereign. In every respect the conduct of Charles, in repudinting all adherence to the superstitions of the Church of England, was calm and solid. The period of dissimulation had passed by. Whatever ridicule may, by a philosophical mind, be thrown upon pious ceremonies, they are unquestionably advantageous to the rude multitude; and upon that ground, no doubt, Charles I. had so strenuously contended for the share of popish ceremonies which the Church of England, as is well known, had retained. They were now wholly and entirely cast off. Charles discarded all the mummery of a liturgy, all the solemn farces of lessons and gospels, rubrics and set forms of prayer; and, freeing himself from all superstitious influences, he disdained to partake of the Communion which, according to the rites of the Church of England, he was enjoined to have sought in his dying hour.

'No philosophical mind can doubt the origin of the works which superstition and fanaticism equally receive as the production of those who have been tempted to appear as prophets or ambassadors from Heaven: books presented to us by a barbarous and ignorant people, written in an age when they were still more barbarous, and resembling those fabulous accounts which every nation gives of its origin. Charles fully appreciated the insufficiency of such testimony. We have the strongest proofs that he never entered into the delusion, from the marked circumstance, that, during the three days which, as before mentioned, were allowed him between his sentence and his execution, an interval which he passed in great tranquillity, the Scriptures, as they are called, were never in his hands; nor did he, according to the practice of all religionists, whether guided by superstition or fanaticism, seek any comfort in his affliction from a book so contrary to human reason. Charles neither saw the Bible, nor heard the Bible, nor read the Bible, nor touched the Bible, nor expressed any belief in the Bible, nor recommended the Bible to his children or his friends. Do we need any stronger proof that Charles was a philosopher in the fullest sense of the term? His devotions, as we must style them according to the conventional language of society, appear to be nothing more than that reverence which every philosopher renders to the hypothesis by which he endeavours to account for the unalterable and immutable order of the universe. His allusions to passing from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place, if they mean anything beyond a species of rhetorical play upon words, only imply that he contemplated the eternal rest of annihilation. For they were wholly detached from any other expressions implying any belief in a future state. Charles may have admitted its possibility, but nothing more. And how could it be otherwise? Even at this day, the Christian religion cannot be believed by any reasonable person without a miracle; and whoever is moved by faith to assent to it, is conscious of a continued miracle in his own person, which subverts all the principles of his understanding, and gives him a determination

mination to believe what is most contrary to custom and experience. This miracle was not worked in Charles; and he died without making the slightest, the most remote, the most transient profession of Christianity.'

Such, then, are the inferences intended to be deduced by Hume, who, in his most dishonest statement, has, as will be seen by comparison with his sources, purposely omitted every historical memorial or record testifying either the king's allegiance to the Church, or his unshaken faith as a Christian. Charles truly suffered death for the belief that Christianity, according to the profession of the Church of England, was the fundamental law of the state, unchangeable by any political or constitutional power, being an obligation contracted with the Almighty, from which he could not be absolved by any human authority. Let it further be remarked, that, whilst Hume falsifies the narrative by expunging all the particulars teaching the reader to profit by the religious sentiments of the monarch, he endeavours to excite a factitious sympathy, by the false and theatrical representation of the king's hearing the noise of the scaffold, which authentic accounts entirely disprove.* And, for the same purpose of effect, whilst Hume gives to the interview with the children more prominence of detail than its relative importance requires, he suppresses that portion of the king's advice which most peculiarly discloses the mind of the dying father, namely, the recommendation made by Charles of Hammond, Hooker, Andrews, and Laud, as the expositors of the doctrines of that Protestant Church of England, for which he and Laud equally died as martyrs.

Detrimental as Hume may be, when speaking his own sentiments in his own book, the evil which he effects in person is small when compared to the diffusion of his irreligion, by those who are frequently unconscious of the mischief which they perpetrate;—we mean the writers who have been guided by him in what is at this day the most important branch of our literature—the numerous compilers of educational works; and in order that our readers may pursue the inquiry for themselves, we wish them to consult three of the most popular histories of this class, Keightley, Gleig, and Markham; and selecting the death of Charles I., judge for themselves whether this event—of all others in our annals, the most interesting to the imagination—has been presented by those writers to the rising generation in such a tone or spirit as to inculcate any dutiful affection towards the Church, or aid the parent in bringing up the child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

^{*} This has been done so effectually by Mr. Brodie, and by Mr. Laing, that it is unnecessary to go into further particulars.

These three writers may in some measure elucidate the manner in which Hume's influence has operated upon his successors, according to their individual characters and opportunities. Mr. Keightley, a man of considerable diligence and energy, has been taught by Hume's scepticism to boast that he 'belongs to no sect or party in religion or politics;' hence he gives only 'a moderate preference to the Church of England, without taking upon him to assert that it absolutely is the best;' and the same indifference has caused him, in his Outlines of history, to obtrude upon youth some of the most offensive doctrines which German neology can afford. In the death of Charles, all he finds edifying is that

Hugh Peters prayed for him!

Mr. Gleig is an amiable and most pleasing writer; when he works freely upon his own ground, speaks his own sentiments, and embodies his own observations, he produces narratives of rare and unaffected vigour and elegance;* but when he is tempted to put on the sleeves and apron of a bookmaker, his genius deserts him. He is above such work, and goes about it accordingly. The circumstances under which he produced his 'Family History,' as a mere bespoken task, to be put on the list of a Society, rendered it, we can suppose, needful that he should take what he found most ready at hand. He perhaps went a step beyond Hume; but the only word of instruction which he can insert in the narrative of the death of the royal martyr, is the dry historical fact, that Charles avowed himself a member of the Protestant Church of England. There is nothing positively wrong in Mr. Gleig's work—but, out of sight, out of mind; Christian knowledge is as diligently weeded out from this 'Family History' as Hume himself could desire.

Yet perhaps the strongest case of the treacherous seductions of Hume is to be found in Mrs. Markham's history. We do not in the least doubt, from a close examination of the work, that when the author began it for the use of her own children, she resorted at once to the historian whom she had been taught to consider as her philosopher and guide. From her father, the inventor of the power-loom, she may have heard the name of Adam Smith mentioned with the highest honour; and Adam Smith, in the letter prefixed to the History, has told her—as he tells our children, if we place Hume in their hands—that Hume's character approached as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit; and therefore there is hardly any portion of the work in which the professors of religion are mentioned, into which the sentiments of Hume are not infused. These passages are fortunately not

^{*} We are pleased to notice 'The Light Dragoon' of the present season, as entirely worthy of the pen that wrote 'The Subaltern,' and the 'Narrative of the American Campaign in 1814.'

numerous; and we do most earnestly hope that, if a production, in many respects so useful, and which has obtained so much currency, should come to another edition, they may be all modified or

expunged.

Hume has been, and is still, valued by many, as a defender of monarchical principles; but his support kills the root of loyalty. By advocating the duty of obedience to the Sovereign, simply with reference to human relations, he deprives allegiance of the only

sure foundation upon which it can rest.

Perhaps the speculative atheism of Hume-for it is a violation of the warning not to call evil good, if, when required to pass judgment, we designate his principles by any other namemay render his history, in some respects, more pernicious, if that be possible, than the ribald aggressive infidelity of Gibbon. Arsenic may warn us by the pain which the poison occasions, but narcotics steal life away. Hume constantly tempts us to deny the existence of the Supreme Being, before whom he trembles. He raises his foul and pestilential mists, seeking to exclude from the universe the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, whom he hates and defies. The main object and end of history is the setting forth God's glory, so as to show that national happiness arises from doing His appointed work, and that national punishments are the results of national sins; yet let it not be supposed that, in order to render history beneficial, it must of necessity be expressly written upon religious principles, still less that facts should be coarsely and presumptuously wrested, for the purpose of justifying the ways of God to man. If there be one thing worse than a pious fraud, it is a pious fallacy. Any narrative of the affairs of the world, when not corrupted by the Lying Spirit of unbelief, sufficiently declares the superintending power of the Almighty. Fire and hail, snows and vapours, wind and storm, all the inanimate objects of nature, are seen fulfilling His word: and the simple statement of the vicissitudes and fortunes of the kings and nations of the earth will always declare the terrors of His judgments, and the mercies of His love. But the Deistical philosopherthe foolish and impotent rebel against the Almighty-strives to annul the evidence given by the light of nature. He would deprive mankind of all the hope, and trust, and joy, which can sustain us in our pilgrimage, seducing us to be his companion in the downward path, conducting to the portals of the shadow of death-

Per me si va nella città dolente,
Per me si va nel eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente—
. . . Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.'

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